Marlon Brando

How He Wasted $6 Million By Sulking On The Set

The Saturday Evening POST

June 16, 1962 — 20¢

Brando as Fletcher Christian

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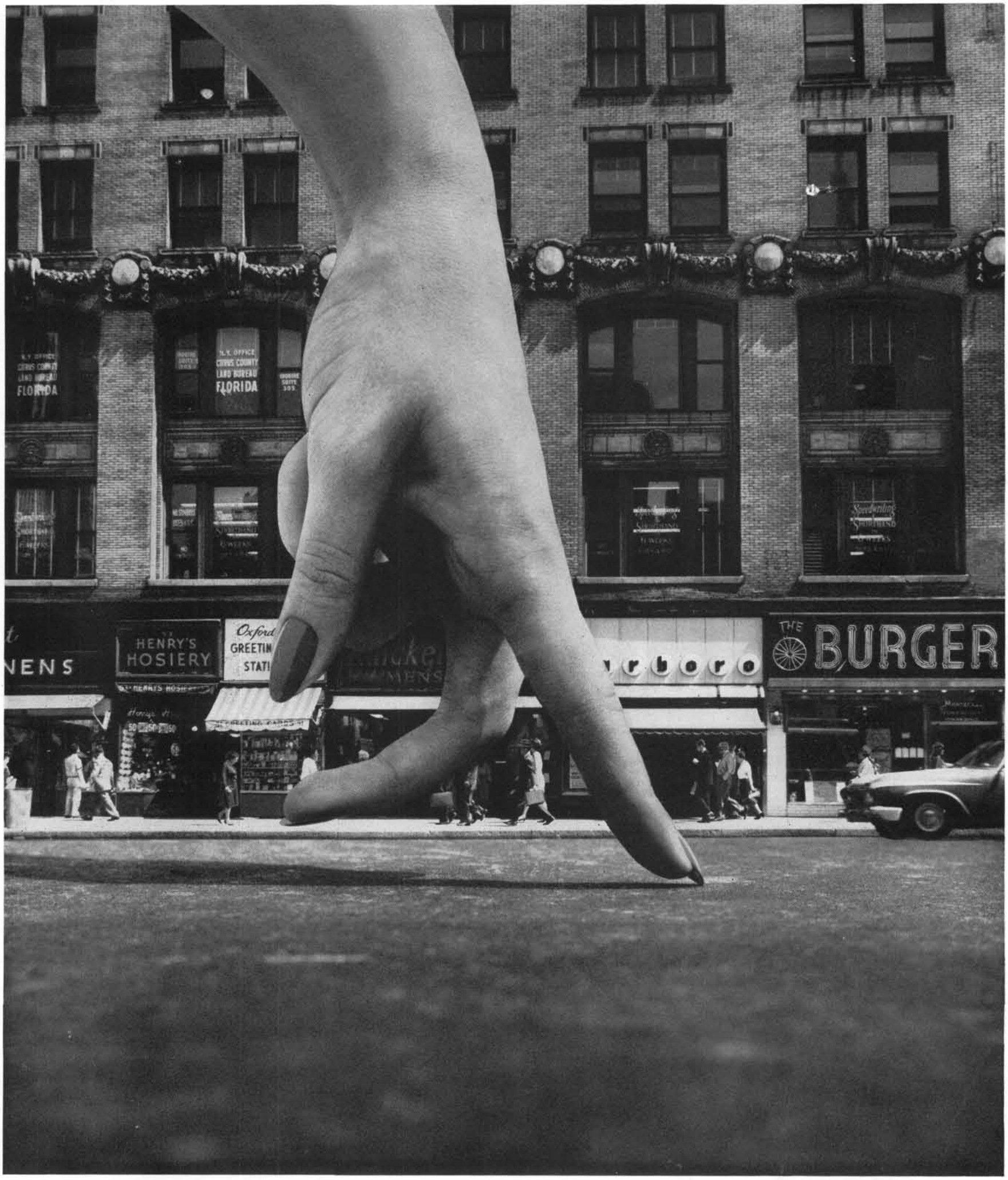

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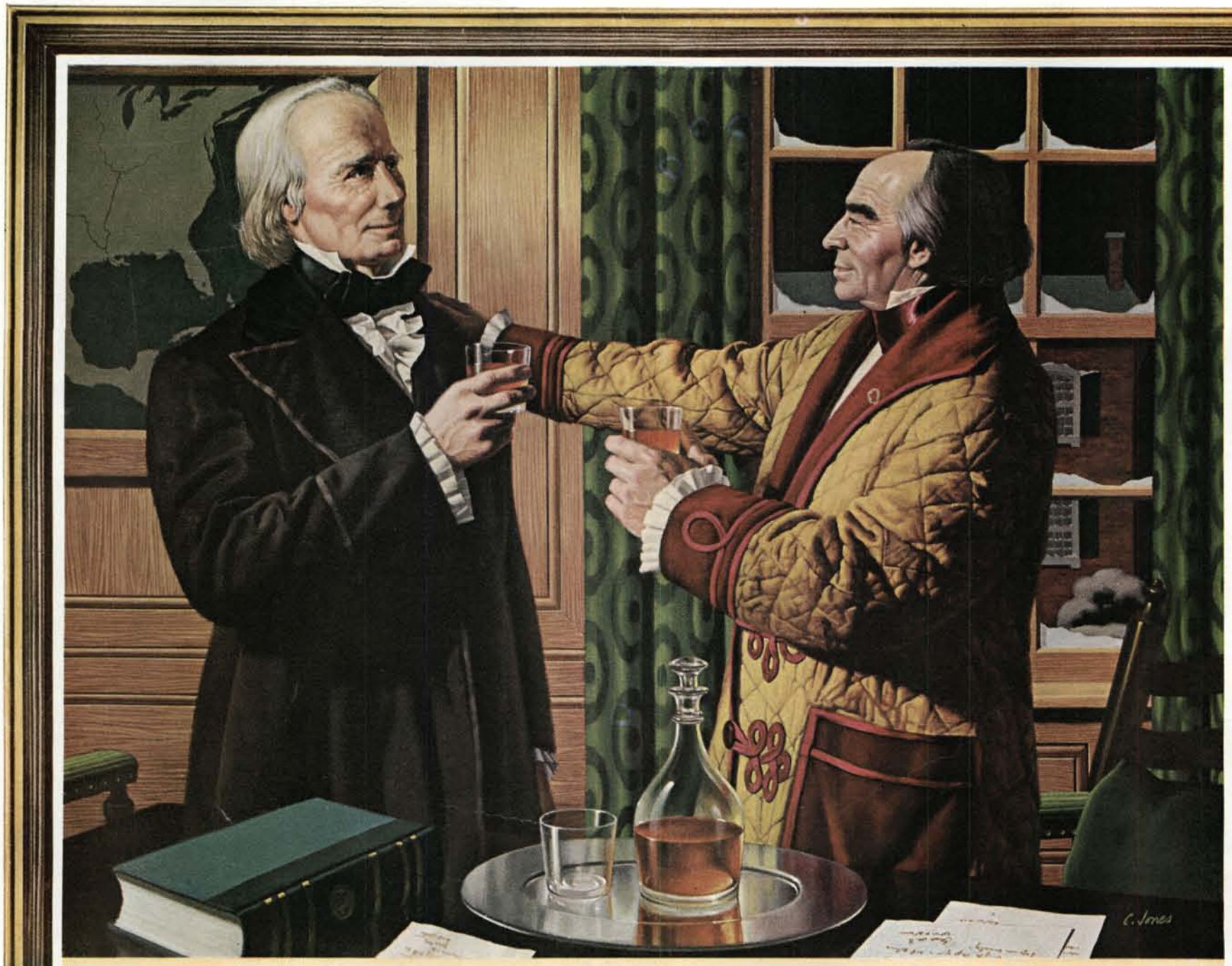

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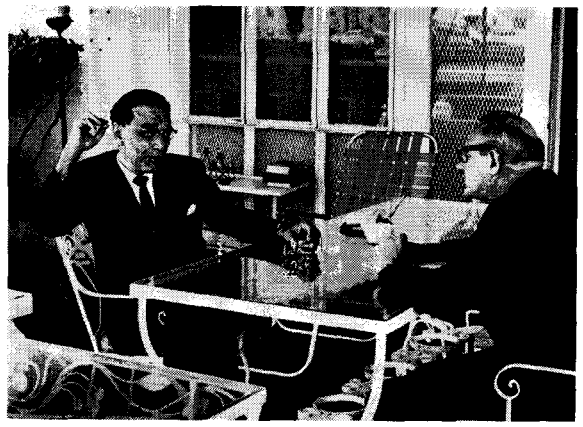
John Kobler. After nutritionist Carlton Fredericks had canceled two interviews, Contributing Editor **John Kobler** employed an ancient reportorial device: He declared, ominously, that he would get his facts elsewhere. Thereupon Kobler was invited to Fredericks's Miami Beach home and Fredericks's press agent flew down from New York to protect his client. During three days of interviewing, nutritionist Fredericks offered Kobler only one form of refreshment—Mountain Valley Water. The press agent, however, was dined, if not wined, by Fredericks. Shortly after he had partaken of Fredericks's nutritious eats, the chap encountered *Post* photographer Larry Fried and confessed he was en route to a nearby restaurant for something more hearty.



Patio interview: The Post's Kobler (right) and radio's Fredericks.

Other By-Lines. Outspoken newspaperman **Hodding Carter** has been his own boss almost continuously since 1932, when the Associated Press fired him for insubordination. . . . The New York *Herald Tribune*'s **Rowland Evans Jr.** is the first Western journalist to obtain hard evidence of the current Soviet campaign against Jews. . . . Contributing Editor **Bill Davidson** once interviewed mutinous Marlon Brando while Brando was riding piggyback atop his dialogue coach. . . . **Edgar D. Brooke,** a staff assistant to Edward R. Murrow in the USIA, is himself famous enough to be listed in *Who's Who in America*. . . . Vermont's **Murray Hoyt** has sold us both fact and fiction. (His contribution on coexisting with Hymenoptera is, we hope, fact.) . . . Contributing Editor **Beverly Smith Jr.** has interviewed every White House tenant from Coolidge to Kennedy. . . . The author of *A Girl Without a Name* is a man with two names—**Robert Standish** (his pseudonym) and D. G. Gerahty (his real name). . . . Midwesterner **Robert W. Wells,** who wrote *The King Who Loved Suburbia*, makes his home in Delafield, Wisconsin, an exurb of Milwaukee.

The Cover. On location aboard the $750,000 reproduction of *H.M.S. Bounty*, moored off Tahiti, Marlon Brando strikes a properly rebellious pose. The photographer: old Brando hand Eric Carpenter, who photographed the moody movie actor in *Julius Caesar* and *Teahouse of the August Moon*.

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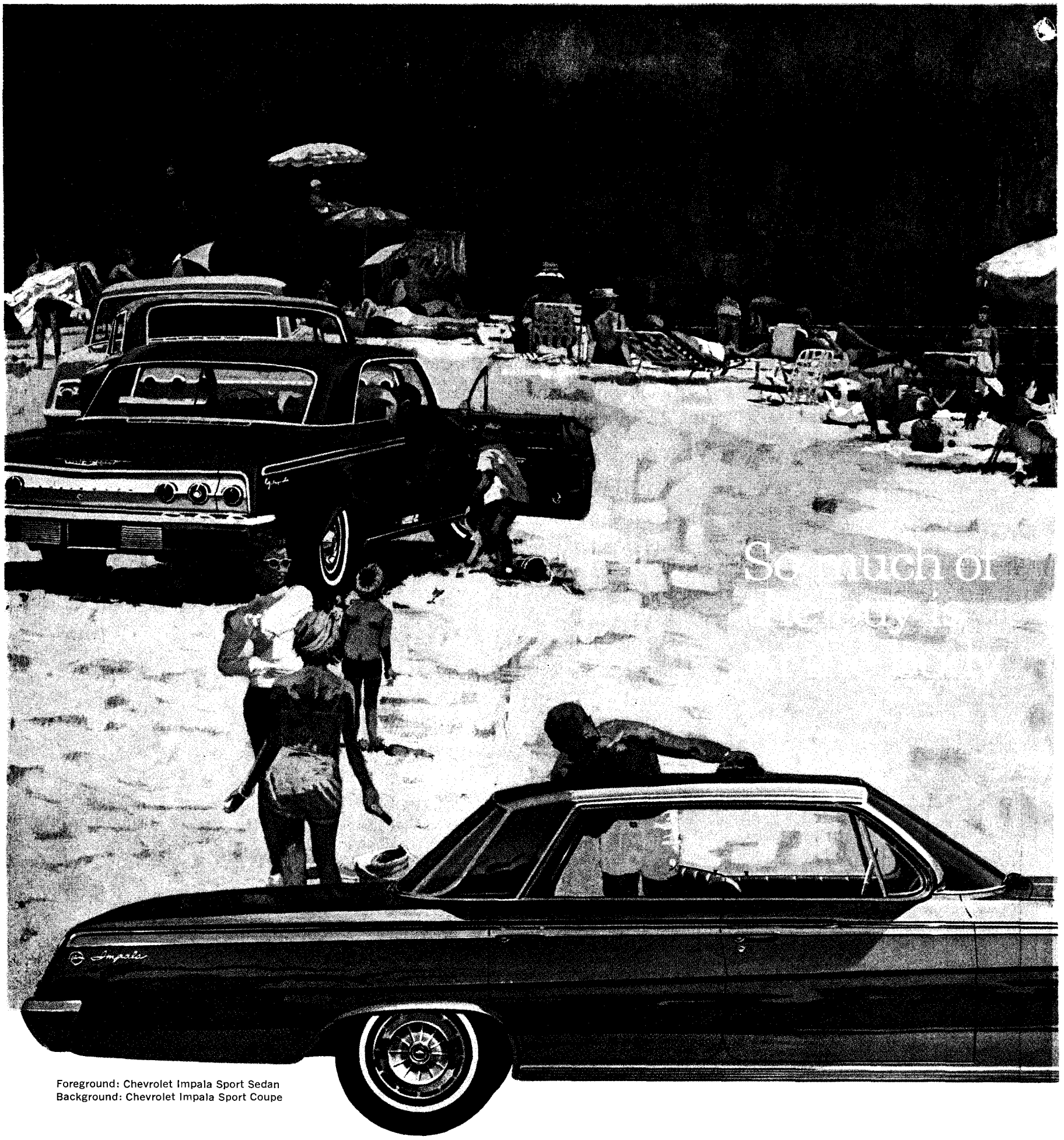

Foreground: Chevrolet Impala Sport Sedan
Background: Chevrolet Impala Sport Coupe

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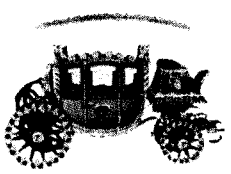

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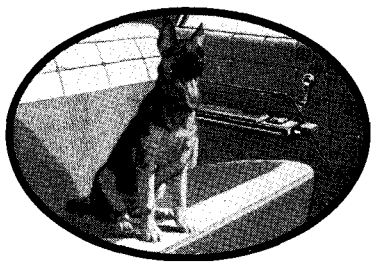

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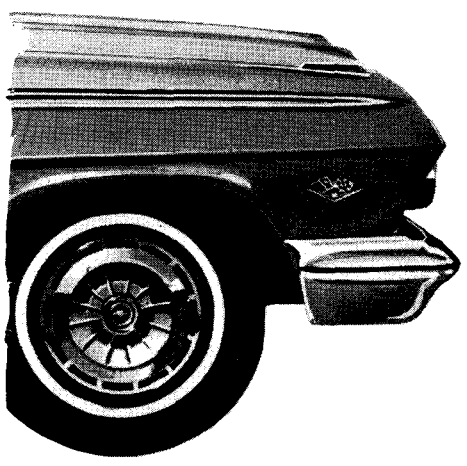

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LETTERS

Hot Rodders Get Hot

Dear Sirs:

What are you, a bunch of grannies? Today I read SPEAKING OUT: MANIACS ON WHEELS [by O. D. Shipley, May 12] and I haven't been so mad for a long time. Shipley wants to abridge a basic American right—that of amusing oneself in whatever manner one sees fit. The challenge "Drag for beer?" has stirred countless hearts and will continue to do so for years to come. So what if a few get killed? What's better—to go out in a spectacular spin, wheels screaming, fire bellowing, or to wither away in a rocking chair reading *The Post*? Cancel my subscription.

DAN GRINSTEAD
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Shipley's distortions are inexcusable. He calls the minority a majority. I've been a dragger for six years and have yet to see an accident on a strip. My own father is a regular competitor with several other responsible businessmen, doctors and lawyers in the community. I particularly resent Shipley's yellow journalism because I know how hard my father and a lot of other adults have worked to make drag racing a safe, respected sport. And they have succeeded too, for I have on file almost 100 letters from mayors, chiefs of police and city councilmen from towns which have strips. Without exception they praise the drag strip and report that violations and accident statistics have dropped sharply among young drivers since the strips opened.

GARY WHEELER
La Sierra College
Arlington, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Shipley's opening statement about being run off the road by dragsters and hot rodders is not merely an attention-getting paragraph. On three separate occasions I have had to employ "defensive maneuvers" to avoid an accident that could have resulted in serious injury or possibly death. On one such occasion, I was forced off the road and into a ditch. It took a friend and myself nearly an hour just to get the car back on the road, to say nothing of the scare it caused. . . . These hell-bent drivers also are the main cause of budget-breaking insurance rates for males under twenty-five.

LARRY G. TORREY, '64
St. Cloud State College
St. Cloud, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for publishing O. D. Shipley's comments on drag racers and go-kart addicts. If every mother and father in the country would read and heed this article, it would be a big step toward safer and saner highways.

PAUL JONES, *Administrator*
Blueprint for Life Campaign
Greater Cleveland Safety Council
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

In his narrowness of mind Mr. Shipley never realizes that our entire educational system is based on and encourages personal competition. . . . Will abolition of all drag, kart, championship, stock-car, jalopy, midget, sports-car and motorcycle courses stop the competitive attitude of society? Real hot rodders recognize the problems and do their part to channel the interests safely. And so do well-informed public officials.

J. NEAL EAST, *member*
Roadsters of Los Angeles
National Hot Rod Association
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I would much rather see my children working on a kart learning mechanics of engines, fuel mixtures, gear ratios, etc., than roaming the streets.

FRANK CISKOWSKI JR.
El Cajon, Calif.

Freeman Harvests Opinions

Dear Sirs:

After reading so many articles downgrading American institutions, it is most refreshing to come upon the wonderful story of American agriculture as told by Orville L. Freeman [AMERICA'S MIRACULOUS HARVEST, May 5]. It makes one very proud to be an American.

SANGER MILLS COOK
Pittsfield, Maine

Dear Sirs:

The article by Secretary of Agriculture Freeman was excellent except for the concluding paragraphs. . . . The tremendous progress of American agriculture—which the Secretary has described so well—was made in a relatively free economy and not under the type of controls he advocates. . . .

We appreciate your interest in agriculture; however, we hope that your readers have not been misled by the Secretary's effort to sell his proposals for a licensed and regimented agriculture.

CHARLES B. SHUMAN, *President*
American Farm Bureau Federation
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

The most important part of Mr. Freeman's article about the dynamic means by which our farmers are enabled to produce more things than we can use is the part he forgot to add—that the poor sucker taxpayers are paying billions of dollars a year to produce this excess food that we are not using!

ROBERT L. LYNCH
Miami Beach, Fla.

Operating on Ben Casey

Dear Sirs:

Vince Edwards [TV's SURLY MEDICO, by Bill Davidson, May 12] has unmitigated gall to be "bitter" and "sore at Hollywood for ignoring him." His attitude of "what difference . . . as long as I get paid" is matched only by his unappreciative retort, "Big deal, I'm an eleven-year overnight sensation." To speak of such a vain ingrate and Clark Gable in the same vein is blasphemy! Send him back to Brooklyn!

PETE HOWLEY
Tallahassee, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

I enjoyed your article on Vince Edwards (Ben Casey) very much. In my

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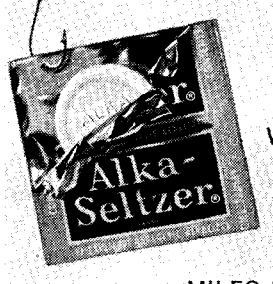

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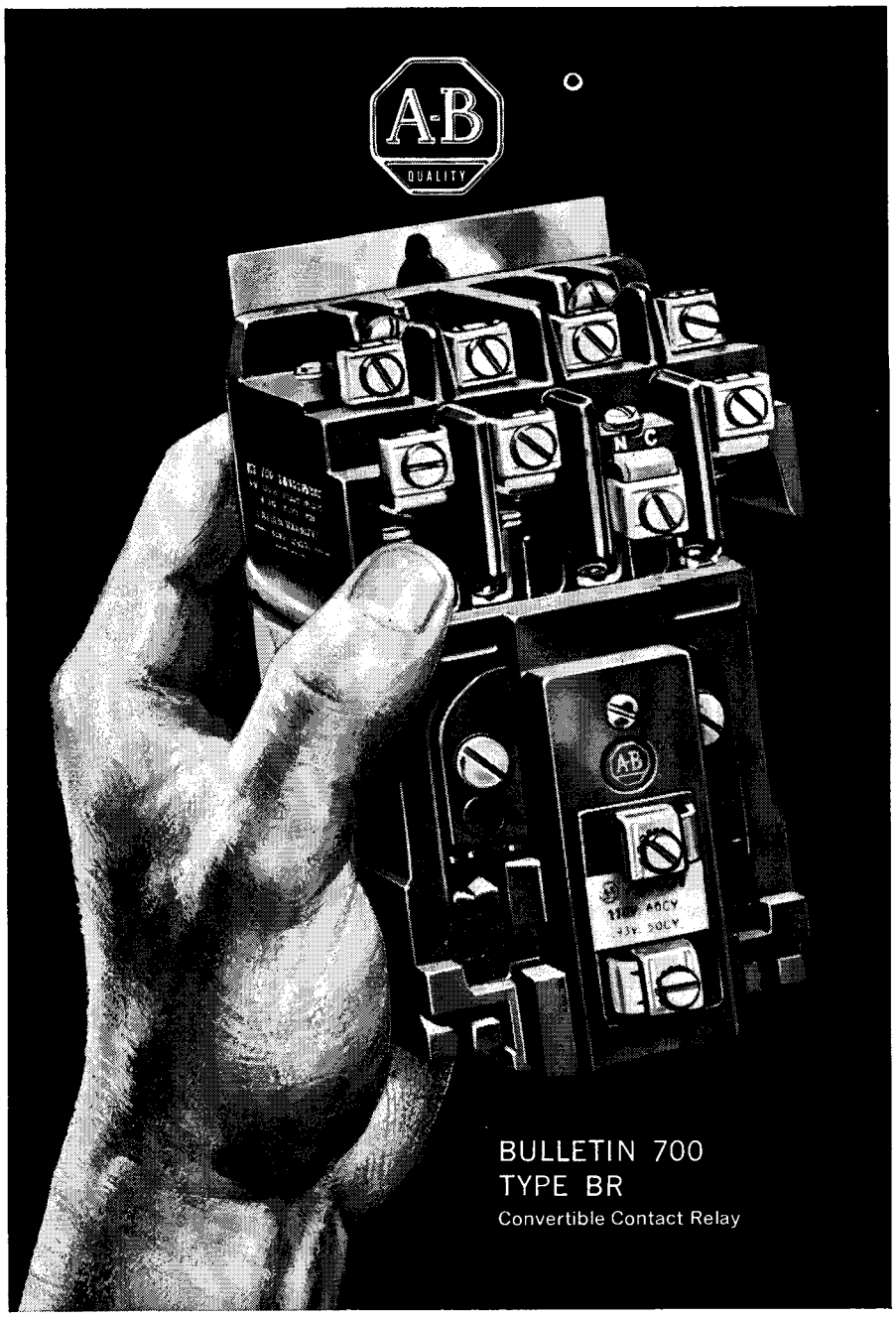

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LETTERS

opinion Vince Edwards is one of the best actors on television.

JOYCE LAWRENCE
Central Square, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I wish to protest the Bill Davidson article. Davidson made no effort whatsoever to balance the impression his article gives that Edwards is a greedy, near-delinquent, no-talent lout. If Edwards ever again should consent to a *Post* interview, you'd better send a woman to ask the questions. Preferably me.

VIGA L. JOHNSON
Ventura, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Why not have Ben Casey give a shock program to the public by presenting a typical bill to his patient?

LAURENCE D. BAKER
Kendallville, Ind.

Arguing About Angola

Dear Sirs:

I wish to commend you for publishing I SAW THE HORROR IN ANGOLA [by Rev. E. Edwin LeMaster as told to Irv Goodman, May 12]. I have lived in Angola for several years, and my own experience verifies Mr. LeMaster's.

THOMAS OKUMA
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

As a Portuguese I was very much interested in your article. I have been in Angola many times, and I must confess that the picture is true, but something else the Reverend LeMaster should have added. He always mentioned "the Portuguese do" or "the Portuguese did." He should have used "the Portuguese government ordered" instead, because he should know that since Salazar took power, the Portuguese people do not vote their government.

ANTONIO TEZINHO
Newark, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Your article is a deplorable example of misleading and biased reporting. . . . Had you really wished to report objectively on conditions in Angola, you would have sent your own reporter and photographer there to see by yourselves, without any restrictions whatever, as many others have done in the recent past. . . .

Again, had you wished to report objectively you would have taken the trouble of consulting the recent (March 5, 1962) 390-page comprehensive report by the International Labor Organization, an agency of the United Nations, on labor and living conditions in Angola. . . . Although by no means uncritical of the Portuguese administration in certain aspects, the report gives the lie to practically all the propaganda accusations and fabrications of E. Edwin LeMaster, your author. . . .

Instead of checking the facts, you took at face value the words of an avowed enemy of Portugal and the Portuguese people, E. Edwin LeMaster, one of the four individuals who repaid the hospitality received from the Portuguese government by conspiring openly with the enemies of Portugal.

PEDRO THEOTONIO PEREIRA
Ambassador of Portugal to the United States
Washington, D.C.

● The Post *remains convinced—as does the Methodist Board of Missions—that the report of Rev. E. Edwin LeMaster is a true account of conditions in Angola as he saw them.—ED.*

Coming . . . in next week's Post

How to Toughen Our
FLABBY YOUTH

Rudy Vallee's Comeback
Gay Return of an Old Crooner

ALSO:

How We Exposed Billie Sol Estes
by a Texas newsman

Stewart Alsop Speaks Out:
Stop Uglifying America

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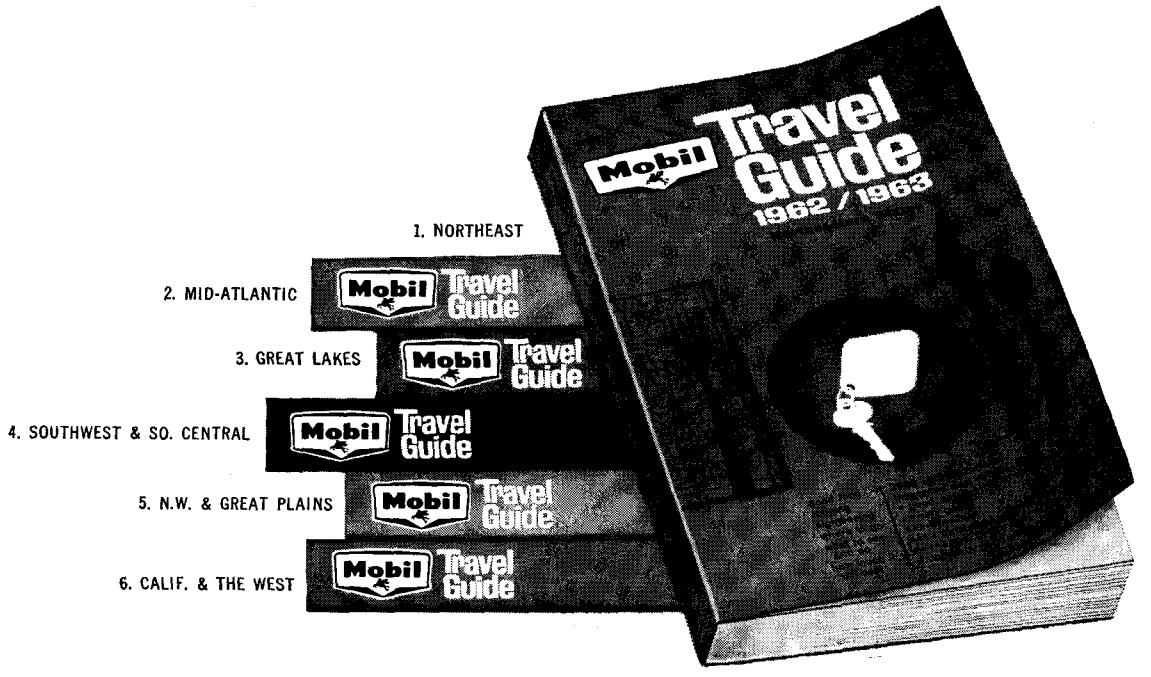

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MOBIL TRAVEL GUIDE COMMITTEE OF FOOD CONSULTANTS

Left to right: CLEMENTINE PADDLEFORD, Food Editor, N. Y. *Herald Tribune*. TED PATRICK, Editor, *Holiday Mag*. SILAS SPITZER, nationally known food expert. ROBERT W. DANA, restaurant reporter, N. Y. *World-Telegram and Sun*. HERB CAEN, columnist, San Fran. *Chronicle*. *Not pictured:* TERRY HUNTER, restaurant reporter, Chicago *Sun-Times*. QUENTIN AULT, gourmet consultant, New Orleans, La.

"It's a big job," he adds. "It takes 57 trained inspectors working months in the field, plus a committee of food consultants, just to keep up the ratings.

"Knowing what I know about it," he concludes, "I wouldn't think of planning a vacation, let alone take one, without a copy of the Guide in my glove compartment."

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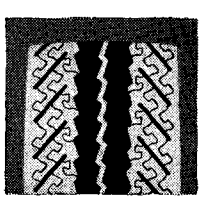

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Let's Keep the Filibuster

By HODDING CARTER

Like millions of other Americans, I have often been exasperated by that obstructive tactic known as the filibuster, used by United States senators from time to time in efforts to talk to death measures which they dislike.

When a filibuster is successful, as was the one conducted by Southern senators against the Administration's voter-literacy bill last month, editorial writers frequently demand that this parliamentary tactic be outlawed. They denounce it as a tool of the devil (disguised as a Southern demagogue) to prevent passage of civil-rights measures, and as an undemocratic, un-American means of thwarting the will of a legislative and popular majority.

Even though I am against the devil and demagogues, I must dissent. The filibuster is not undemocratic; to the contrary, it is as democratic as any other procedure in our system. It has not been employed very often in racial issues. Only rarely has it thwarted the will of the majority.

Filibusters were common in the assemblies of the thirteen colonies and our infant republic. As early as 1790 senators sought to talk to extinction a bill to fix the permanent seat of the Federal Government, "the gentlemen from Virginia and South Carolina" being especially criticized for being longwinded. Unlimited and angry debate persisted in the Senate throughout the Civil War and both world wars. Senators have filibustered against such diverse measures as the readmission of Louisiana after the Civil War; the Versailles Peace Treaty in 1919; a migratory-bird bill in 1926; and the Prohibition Reorganization Bill of 1927.

The filibuster's defenders have been an oddly assorted lot. After the late Charles G. Dawes was sworn in as Republican Vice President in 1925, he denounced the filibuster. The American Federation of Labor was among the first to lash back at Mr. Dawes, asserting that the filibuster was the laboring man's best defense. Among the Presidents who have defended the tactic are Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln and Woodrow Wilson. The great Midwestern liberals, senators George Norris and Robert La Follette, were outspoken in its defense. La Follette said in 1917: "Sir, the moment that the majority imposes the (filibuster) restriction . . . you will have broken down one of the greatest weapons against wrong and oppression that the members of this body possess."

In a remarkable letter written when he was seeking the Republican nomination for President, Sen. Arthur Vandenberg wrote the Negro religious cultist, Father Divine, in part: "I am definitely and specifically in favor of the pending Federal antilynch legislation. . . . You also ask me whether I will endorse a bill making it a crime to filibuster against any bill that has been carried by a majority vote. The answer is I will not. . . . This (the antilynch) bill protects minorities . . . (the filibuster) also protects minorities."

The Vote for Cloture

What do opponents of the filibuster want? They desire restrictions upon debate—including cloture by a simple majority vote—far more stringent than those set down in Senate Rule 22 of the Standing Rules of the Senate, adopted in 1917 and twice amended. Rule Number 22 initially provided that, upon the motion of any sixteen senators, the presiding officer must submit to the Senate the question of closing debate on a pending measure. If two thirds of the entire Senate membership were to vote for such cloture, debate was thereafter to be limited to one hour for each senator. The rule was amended in 1949 to permit cloture by a constitutional majority on any "measure, motion or other matter," not just the pending measure. The second amendment came in January, 1959, under the prodding of then Sen. Lyndon B. Johnson. It required a two-thirds vote only of the senators "present and voting."

Filibuster participants, generally playing to an inattentive, sleepy handful, have provided drama and comedy as well as boredom as they go through such routine paces as demanding a full reading of the journal of the previous day and moving endless corrections; obtaining repeated quorum calls; offering unacceptable riders and amendments to the pending measure; raising of parliamentary objections and points of order; asking interminable questions; and, above all, making long and often irrelevant speeches.

Drama, comedy, boredom.

Presidential Fury

Here is President Wilson in 1917, white-lipped with fury, denouncing the eleven senators who held up his Armed Neutrality Bill as that "little group of willful men . . . (who) have rendered the great Government of the United States helpless and contemptible."

Here is Senator Smoot of Utah, speaking in 1915 completely without relief and sticking to his subject to set an all-time record for a completely uninterrupted speech (on a ship-purchase bill) of eleven hours and thirty-five minutes.

Here are the runners-up: Wisconsin's La Follette, going on for more than eighteen hours, with the aid of quorum calls and friendly interruptions in his fight against a national-banking bill; Wayne Morse, the maverick from Oregon, speaking for twenty-two hours and twenty-six minutes without a breather from quorum calls but with some respite through yielding for questions; Strom Thurmond of South Carolina orating against civil-rights proposals for twenty-four hours and eighteen minutes in August, 1957, but with about an hour and a half of rest-giving questions and quorum calls. During the 1960 civil-rights filibuster, Allen J. Ellender of Louisiana amused even his opponents by hiding from the Senate sergeant at arms in a secret Capitol cranny which he had stocked with oysters, shrimp, ham, eggs, bacon, vegetables and an electric hot plate.

Since measures can be filibustered in committees as well as on the floor of the Senate, the perhaps apocryphal tale of a closed session in August, 1959, of the Senate Judiciary Committee, presided over by Mississippi's James Eastland, might

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Hodding Carter, a Pulitzer-prize-winning author, is the nationally renowned editor and publisher of the Delta Democrat-Times *of Greenville, Mississippi.*

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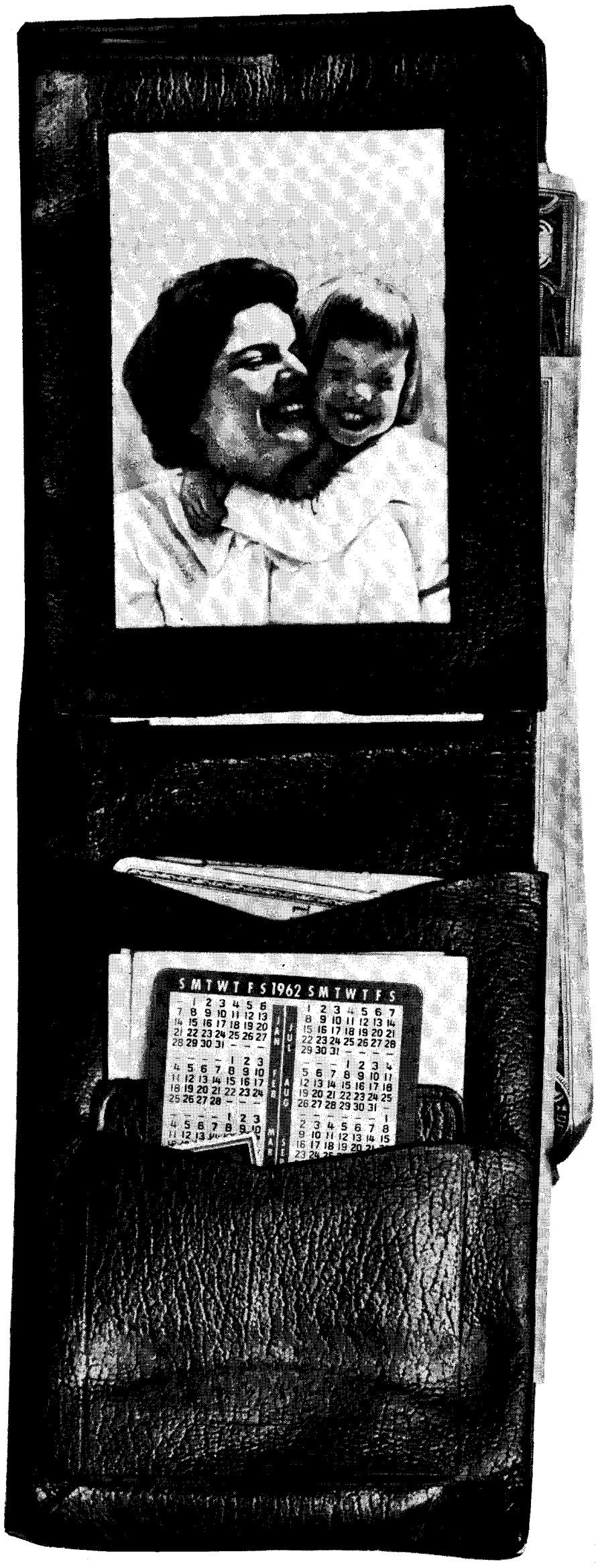

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SPEAKING OUT

not be out of place. Among the topics allegedly discussed were Noah's Ark, the laws of the Medes and the Persians, the habits of the Scribes and the Pharisees, Einstein's theory and personality, the spelling of aurora borealis, the Ten Commandments, Mormonism and, especially, the provocative English novel *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. New York's Kenneth Keating, a civil-rights advocate, was quoted as saying, "We talked more about her husband than her lover. We decided the lover was getting all the publicity while the husband was more interesting and was being slighted. This led to a discussion of husband slighting."

Race-related debates over civil-rights legislation have created the political drama and tensions of latter-day filibusters. Three months of debate in 1957 won for Southern senators a compromise on the first civil-rights bill passed since Reconstruction. They succeeded in limiting to forty-five days and fines of no more than $300 the sentences which Federal judges could hand out, without trial by jury, in criminal-contempt cases arising from the denial of the right to vote. During the civil-rights filibuster by eighteen Southern senators in March, 1960, the Senate chalked up nearly six days and five nights of continuous oratory—125 hours and 31 minutes, broken only by one 15-minute recess. The ages of not a few of the senators present make this record all the more amazing; Sen. Ernest Gruening of Alaska, who presided, was seventy-three. Sen. Theodore Green of Rhode Island, ninety-two, missed only a few of the forty-two quorum calls demanded by the Southerners. Wisconsin's Alexander Wiley was seventy-five, Harry Byrd and Willis Robertson of Virginia were both seventy-two, and Hawaii's Oren Long, seventy-one. And the pajamas, bedroom slippers and snacks brought by pro-civil-rights senators, so as to catch naps between quorum calls, made the Senate and its antechambers resemble a flophouse.

Case for the Defense

As for the political morality of the filibuster, I am convinced that a rational defense can be made on four counts.

(1) If adjournment of the Senate is a considerable way off and if a substantial majority of the Senate is determined to take action, a handful of senators can rarely conduct a successful filibuster. If they are in an extremely small minority, not only can cloture be invoked, but they must fall by the wayside through fatigue. Moreover, the worst aspects of filibustering could be done away with through strict enforcement of present parliamentary rules, especially the rule of relevancy.

(2) The most shallow concept of a democracy is that which sees it as government by majority rule, without adequate legislative protection for the minority. In many important aspects of American self-government, majority rule does not figure. Through the presidential veto, one more than one third of either house of Congress can prevent a majority-approved measure from becoming law. One more than one third can nullify ratification of a treaty, and one more than two fifths of the House can prevent the submission to the Senate of a constitutional amendment.

(3) With my fellow Mississippian, John Stennis, I believe that open debate is man's greatest political invention. The United States Senate is the last great legislative body in the world where unlimited debate is possible. The privilege is a legacy from Greece and Rome. The Senate was conceived by the Founding Fathers as a counterbalance to the House of Representatives. It was not envisaged as being susceptible to the will of a national majority; were it otherwise, Nevada and Alaska would not have the same number of senators as New York and California. Whether a minority be racial, religious, regional or numerical, it deserves, I believe, the marginal protection that a handful of senators can sometimes gain by their stubbornness.

(4) In a speech on the Senate floor in September, 1961, Senator Eastland of Mississippi said a considerable mouthful, to wit, that the power in the executive and judicial branches historically has been "loaded in the interest of the large states." The five most populous states have consistently produced an extraordinarily disproportionate number of Presidents, Cabinet members and Supreme Court justices. Only one President, Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire, has ever been elected from a small state.

"In the 1960 census the five largest states were New York, Pennsylvania, California, Illinois and Ohio, with 30 percent of the population," Eastland said. "The forty-three other states contain 70 percent. Yet 55 percent of the top offices in the Government were held by individuals from the five largest states."

Alarming Statistics

The statistics are not reassuring to those of us who live in the less populous states. Nine of the small states have never been represented in either the Supreme Court or in the Cabinet. Sixteen states have had no Cabinet appointments since 1900. It is hardly coincidental that the principal sponsors of proposals to permit closing of debate by a mere majority of votes are from the big states.

The Senate is the only remaining body where the small states can raise their voices as equals. If a state's senators are gagged by majority-vote cloture, the state is being denied its right of equal representation.

And as a clincher I quote Sen. William Fulbright of Arkansas, a man who has never been accused of being a professional Southerner or a conformist: "To those who argue that the Senate simply cannot function as a legislative body without such a (gag) rule, it should be pointed out that, during the years since the present rule has been operative, we have passed through two wars, a major depression and serious inflation without being handicapped to any appreciable extent. . . . We have taken billions in taxes. We have legislated to the extent of drafting men into service, fixing prices, rents. . . . We have somehow managed to exercise most of our powers and sometimes in excess of our powers."

Will the gentlemen yield? THE END

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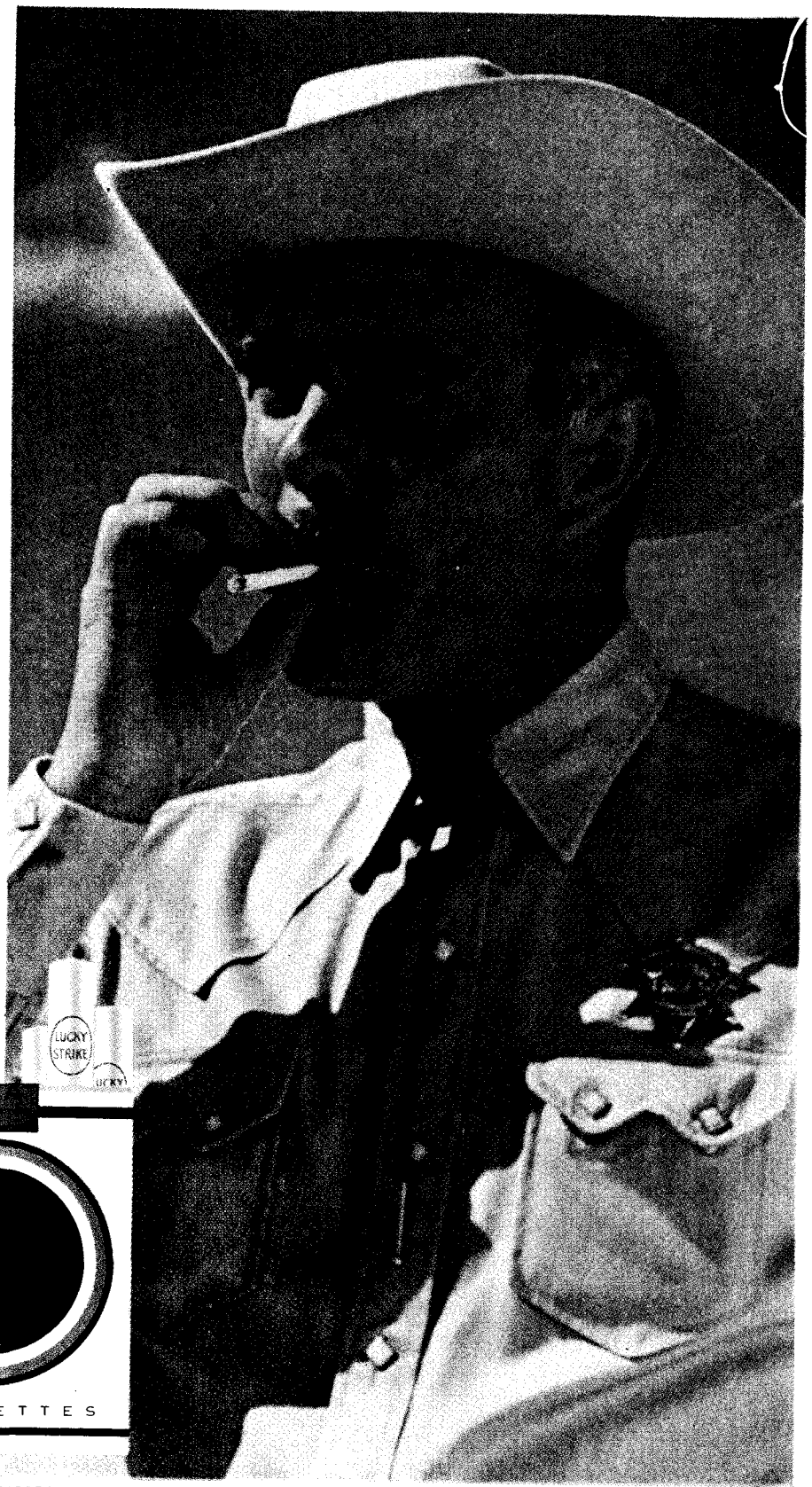

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The Kremlin's Persecution of Jews

A firsthand report on the newest campaign inside Russia to stamp out an age-old religion and way of life.

By ROWLAND EVANS JR.

It is now shockingly clear that the Kremlin is committed to a policy of trying to do what centuries of violent persecution of the Jews the world over have always failed to accomplish—eradicate the Jewishness of the almost 3,000,000 Jews who live in the Soviet Union.

The technique being used is strikingly different from the historical methods of bloodbath, extermination and violence, methods that have been used in one country after another back almost to the genesis of time. The new method is infinitely subtle and varied, but its object is clear: To put an end to all the special qualities that, like a kind of cement, have bound the Jews together through the most rapacious persecutions in all history.

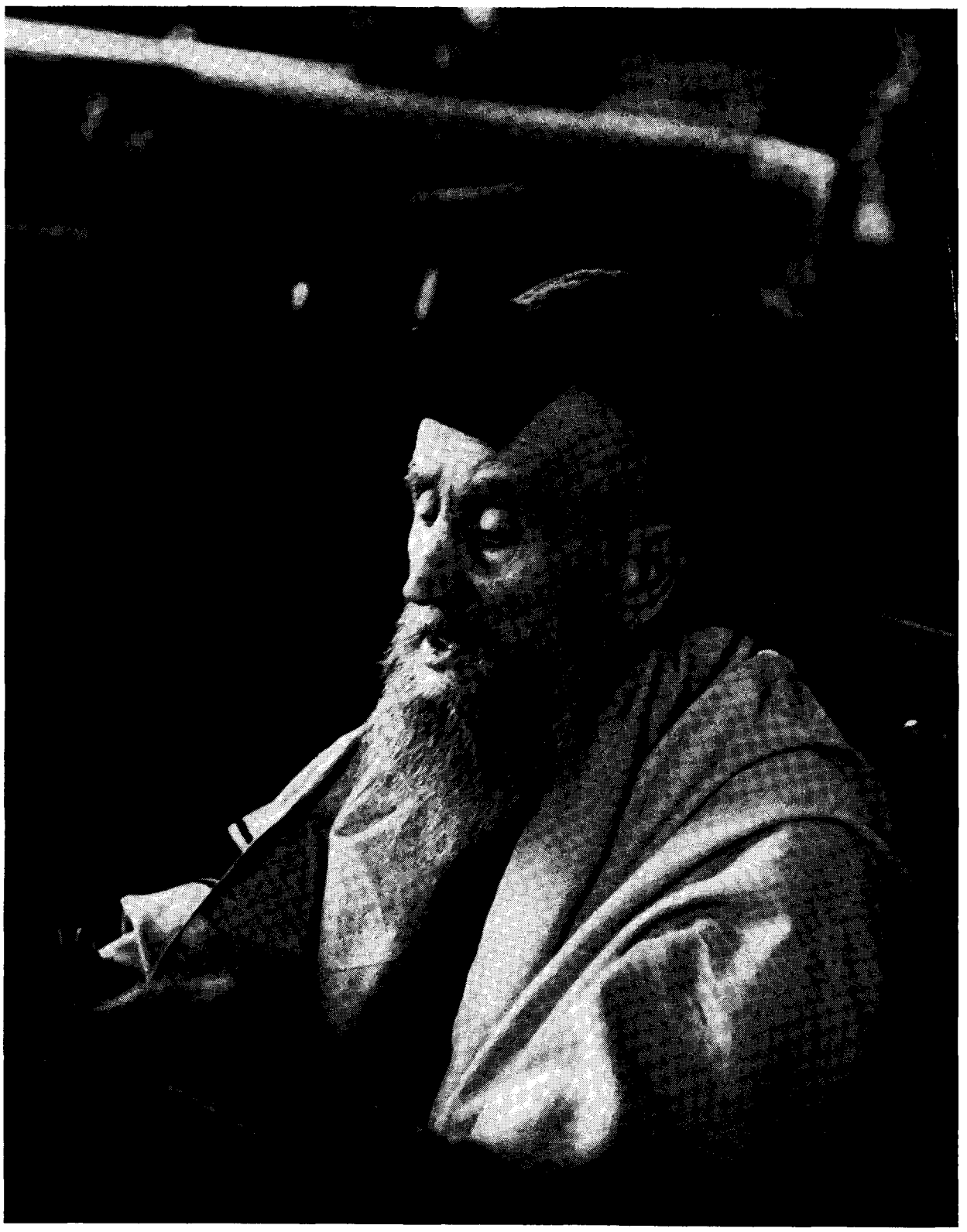
Although during the past couple of years a dozen or more Jews have been executed in the Soviet Union, this new campaign by the Kremlin has none of the marks of an organized pogrom of the type that used to sweep Czarist Russia. It has nothing like the awful finality of Hitler's systematic murder of Jews by the millions. Its distinctive mark is the breaking down of morale, the slow strangulation of Jewish religion and culture, the steady erosion of all those special aspects of life that have meant so much to Jewish people.

I came upon much evidence of this campaign during a recent trip through Russia—evidence of a sudden, grim increase in official anti-Jewish activity. The evidence strongly indicated that denunciation of the "cosmopolitanism" and "national narrow-mindedness" of Soviet Jews had advanced from the stage of propaganda harassment to the deadly serious stage of secret trial and imprisonment. It is obviously quite impossible to tell—without jeopardizing my sources—precisely how this evidence came into my hands.

One important item of information, which I was able to document conclusively, concerned the arrest last fall, and the subsequent trial and twelve-year prison sentence, of a leading Jewish layman named Gedalia R. Pechersky.

Pechersky had served as chairman of the Jewish religious community in Leningrad from shortly after Stalin's death until 1956, when he was demoted on orders of the Council of Religious Cults. Arrested with him late in 1961 were two other lay leaders of the Jewish religious community in Leningrad. Three additional arrests of prominent Jewish leaders in Moscow were confirmed about the same time. At the time I was in Russia no word of the action against these six religious leaders had seeped into the Soviet press.

Several months later, however, the Soviet government reported the whole affair in an article in *Trud*, the Communist trade-union paper. The article charged that Pechersky was part of a



In the central Moscow synagogue, a solitary Jew chants his prayers from a tattered prayer book. There are about 3,000,000 Jews in the entire Russian population of 214,000,000.

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"This is the heart of the tragedy: For most Russians, life is getting somewhat better. For the Jew, it is becoming intolerable."

"Zionist espionage ring" centered in the Israeli embassy in Moscow. Further, it contained an ominous accusation that this espionage ring had contacts with our own Central Intelligence Agency and Western European agents who worked out of an obscure town house in Vienna.

Since then, it has also been established that the chairmen of the Jewish congregations in five other cities—Minsk, Vilnyus, Tashkent, Kiev and Riga—have been deposed by orders of the Soviet government and that synagogues have been locked up in a dozen other Soviet cities.

On May 16, 1959, Premier Nikita S. Khrushchev was awarded the Lenin Peace Prize at a ceremony in Moscow, and among his remarks on this occasion was the following: "We treat the believers in religion not only with tolerance but also with respect. We wage a fight only when religion is used for bringing harm to man."

A glance at the Soviet press, particularly party newspapers in the distant provinces, makes a mockery of Mr. Khrushchev's use of the words "respect" and "tolerance." Consider, for example, a long, slanderous article in a recent issue of *Volzhskaya Kommuna*, a provincial organ published in Kuibyshev. Titled UNDER THE SYNAGOGUE WALLS, the piece said in part:

"The traditions bolstered by the Kuibyshev synagogue are doubly harmful. First of all, they contribute to the perpetuation of the false religious world outlook. Secondly, they serve as an instrument for the propagation of bourgeois political views which are alien to us. And on the sly, a small group of rascals, playing on the religious and nationalistic feelings of backward people and violating Soviet law, exploit the synagogue as a source of easy profit."

Three Basic Anti-Jewish Themes

There you have it—three of the basic anti-Jewish themes in the campaign to subvert and destroy Judaism: first, the theme that the Jews are a vestige of bourgeois society of Czarist times; second, that an umbilical cord of Jewish "chauvinism" ties the religious leaders of Judaism in Russia to the Jewish homeland in Israel; and third, that the life of the synagogues is shot through with graft and corruption, by which the Jewish leaders enrich themselves at the expense of the workers.

The false charge that Russian Jews are more loyal to Israel than to the Russian Motherland—and that this leads to subversive activities—occurs over and over again, but never with a shred of proof. The Soviet government has a pathological fear and suspicion of Soviet Jews as a possible Fifth Column, and this fear is mirrored in the press of the Soviet republics where Jews live. The obvious fraud of this Soviet "case" against the Jews is that the number of practicing believers in Judaism is assumed to be less than 1 percent of the whole Soviet population, and this minute minority has never exhibited the slightest lack of patriotism. Soviet Jews fought and died bravely in World War II. Their skills and labor have been given without stint in the enormous job of postwar reconstruction and in moving the country ahead economically.

Jews are the eleventh largest "nationality"—as the Kremlin insists upon calling them—in the Soviet Union. In the fifth paragraph of their internal passports (needed for travel around the country) they are required to list their nationality as "Jewish" in the same way that Ukrainians, Byelorussians, Georgians, Kazakhs and other minorities also must identify themselves by nationality. Since they are labeled officially as a distinct ethnic group, the Jews would presumably have the same ethnic and cultural rights—their own schools, for example, and their own press and a Yiddish theater—enjoyed by other minorities. But although each of these "rights" is guaranteed by the Soviet constitution, the Jews enjoy none of them.

Until 1948 the government permitted the Jews to have their own Yiddish newspapers and publishing houses. Scores of books and literary journals were printed in Yiddish. A popular Yiddish repertory theater had a large following. Schools and other cultural institutions existed in profusion. The Jew, in other words, was treated, if not as an equal, at least not as an outcast.

Soviet Jews also had something else which they treasured deeply—a sense of world fellowship with Jewish minorities outside the Soviet Union. Within rigid limits this fellowship encouraged contact with the outside world, and these contacts worried the Soviet government. Until very recently the government has always gone to extreme lengths to minimize contacts between its citizens and foreigners, but the Jewish minority presented a special problem.

The international fellowship of Jews is one of the phenomena of world history—the tribes of Israel scattered to the four winds but never losing their sense of common identity, common traditions and supreme faith in their religion. Thus it was only natural that foreign Jews traveling through the Soviet Union would visit Jewish leaders—not to lay dark, subversive plots, but simply because all Jews have so much in common.

In 1948 the Soviet government closed down all cultural manifestations of Jewishness. Theater, newspapers, periodicals and books vanished. This move, by chance or not, coincided with the founding of the new state of Israel. Since then, only insignificant concessions have been made to the cultural life of the Jews. In the last two years five Yiddish classics (by authors long since dead) have been reprinted, and a few Yiddish variety shows and amateur theatrical troupes have been formed. Since September, a literary journal has been published every other month.

The slow strangulation of Jewish culture and art is one of the three main levers the Soviet government is using to cut the heart out of Judaism. The second goes to the core of the religion itself.

Unlike other religions with substantial followings in the Soviet Union, the Jews are expressly forbidden to have a national association or federation of religious communities. This ban makes it impossible for them to build new synagogues or even to keep the old ones in good repair; to manufacture religious articles, such as prayer shawls; or to have a central clearinghouse to perform the essential functions of any national organization.

No Hebrew Bible has been printed since 1917. And a prohibition on teaching the Hebrew language makes it extremely difficult for Jewish children to learn the traditional language and to understand and share in their religious prayers.

Only One Seminary Open

Every Jewish seminary was closed down within a few years after the Bolshevik revolution of 1917. In 1957, when the Khrushchev thaw was well under way, a single Yeshiva, or seminary, was permitted to open in Moscow with a few more than twenty students. Last summer its director was fired by state religious authorities and replaced by a man apparently more acceptable to the Kremlin. This, the only training school in the Soviet Union for Jewish rabbis, has been stripped down to twelve students.

The third major line of attack on Soviet Jews is in some ways the most sinister of all. Along with the campaigns to liquidate their cultural traditions and circumscribe their religious practice, a vicious assault on individual Jews has become more intense in the past few months.

For generations a relatively large proportion of Russian Jews have made their livings in the mainstream of economic activity. A great many have earned their bread as bookkeepers, clerks, accountants and small businessmen.

As the Soviet economy has moved from bare subsistence to a more advanced level, a vast gray market of illegal operations has injected itself into the economic life-stream of the state. There is no hard estimate of just how widespread the gray market has become in Russia, but the amount of gravy its deep and absorbent roots

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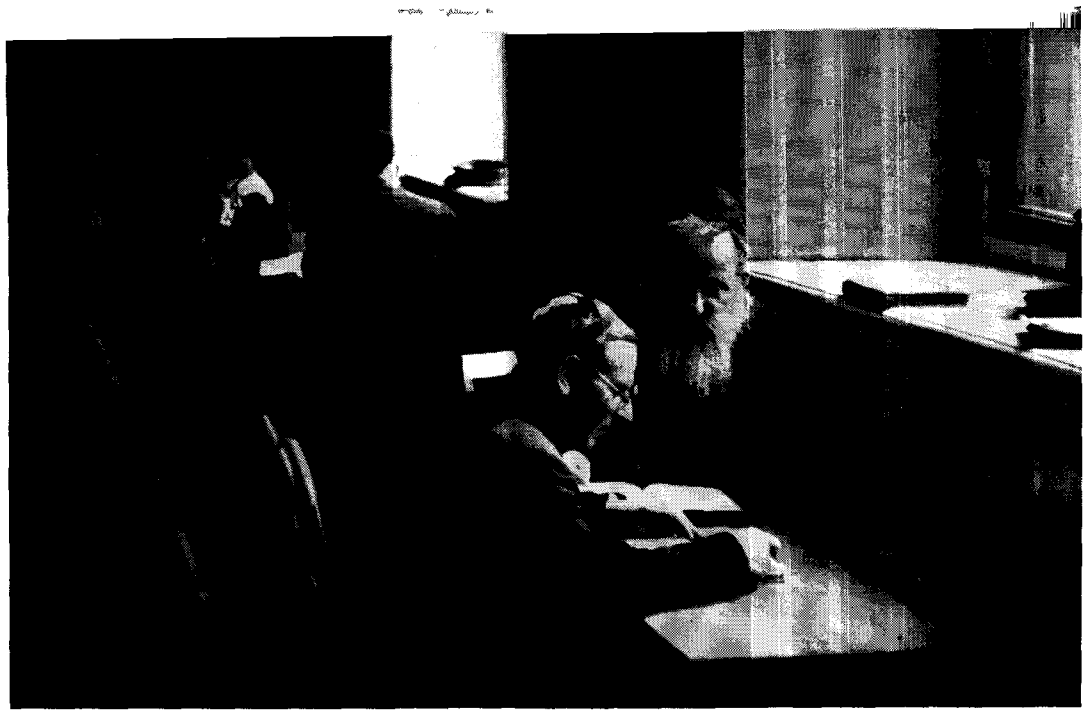

A divinity student works with his teacher in a makeshift classroom at the Moscow Yeshiva, the only Jewish theological seminary permitted to operate in the entire Soviet Union. It opened in 1957 with about twenty aspiring rabbis. Now student enrollment has dwindled to twelve.

soak up has caused the most serious concern to the Soviet government. What is involved is a massive diversion of all kinds of materials, with thousands of marketing, production, factory, construction, transport and collective-farm officials getting a slice of the pie.

Someone, of course, has to juggle the figures to conceal these illegal transactions from the state, and that someone often turns out to be the accountant or clerk who keeps the books and who takes his orders from the factory managers and other senior members of the economic hierarchy. Many of these accountants and clerks are Jewish. Precisely because they are Jewish, they risk unlimited retaliation from their bosses—the managers who profit from the gray market—if they refuse to conceal the illegal transactions in their accounting books. The mere fact of their Jewishness makes them peculiarly vulnerable to pressure. And so some of them do cooperate.

The penetration of the gray market into all phases of the decentralized Soviet economy is now so deep that a full-scale exposé could have damaging international repercussions. Too many important people are engaged in it.

And so the government has adopted the scapegoat cure for the disease of the gray market. And the scapegoat, it is becoming tragically clear, is likely to be the Jew with his special vulnerability. The state is turning its investigative and prosecuting powers on the Jew who clerks for the factory manager, who keeps the books for the collective farm or who does the accounting for the manager of the wool combine. Trials for thievery, speculation and other economic crimes are in full swing today, and the example serves as a warning for the real profiteers on the higher rungs of the economic ladder.

The Kremlin's Scapegoat Strategy

Whether this scapegoat strategy is working the way the Kremlin intends is problematical. But one result is clear—it is pushing the Soviet Jew deeper into the pit of second-class citizenship, whether he is a Jew who practices his religion or one who long ago left the synagogue. This means that many thousands of nonreligious Jews who want nothing more than the right to be counted as normal members of Soviet society are forced into a life apart, with special liabilities.

In the past thirty years the percentage of Jews in Soviet universities has steadily declined from 13 percent of the total enrollment to about 4 percent today. Jews have been removed in quite large numbers from high positions in the government, particularly in the diplomatic service and the army, although it must be said honestly that prominent exceptions remain. Only in science and technology, specialized fields in which Jews have always played an indispensable role, are Russian Jews really conspicuous today. As everyone knows, the Kremlin is committed to outpacing the United States in this vital area, and Jewish brains are one sacrifice the Soviet cannot afford.

Statistics give the cold outline of the plight of the Soviet Jew today, but to grasp the inner meaning in human terms, one must examine a house of worship after almost forty-five years of systematic deprivations.

"I went with another American," an American Jew told me after a visit to the Moscow synagogue. "We took three Hebrew prayer books with us to give to the rabbi. When we arrived at the synagogue, I saw a large building, shabby and coated with grime. Underneath you could see the faded beauty of the old façade, but you needed your imagination to picture it as it once was.

"We heard the chanting of prayers inside. We went in. Maybe forty people were there. Most of the men were old, and their prayer shawls were in shreds. When we found the head rabbi and showed him our siddurs, or prayer books, there was almost a riot.

"The rabbi, a bent little man, had to scream to make himself heard. 'These are Americans,' he shouted; 'act civilized.' But they hadn't seen a new siddur for quite some time, the rabbi told us. He showed us his own prayer book, so tattered and thumbed you could scarcely read it. Soon several younger men—maybe they were Communists—came into the crowd and told the people to go back to their prayers.

"The whole thing lasted about two minutes. We suddenly knew that our presence was harmful. As we left, one of the worshipers ran by us and called in a low voice: 'Tell them in America it is bad for the Jews in Russia.'"

This experience probably could be repeated in any one of the 100-odd synagogues still in use in the Soviet Union. It should be added, however, that the persistence of the Jewish religion, despite repression through the centuries, is at least partly explained by the fact that formal worship can take place anywhere—in a cellar, a bedroom, a grocery store—provided a minyan consisting of ten male Jews is present. In the absence of a rabbi, one member of the congregation can lead the service. Doubtless many such groups are keeping the religion alive in Russia today. Also, it is undoubtedly true that Hebrew is being taught to many Jewish youngsters, despite a government fiat officially banning the language.

The question arises: Why doesn't the government permit Soviet Jews to leave the country and go to Israel, America or somewhere else?

One reason is that emigration to Israel would infuriate the Arab world, of which Israel is the sworn enemy, Russia the pledged friend. Occasional public clashes with the Israeli government help to advance Soviet policy in the Middle East.

But the Soviet refusal to permit any emigration at all of Soviet Jews has other explanations. The Soviet government must know that it would be a shocking admission of failure if, after forty-four years of the socialist paradise, tens, perhaps hundreds of thousands of Soviet Jews should choose to leave their motherland for Israel or some other country. And finally, an exodus of Jews would diminish the Kremlin's power to exploit the Jew as a scapegoat or an example to the rest of Soviet society. As we have seen, the Jews are a useful tool to the Kremlin.

Western Communists Protest

Nevertheless, emigration may eventually be permitted. The Soviet government is embarrassed by the searchlight of world opinion on its discrimination against the Jews. Communist parties in several Western countries have already protested to the Soviets. The UN may investigate.

But all that is in the future. The irony of what is happening today is that as the Soviet government tightens the screws on the Jewish minority, it is going out of its way to make life easier for the Russian Orthodox Church, and de-Stalinizing the rest of Soviet society. By our standards Russia remains a society hedged with insufferable restraints; yet compared to the winter of Stalin's super-police-state, it is on the edge of springtime today.

The very act of admitting thousands of foreigners and of lowering some of the old barriers has increased the risk of infection from the West. Hence the clampdown on the Jewish religious leaders serves as a deliberate warning to the whole country against taking advantage of the Khrushchev thaw. For example, at precisely the time that Mr. Pechersky and his colleagues were being sent to jail last fall, the Kremlin looked on approvingly as the Russian Orthodox Church was voted in to the World Council of Churches. For the Orthodox Church, this new union opens an unprecedented vista of contact and collaboration with the outside world. But the example of Mr. Pechersky and his colleagues is a warning—don't go too far.

This is the heart of the tragedy for the Russian Jews today; that while Khrushchev renounces the terrible excesses of Stalin against *all* the people, one tiny minority is singled out for special abuse, an example and a scapegoat for everyone else. For most Russians, life is getting somewhat better. For the Jew, it is becoming intolerable. THE END

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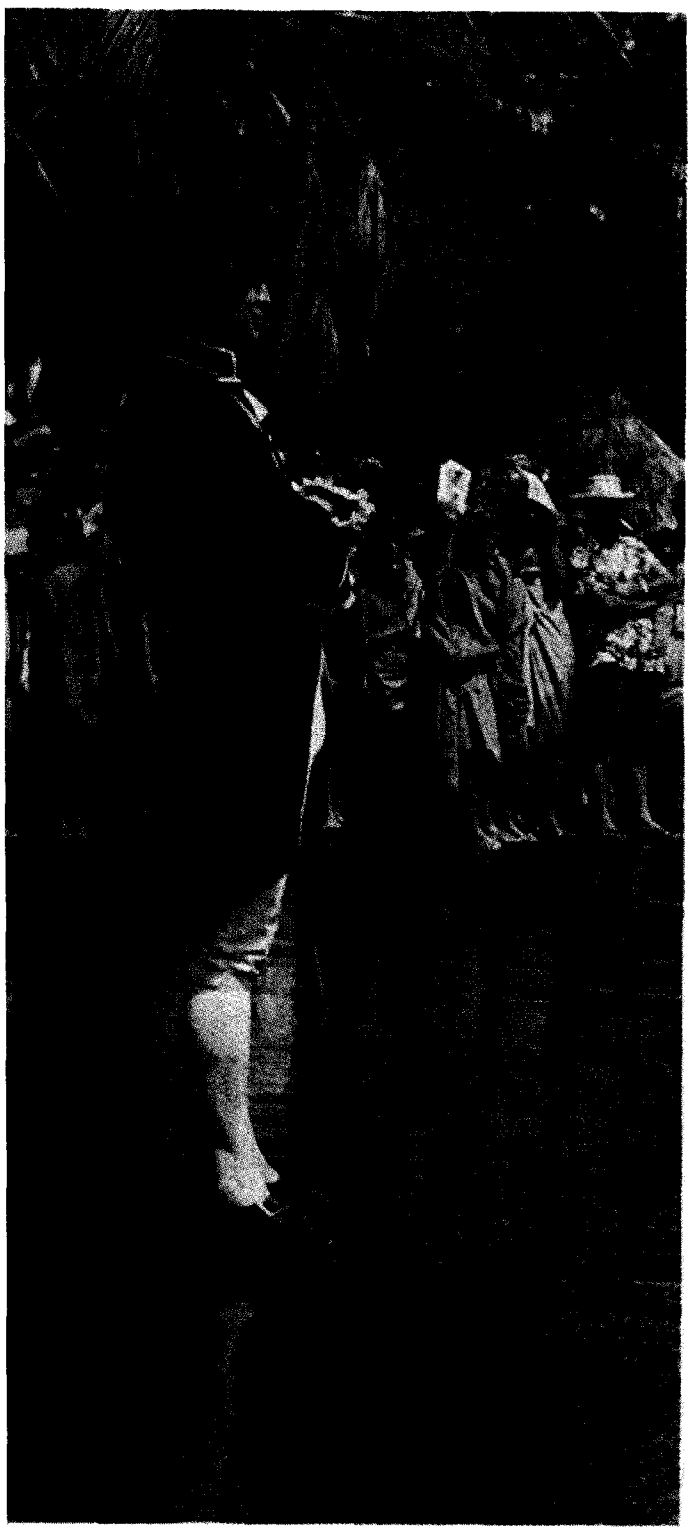
Six Million Dollars Down the Drain:

The Mutiny of Marlon Brando

A petulant superstar turns paradise into a moviemaker's nightmare. How Brando broke the budget in a marathon remake of *Mutiny on the Bounty.*

By BILL DAVIDSON



As the rebellious first mate, Fletcher Christian, Brando waits for his ship to come in. To date he has earned $1,250,000 with more to come.

A few months ago President John F. Kennedy invited the noted movie writer-director, Billy Wilder, to have dinner with him. Wilder, who prides himself on his knowledge of world affairs, was all primed to discuss such matters as Laos, Berlin and the wage-price spiral. Instead the President devoted himself to the burning question: "When in the world are they going to finish *Mutiny on the Bounty?*"

At the time the President posed this innocent query the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer remake of the old Charles Laughton-Clark Gable classic was in its eleventh month of production after thirteen months of preparation—a total creative endeavor that surpassed, in time, the gestation period of an elephant. Three members of the company had died; a Tahitian girl had been fired from the cast for becoming pregnant, but was rehired long after she had had her baby; another Tahitian actress, the second female lead, married a French soldier and moved to Algeria during the interminable filming, necessitating the total excision of her part from the picture. The star, Marlon Brando, had ballooned in weight from 170 to 210 pounds over the eleven-month period, so that special refinements had to be made with lighting and makeup lest he appear to have the dimensions of Stan Laurel in the early reels of the picture and those of Oliver Hardy at its conclusion.

Only Cleopatra Cost More

By April, 1962, the film still was not finished and M-G-M was considering a new ending, proposed by Billy Wilder, the sixth writer to be involved in the script. The cost of the movie had soared to nearly $20,000,000, more than M-G-M's combined expenditure for *Ben Hur* and *Gone With the Wind.* By the time it is completed and distributed (hopefully next December) the studio will be nearly $27,000,000 in the hole. In the entire history of the motion picture, only Twentieth Century-Fox's *Cleopatra*, plagued by Elizabeth Taylor's illnesses and romantic peccadillo, will cost more.

"Why?" President Kennedy asked Billy Wilder—another question which film-makers and millions of moviegoers are asking. A discreet man, Wilder professed not to know the answer.

However, *Mutiny on the Bounty*'s director, Lewis Milestone, is less reticent. "This picture," he told me, "should have been called *The Mutiny of Marlon Brando.*"

According to Milestone, Brando's recalcitrance, pettishness, argumentativeness and sulking "cost the production at least $6,000,000 and months of extra work." Says the director, who is sixty-six years old, "I've been in this business for forty years, and I've never seen anything like it. Did you ever hear of an actor who put plugs in his ears so he couldn't listen to the director or the other actors? That's what Brando did. Whenever I'd try to direct him in a scene, he'd say, 'Are you telling me, or are you asking my advice?'

"Instead of boarding the *Bounty* at the dock in Tahiti with the rest of us every morning, Brando insisted on a speedboat to take him out to the ship while we were at sea. Three weeks before we were to leave Tahiti he decided to move from the house we had rented for him to an abandoned villa nearly fifty kilometers away. It cost us more than $6000 to make it habitable for him for the week or two he lived in it. That's the way it was for the many months we were shooting.

Getting What They Deserve

"I can only say that the movie industry has come to a sorry state when a thing like this can happen, but maybe this experience will bring our executives to their senses. They deserve what they get when they give a ham actor, a petulant child, complete control of an expensive picture."

Brando, however, has his defenders. For example, Aaron Rosenberg, the producer of the film, says, "Marlon gave us a rough time, but he felt we were not living up to the agreements we had made with him about the basic concept of the picture. Besides, with a modern actor like him, he's got to *feel* the part and you must allow him to make his contributions to the script and the directing. Otherwise he can't work."

But there are few Brando defenders to be found among his costars in the picture. Trevor Howard, who plays Captain Bligh, the villainous captain of the *Bounty*, bespake himself to a British reporter about Brando as follows: "The man is unprofessional and absolutely ridiculous." Irish actor Richard Harris, who plays a mutineer, told me wearily on the transatlantic phone, "The whole picture was just a large dreadful nightmare for me, and Brando was just a large dreadful nightmare for me, and I'd prefer to forget both as soon as my nerves recover from the ordeal."

The Mutiny of Marlon Brando has its roots deep in the past. For years Brando has been coddled by the movie industry as one of the few male stars with genuine box-office appeal. A strange, moody youth from Libertyville, Illinois, he is the son of a staid businessman, and a fragile, beautiful patroness of the arts who died a few years ago. His parents were in constant bourgeois-bohemian conflict when he was a boy, and the family discord wrought its toll on the youth. He did badly at Libertyville Township High School. H. E. Underbrink, who was then principal, told me,

The $750,000 replica of the original Bounty *rides at anchor in Tahiti's Matavaii Bay. A two-month shipbuilding delay added to movie's woes.*

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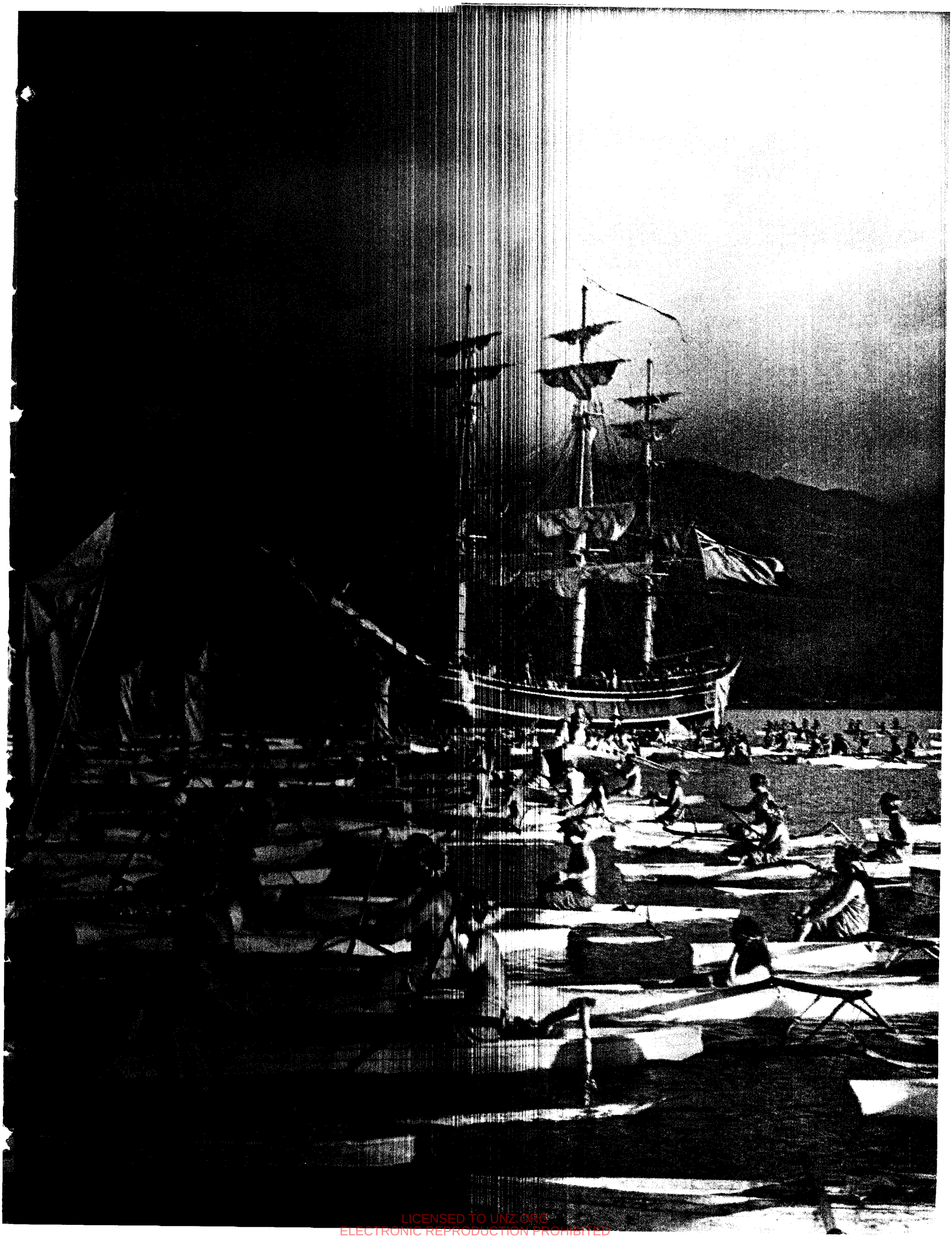

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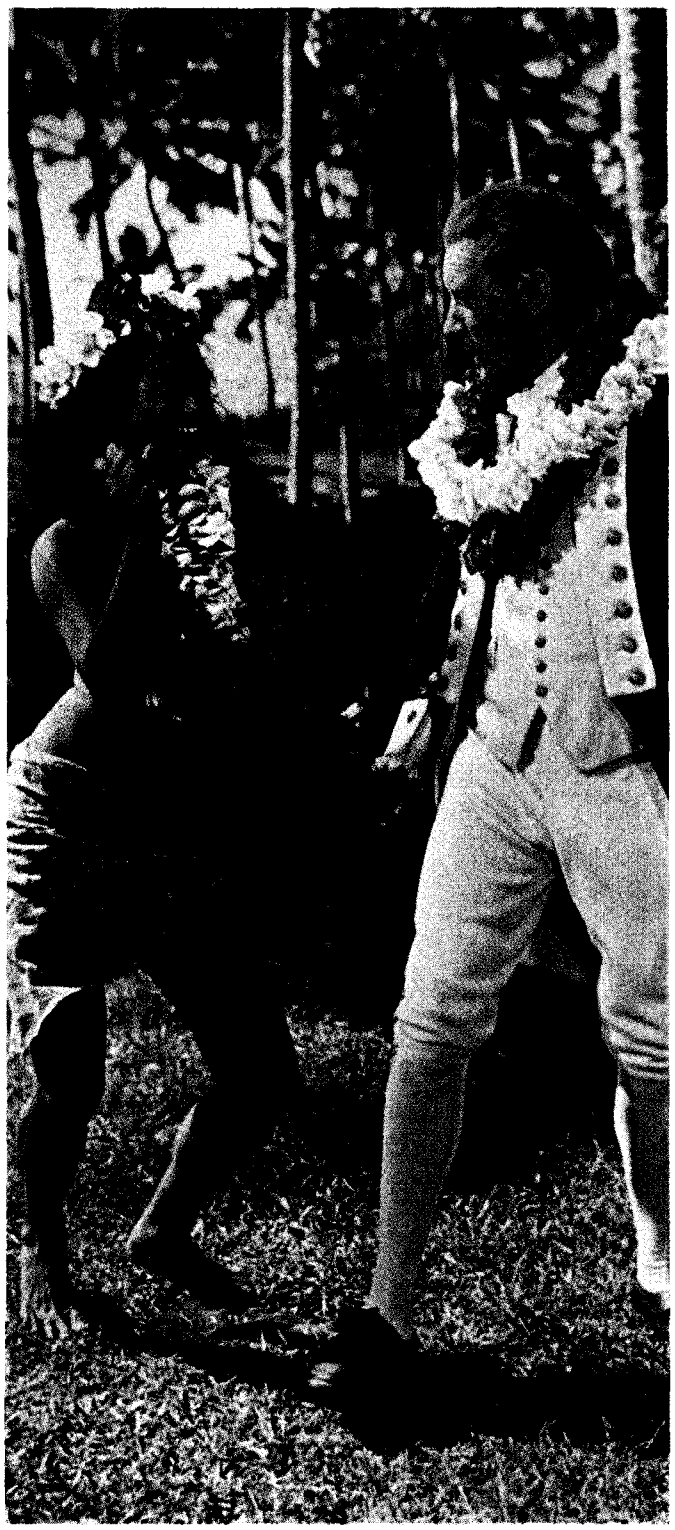
"The movie industry has come to a sorry state when



Tarita, a Polynesian girl who plays the feminine lead, entices tyrannical Captain Bligh (Trevor Howard) into a Tahitian version of the Twist.

"Brando was rather irresponsible. He wasn't interested in anything in particular. His record was poor. He rarely took part in any extracurricular activities because practically every afternoon he was in our 3:15 P.M. disciplinary period."

Later Brando was kicked out of Shattuck Military Academy in Minnesota for smoking. After laying tiles in a sewage project in Libertyville, he went to live with his sister in New York, attended drama classes and became the joint discovery of actress Stella Adler and director Elia Kazan. Kazan sent the youth to his own psychoanalyst, Dr. Bela Mittelmann. After certain aspects of Brando's regressive personality were ameliorated, Kazan elevated him to stardom in the Broadway and Hollywood productions of *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

From the moment he arrived in Hollywood, Brando established himself as an extraordinarily fine actor, a natural box-office attraction and a screwball. He dabbled in Oriental religions, popularized the T shirt as a manner of dress and the motorcycle as a mode of transportation, set new records for compulsive eating whenever he was emotionally disturbed.

Brando's Hollywood Antics

He has been known to ride down Sunset Boulevard in his open convertible with a trick arrow stuck to his head to give the illusion that it had penetrated his skull and emerged on the other side. When he married Anna Kashfi (from whom he has since been divorced), he planned the wedding with great secrecy, so that his jealously guarded privacy would not be invaded by the press and public. The day before the nuptials, however, he went to downtown Pasadena to purchase the wedding ring himself (though a friend, actor Sam Gilman, had come to Pasadena specifically to buy the ring). Brando's garb, on that occasion, was hardly designed to keep the crowds away. He was clad from head to toe in flowing Hindu raiment—and he was mobbed.

Despite these idiosyncrasies, and a growing reputation as a troublemaker, Brando is usually the first choice of producers whenever they cast a picture. They—and the banks which finance them—classify him as box-office insurance, no matter how bad the script. As they do with other stars, such as Cary Grant and William Holden, they offer him every enticement—fees up to a million dollars, a percentage of the profits, the right to approve or reject the script, the director and other members of the cast.

Brando uses unique methods of choosing the films in which he will condescend to work. He would not sign to do *Sayonara* until the ending of the picture was changed to allow the American hero to marry the Japanese heroine. "I want to get a message across about tolerance," he said. Even so, he still refused to sign with Joshua Logan and producer William Goetz until one day, just as Logan was ready to give up, Brando said, "I'll do it." Logan asked him why he had changed his mind. Brando replied, "I like you. I like the tender way you took the dead leaves off that plant while we were talking yesterday."

It was against this background that the *Mutiny on the Bounty* and the smoldering Mutiny of Marlon Brando were brought together in 1959—and a more explosive mixture has never been concocted in Hollywood.

The remake of the 1935 classic was masterminded by producer Aaron Rosenberg, a towering ex-All America football tackle, who in 1959 had just come to M-G-M after a distinguished career as a producer at Universal-International. Rosenberg told me, "I had never met Brando, but one day director John Sturges suggested that it might be one hell of an idea for me to do a new version of *Mutiny on the Bounty*, with Brando playing either of the two major roles, Captain Bligh or Fletcher Christian, the ship's officer who led the revolt. When I contacted Brando he turned me down cold. A short time later Brando's agent came to see me, saying, 'Marlon is interested in the idea again, but he doesn't want to redo the old picture, which was mostly about the mutiny. He wants to emphasize the period *after* the mutiny when the mutineers settled on Pitcairn Island, a complete paradise, and yet they ended up killing each other off. He wants to get across the message that the way our society is constituted, people can't live without hate even in a paradise.' We arranged a meeting with Brando and myself and Sol Siegel, who was then the head of the studio, but the meeting got nowhere. Brando was unimpressed. So I decided to make the picture with someone else, and Eric Ambler was assigned to write the script."

Continued Rosenberg, "After Ambler finished the script I decided just as a long shot to send it to Brando to read. He turned it down again, but again his agent said Brando wanted to see me. When we got together Brando kept emphasizing that he'd play the Fletcher Christian part if we'd rewrite the ending to include a long sequence on Pitcairn Island. I finally made a deal with him agreeing to give him consultation rights on that part of the picture. He signed a contract early in 1960 and we agreed to start shooting the picture on October 15, 1960. I then signed Sir Carol Reed, the British director, and I thought we were all set. But when I took Reed to Brando's house to meet him, I got shaky again. Brando spent two hours trying to get us to do a picture about Caryl Chessman, the executed rapist, before I could even get him to discuss *Mutiny on the Bounty*."

The Air-Conditioned Man-o'-War

That was the shaky beginning, and it continued shaky as the contracted-for October-fifteenth starting date approached. Two other writers, Borden Chase and William Driskill, were assigned to work with Eric Ambler in remodeling the script to Brando's satisfaction. Then Rosenberg contracted with a Nova Scotia shipyard to build a $750,000 copy of the original eighteenth-century British man-o'-war, the *Bounty*—except that the modern version of the sailing vessel would have hidden engines, camera mounts, air-conditioned dressing rooms and other goodies. Following that, Rosenberg went to England and signed a fine British and Irish cast, including Trevor Howard, Richard Harris and Hugh Griffith (who had just won an Academy Award for *Ben Hur*)—all with a provision in their contracts for the October-fifteenth starting date.

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a thing like this can happen," says the director

Brando himself went to Tahiti with Rosenberg and director Reed to select the Polynesian members of the cast. To find his leading lady, Brando took each of sixteen prechosen Polynesian maidens into a room with him, one at a time, and threatened to throw himself out the window, in order to study their reactions. Since all of the ladies responded with giggles, this bit of Brandoesque procedure was singularly unsuccessful. Eventually he chose as his costar a girl named Tarita, who was employed as a dishwasher and waitress in a local hotel.

October fifteenth got closer and closer. The script still was not acceptable, and writer Ambler began yet another version of the Pitcairn Island sequence that Brando had demanded. Also, Rosenberg ran into shipbuilding trouble. Blizzards in Canada had delayed delivery of lumber for the *Bounty*'s hull. As a result, October fifteenth came and went—and still no *Bounty*. Moreover, there still was no shooting script. Rosenberg now had on his hands 89 cast and crew members, all on salary beginning October fifteenth, including Brando. His contract called for $500,000 as an advance against 10 percent of the picture's grosses, with a provision for $5000 a day overtime for every day that the shooting of the picture ran over schedule (to date he has collected $1,250,000 and the film is not ready for release).

The *Bounty* was completed in November, nearly two months late, and sailed from Nova Scotia to Tahiti under its own power. There were two shipboard fires en route and the ship, top-heavy with special riggings for cameras and other equipment, rolled frighteningly in heavy seas and caused acute seasickness among its experienced Nova Scotian crew. In the meantime the cast and crew of the picture flew to Tahiti and shooting began in earnest on December fourth. By now Charles Lederer had replaced the first three writers and was laboring with the still-incomplete script, barely keeping ahead of the shooting schedule.

Brando Tosses a Bombshell

Then Brando tossed a bombshell. With several weeks of filming already in hand (at the cost of $55,000 per day), he suddenly decided he should play the part of another character, Seaman John Adams, the lone survivor of the mutiny, instead of Fletcher Christian. This novel idea, after giving fits to executives at M-G-M, was vetoed; Brando disconsolately went back to work as Fletcher Christian. By now, however, so much time had been wasted that the production ran into the Tahitian rainy season. Producer Rosenberg ordered the entire company back to Hollywood to regroup. During the regrouping period, director Carol Reed resigned and director Lewis Milestone was hired—and it was then that the Mutiny of Marlon Brando began in earnest.

Milestone began shooting indoor scenes at the M-G-M studios in California while awaiting the end of the rains in Tahiti. His starting date was February 11, 1961. On February twelfth, he and Brando already were in conflict. Milestone's idea of moviemaking is to set up the camera, tell the actors what to do and get on with the job. Brando's idea of moviemaking is for the actor to have endless discussions with the writer, director and producer to attain the proper mood, and then when said mood has descended on the actor, to set up the camera to catch the actor's genius in flight. Milestone would tell Brando, "Do so-and-so." Brando would say, "Why?" Milestone would not answer. And the tug-of-war would be on.

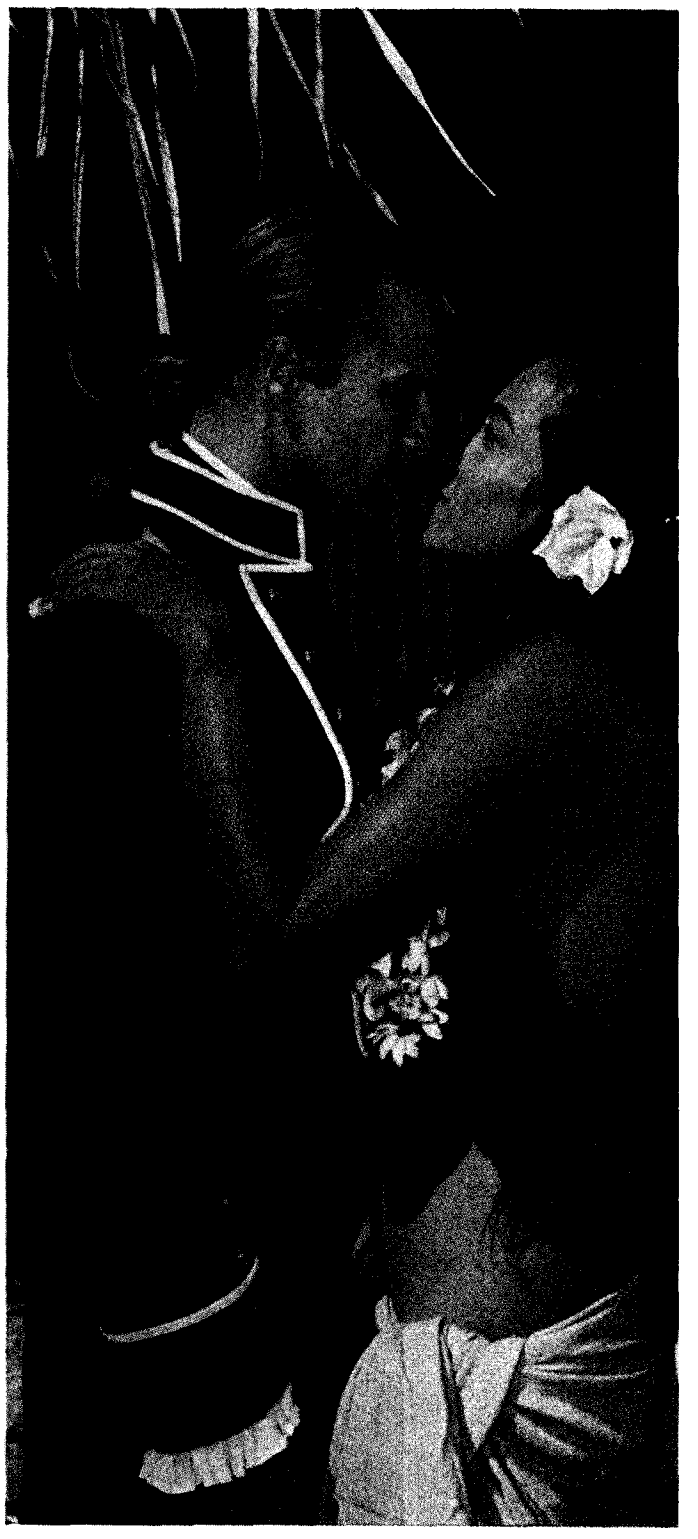
Brando quickly indicated to associates his dissatisfaction with Milestone. Milestone was not aware of this criticism for about three weeks. "Then," he told me, "Charlie Lederer, the writer on the picture who had recommended me to be the director, came to me and said, 'You're working too fast. You better slow down a little.' I said to Charlie, 'Of course I'm working fast. Don't you think enough time has been wasted on this picture already?' Charlie said, 'Yes, but Brando says you're not really interested in the picture and you're speeding things up because you're just trying to get it over with as soon as possible.' I said to myself, 'Aha, it looks as if we're in for a rocky voyage.'

Which One Has the Votes?

"I was right. The next thing I knew, Aaron Rosenberg was on the set every day, and Brando was arguing with him about every scene instead of with me, and then they'd call Charlie Lederer and they'd both argue with him. Sometimes they'd argue over one line for hours before a camera would turn. I later discovered that they had decided on a complete democracy in making their decisions: Brando had one full vote and Rosenberg and Lederer each had a half vote. All I can say is, that's a hell of a way to make a picture. The arguments went on until His Highness had won either Rosenberg or Lederer over to his side. Very often I'd take a nap until they informed me His Highness was ready to submit to my cameras. It was harrowing for me, but in terms of the extra sleep I got, quite restful."

The company moved to Tahiti to resume outdoor shooting at the end of March, 1961. By now Brando and Milestone were barely speaking to each other, and Brando was leading an exuberant off-screen existence. He lived regally in his villa, surrounded by Polynesian retainers; he played the native drums in local celebrations and danced barefoot with Polynesian girls in the island's niteries. He would arrive bleary-eyed and unprepared for the day's shooting. According to Milestone and other members of the cast, he rarely knew his lines and would fumble his way through as many as thirty takes of a single scene. He constantly used "idiot cards"—pieces of paper with his lines written on them—which he concealed on his person or somewhere on the set.

The production dragged on in Tahiti for four and a half months. Says director Milestone, "It wasn't a movie production; it was a debating society. Brando would discuss for four hours, then we'd shoot for an hour to get in a two-minute scene because he'd be mumbling or blowing his lines. By now I wasn't even directing Brando—just the other members of the cast. He was directing himself and ignoring everyone else. It was as if we were making two different pictures. But I was having trouble not only with his private mutiny; he had rallied to his side every punk extra



The mutinous Mr. Brando nuzzles Tarita. Director Milestone says Brando, while in Tahiti, rarely knew his lines and fumbled time after time.

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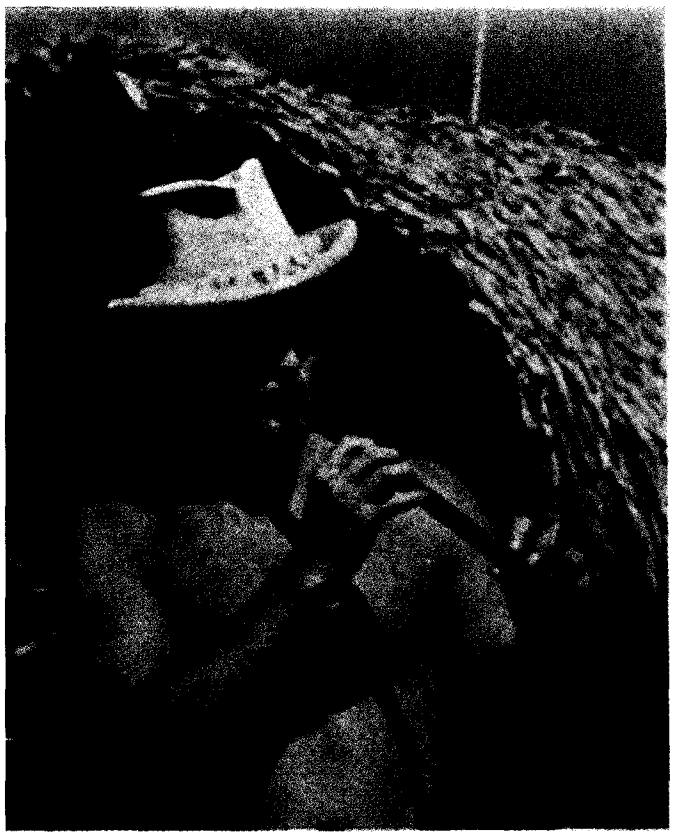
"It was eerie," says a fellow actor, "like a ghost ship with no one at the helm."



The star playfully pipes on a diver's snorkel. Beating native drums and dancing barefoot in local gatherings, he adapted easily to island life.

Producer Rosenberg calls Brando's antics "six weeks of hell."

Director Milestone: "It wasn't a movie, it was a debating society."

who claimed he was a Method actor. If I raised my voice to one of them, Brando would complain to Rosenberg. It got so bad that one eighteen-year-old punk walked off the set when I refused to reshoot an entire scene in which he 'emotionally felt' his performance was not quite right. I said, 'OK, walk. But don't come back.' Like his master, he sulked for a while—but he came back."

Finally the time arrived to shoot the fateful Pitcairn Island sequence. Lederer, having written eleven versions of the sequence, finally believed that he had it right. So did Rosenberg. When they showed it to Brando, however, the screams could be heard from Tahiti to Bali. "This isn't what I asked for! It doesn't show man's inhumanity to man. I wanted to draw a parallel with what is going on in Africa today."

The Star as Cave-Dweller

There was another series of meetings; this time Rosenberg and Lederer stood firm. Brando suggested that he himself write the ending of the picture. "OK," said Rosenberg. "Put it on paper." It took Brando two and a half weeks to get his ideas in script form. For the most part, the sequence had Brando sitting in a cave in contemplation of society's ills, while the other men raped, pillaged and murdered on Pitcairn Island. He had, in effect, written himself out of the entire last part of the picture. Rosenberg indicated to Brando that his efforts as a writer were awful, and that they would continue to shoot Lederer's script. Said Brando, "You're making the biggest mistake of your life. You've made nothing but mistakes since the picture started. OK. This is what you want; this is what you're going to get. I'll just do anything I'm told."

From that point on, Brando's mutiny was in high gear. He appeared on the set every day for five weeks, but he just went through the motions of acting. For example, when he was supposed to slug Richard Harris in one dramatic scene, he merely flicked Harris's face with his fingertips, in imitation of a daintily outraged female. After several such takes, the angry Harris repaid him in kind by pretending to dance with him, and then stormed off to his dressing room. "When you're ready to work," he shouted at Brando, "call me." Throughout this period Brando feigned inability even to read his idiot cards. He would no longer speak with Rosenberg, and the producer in turn became furious with Brando. After viewing the film that had been shot during this "six weeks of hell," as he calls it, he knew that with Brando just going through the motions the entire sequence was a disaster. It had cost $2,000,000 and there wasn't a single foot of usable film.

Then, just as abruptly as it began, the Mutiny of Marlon Brando subsided. The entire company had long since returned to Hollywood in despair, and Rosenberg was wondering what he was going to do with his multimillion-dollar white-elephant film when Brando came to see him. "I'd like to see the picture," he said. Rosenberg arranged a screening of the roughly put-together movie. After Brando had sat through it, he came to Rosenberg's office at M-G-M. "You know," said Brando, "that's a pretty damn good picture—but the ending's no good." Rosenberg laughed hollowly. "You're telling *me*," he said. To his amazement Brando then suggested that they try to put together a new, brief Pitcairn Island ending. He agreed to forgo his $25,000-a-week salary for two weeks of further shooting.

Rosenberg feverishly went to work with Lederer and writer Ben Hecht, whom Lederer called in on an emergency basis. The new ending was shot on an M-G-M sound stage in Hollywood, under peculiar circumstances. Director Milestone looked at the script and refused to shoot it. He was about to walk off the picture when Rosenberg prevailed upon him to stick it out for just two weeks more. "Fine," said Milestone, "but I won't go near the camera or Brando." He thereupon sat in his dressing room reading magazines while the final scenes were filmed with no visible director behind the camera. All instructions, of course, were coming from Brando and from a nervous Rosenberg standing in the wings. "It was eerie," says Richard Harris, "like seeing a ghost ship with no one at the helm."

And so the long, trouble-filled saga of the dual mutiny finally came to its conclusion last October, nearly two years after it began. If still another ending—the one proposed by Billy Wilder—is to be shot, another several months and another half million dollars will be tacked on to the sad history of the production.

The End of the Star System?

Although the film may be a good one and like *Ben Hur* an eventual financial success (the few scenes I saw were breathtaking), Hollywood thus far has reacted with total shock to the disastrous, $27,000,000 experience. Typical is the comment of Academy Award-winning producer-director Robert Wise, who told me, "I think the *Mutiny on the Bounty* problems with Brando, plus the problems with Elizabeth Taylor in *Cleopatra*, might well mark the end of the star system as it exists in Hollywood today. The big-star monopoly—the monster that we ourselves created out of our fear of television—has now become such an expensive luxury and so loaded with trouble that it's just not worth it. I, for one, am discarding it. I made *West Side Story* without giving away control of the picture to any actor or actress; I am making *Two for the Seesaw* without giving away control of the picture to any actor or actress; and I am doing my next two films on modest budgets with no stars whatsoever. Amazingly enough, the financiers have now come to their senses and they are giving me money on this basis, for the first time in years. I think this is the new pattern for the industry—a turning point for all of us. Brando's behavior has made us realize how far out of hand the situation has gotten. More and more of us are saying, 'The hell with the star. I'll make little black-and-white pictures with good scripts and unknown actors.' We *must* do that to survive. A few more mutinies by stars and we'll all be out of business."

Brando himself says nothing. He has simply gone to work—for another million-dollar stipend—in Universal-International's *The Ugly American*. THE END

In an important scene the mutineers cast breadfruit trees, the ship's cargo, upon the waters. The marathon production, now tantrum-free, has moved to Hollywood for finishing touches.

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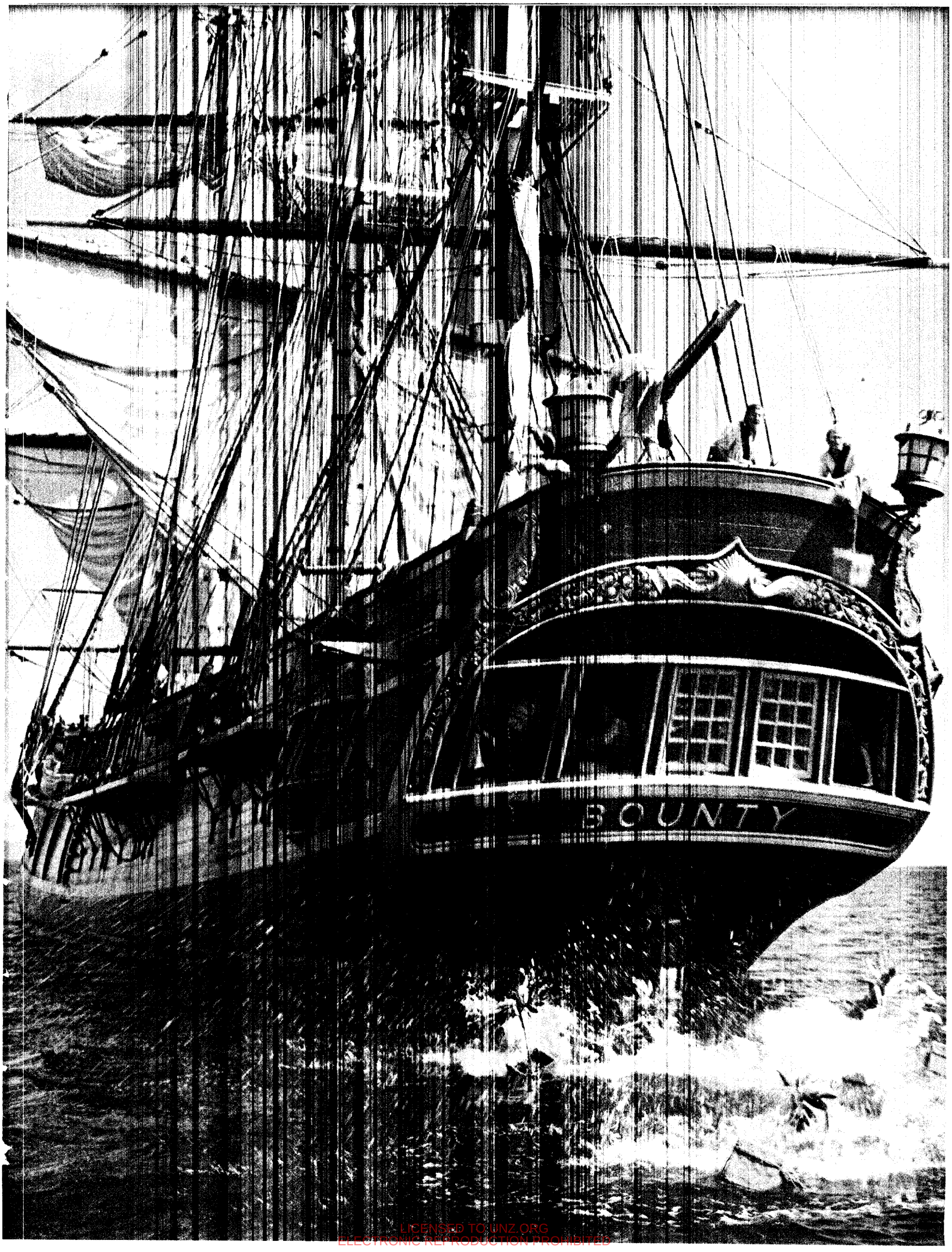

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Famous People Who Don't

A veteran Government official's amusing encounters with Winston

By Edgar D. Brooke

The author rubs elbows with Churchill. His rule for such occasions is, "What would General Lee have done?"

Among the many disadvantages of a Southern upbringing, I would rate pretty high the drilling one gets in being respectful. Don't be familiar. Always stand up when a lady enters the room. When your elders are speaking, don't advance your own callow views; just be silent.

It's a job to recover from this brainwashing. I have friends, not conditioned this way in youth, who have breezed into the most elevated circles and seem to be on a first-name basis with half the people in *Who's Who*. ("So I said to Ike, why don't you and Harry just patch it up?")

I have never prompted historic reconciliations of this magnitude, but to give Southern rearing its due, the precepts taught me in my youth have stood by me pretty well.

Take, for example, "Speak when you're spoken to. Answer politely when you're asked a question." That's what I did when Bertrand Russell asked me to compare notes on reading habits.

The aged, eminent philosopher had very kindly agreed to come to the U. S. Information Service in London and record a program for the Voice of America. At the zero hour our radio officer panicked at the prospect of receiving the great Lord Russell, phoned my office (I was then press attaché of the American Embassy) and implored me to do the honors. I was glad to oblige.

When the recording session ended, I learned that no luncheon had been arranged for our distinguished guest. I thereupon invited him to have lunch with me in the Embassy restaurant, but he declined gracefully, saying that he was meeting a friend at Piccadilly Circus. I offered him the use of an Embassy car and driver, but he declined, saying that he preferred to walk. Would I accompany him part of the way, so that we could continue our interesting conversation about books and reading? Indeed I would, and off we went, with the octogenarian setting a brisk pace, his superb, silvery, hatless head nodding as he listened and exclaimed, "Fascinating! Fascinating!"

"I could not possibly think of the philosopher Bertrand Russell as Bertie."

I was telling him of the magical moment when I was about eight years old and discovered the wonders of reading. I explained that it simply didn't occur to me that there was any human agency connected with such glorious creations as books, and I just accepted them, like mountains, trees, stars and the sun, as a part of the universe. ("Fascinating!" Russell exclaimed again, and I warmed with pride at this communion between his great intellect and my own.) I was ten years old, I concluded, before I could bring myself to realize that the names stamped on the covers of books must be those of human beings who had written them. And even so, I assumed that the authors were unlike any other people I had ever seen, but must be superbeings.

"Fascinating!" Russell exploded. "Do you know," he said, "that I was ten years old before I met anyone who *hadn't* written a book?"

The flattering thought that this great man's intellectual awakening and my own had had something important in common faded away.

"It was our gardener," Russell continued. "I thought for a while that he must be joking. I had even written a book myself, when I was six. Not a very good one, I must say, but still a book."

As the distinguished man hastened on to his rendezvous, his silver hair moving like a light among the black bowlers, I could not possibly think of him as "Bertie," much less refer to him that way. If I had been guilty of such impertinence, my grandfather would have turned in his grave. But he would have been pleased, I am sure, if he could have seen the photo which a USIS photographer gave me the next day, showing Bertrand Russell and myself emerging from the Embassy, the great philosopher engrossed in something that I was saying. I look so respectful in the picture that my grandfather would have known immediately that I was speaking only because I had been spoken to.

My brief encounter with King Saud, soon after my arrival in Lebanon as our Embassy's public-affairs officer, was quite different. We didn't exchange a word. I met the tall, gaunt, hooded king, during a tour of inspection of a U. S. Point Four agricultural station in the Bekáa Valley of Lebanon. It was a rainy, windy day. We queued our way through long chicken-husbandry buildings, with clouds of chicken feathers blowing into our faces. Finally came the social interval when a select few entered the Administration Building for refreshments.

This was my first introduction to the Arabic equivalent of a coffee break. We filed into a large room with chairs lined up against three walls. King Saud took the center chair on the end wall, his ministers and attendants took the flanking seats, and the rest of us ranged ourselves around the walls in the remaining chairs and sat. And sat. And sat. No one said anything. A few waiters passed around sticky cakes and little glasses of rose water. Incongruously I remembered Wallace Beery in an old movie drinking shaving lotion. We sat some more while several Lebanese dignitaries exchanged a few whispered words. The rest of us gazed at one another and at King Saud.

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Remember Me

Churchill and other celebrated figures.

Then, with the effect of a clash of cymbals, came a brief uproar. One of Saud's ministers, in a rush of Arabic, broke the silence with what I later was told was an earthy anecdote. Saud flashed his teeth in laughter, responded with a jest which doubled up his following. Then silence fell again, this time to stay. About a quarter of an hour later the fun period ended, and we all trooped out.

I think that even my strictest aunt would have approved of my behavior on that occasion. I did

"King Saud responded with a jest which doubled up his following. Then silence fell again."

pay attention, and I didn't give myself airs, either then or afterward. I have never tried to pass off the experience as an intimate meeting with the King of Saudi Arabia. (I confess that I once wrote my mother that I had had tea with the queen of England, but I was careful to mention that there were 3000 other guests. I didn't try to create the impression that the queen and I were friends.)

Of all the guidelines laid down for me in my youth, perhaps the simplest was that provided by my two grandfathers: What would General Lee have done? (One of my grandfathers was a company commander under Stonewall Jackson, the other a cavalryman with Jeb Stuart.) So when it became necessary for me to meet Winston Churchill and I recalled my father's horror at the thought of my ever getting mixed up with politicians, I solved the dilemma simply by making the decision I was confident General Lee would have made. With the way thus cleared, I prepared to meet Churchill with easy conscience.

In honor of the 250th anniversary of Benjamin Franklin's birth, the U. S. Congress had gold medals struck for presentation to learned societies of which Franklin had been a member. As press attaché I drew the chore of arranging ceremonies with learned societies all over England and Scotland. A special medal was voted by the city of Philadelphia for Winston Churchill—just why, I have forgotten. At any rate, I discussed the arrangements with Sir Winston's executive secretary, Mallory Brown. He suggested that I have a glass of brandy ready for the old warrior-orator, implored me not to let him overexert himself by going around and shaking hands with every last soul present, as the generous old boy always wanted to do, and above all to see that he was not called on to speak.

Mallory Brown explained that Sir Winston had once been shocked to hear Lord Balfour, enfeebled and with his eloquence dimmed by the inroads of age, stumble through some aimless public remarks. Sir Winston had expressed the fervent hope that he would never be permitted to speak in public after his own powers had declined.

Hence, no remarks were to be expected from Sir Winston—agreed? Agreed, I said.

The little brick house in which Benjamin Franklin lived for many years in London is on a narrow street off Trafalgar Square. It was here that the presentation was to be made late on a wintry afternoon. Newsreel cameramen were festooning the windows of houses all along the block, and the narrow street was crowded with people who had somehow learned that Churchill was coming.

In the drawing room, which took up most of the second story of the little Franklin house, there was a quiet buzzing of conversation as we waited. Tension mounted when a swelling cheer rose from the crowd outside. Then we felt a heavy thudding of footsteps. An Englishman next to me said with pride, "There's a man coming up the stairs."

Beaming with good will, yet managing to suggest a latent volcano, Churchill entered. His very presence moved us all.

Graciously the old man began to move around the room, shaking everyone's hand. Mallory Brown and I exchanged a glance of dismay. But I forgot this when the chairman of the occasion murmured my name and the savior of Britain grasped my honored hand in his. And on Sir Winston went, shaking hand after hand, until the agitated chairman exclaimed, "Sir Winston, from here back are gentlemen of the press!"

Sir Winston lifted his head as in a salute, bowed low and said, "Gentlemen of the press, I pride myself that I am one of you." Then at last he permitted himself to be escorted to his chair and the glass of brandy. Former Mayor Joseph S. Clark of Philadelphia (now a U. S. senator) presented the medal in the name of the City of Philadelphia.

I avoided Mallory Brown's accusing eyes when Sir Winston stood up to respond. As he expounded on Franklin's great qualities as statesman, diplomat, scientist, inventor, man of letters, revealing the richness and depth of his knowledge of these matters, and as superb phrases poured out, I wondered how Mallory Brown could have been so deluded as to want to deny us this pleasure.

And then, catastrophe.

Churchill simply left us. His voice faltered and fell silent. He just stood there, lost in some inner world, oblivious to our presence, unaware of our stricken faces. As the awkward situation stretched on and on, tearing at everyone's nerves, those nearest to Churchill seemed also in a trance of indecision. What to do? Would it be a mistake to try to do anything? How much longer could all of us pretend that nothing had gone wrong?

And then, out of nowhere, the champion came back. His eyes flashed fire. His mighty voice roared: "It was in this very room that Benjamin Franklin electrocuted a duck!" He thrust his head forward and held us in a gaze of withering scorn. "And the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals had the audacity to attack this great scientist and seek to have him indicted." Churchill lifted his chin pugnaciously, right in the fight with Franklin. "So what did Franklin do?" Churchill paused, then thundered triumphantly. "He electrocuted another duck, *and* another, *and* another, *and* another—and by so doing, advanced the frontiers of human knowledge!"

We did not exactly take up our chairs and beat them to splinters in our ecstasy, but we did react.

When Churchill departed, we rushed to the front windows. I saw him on the pavement below,

"I wrote my mother I had had tea with the queen—and 3000 other guests."

standing foursquare and making the V-for-Victory sign as the crowd cheered frenziedly.

My aunt, an ardent bird watcher, would not have approved of Churchill's position on the electrocution of those ducks. On the other hand, my grandfathers would certainly have considered Churchill worthy of a position on Lee's staff. Despite the care which went into the shaping of my character, it has not always been easy to know the right thing to do.

Of course I know it is vulgar to have your picture in the papers. But I confess I have enjoyed meeting many of the people whose names and faces we see in the press. It is interesting to see what they are really like. I must say it has been difficult to believe that they were particularly vulgar. In any event ("Be courteous"), I have always taken care to treat them as if they were my equals. THE END

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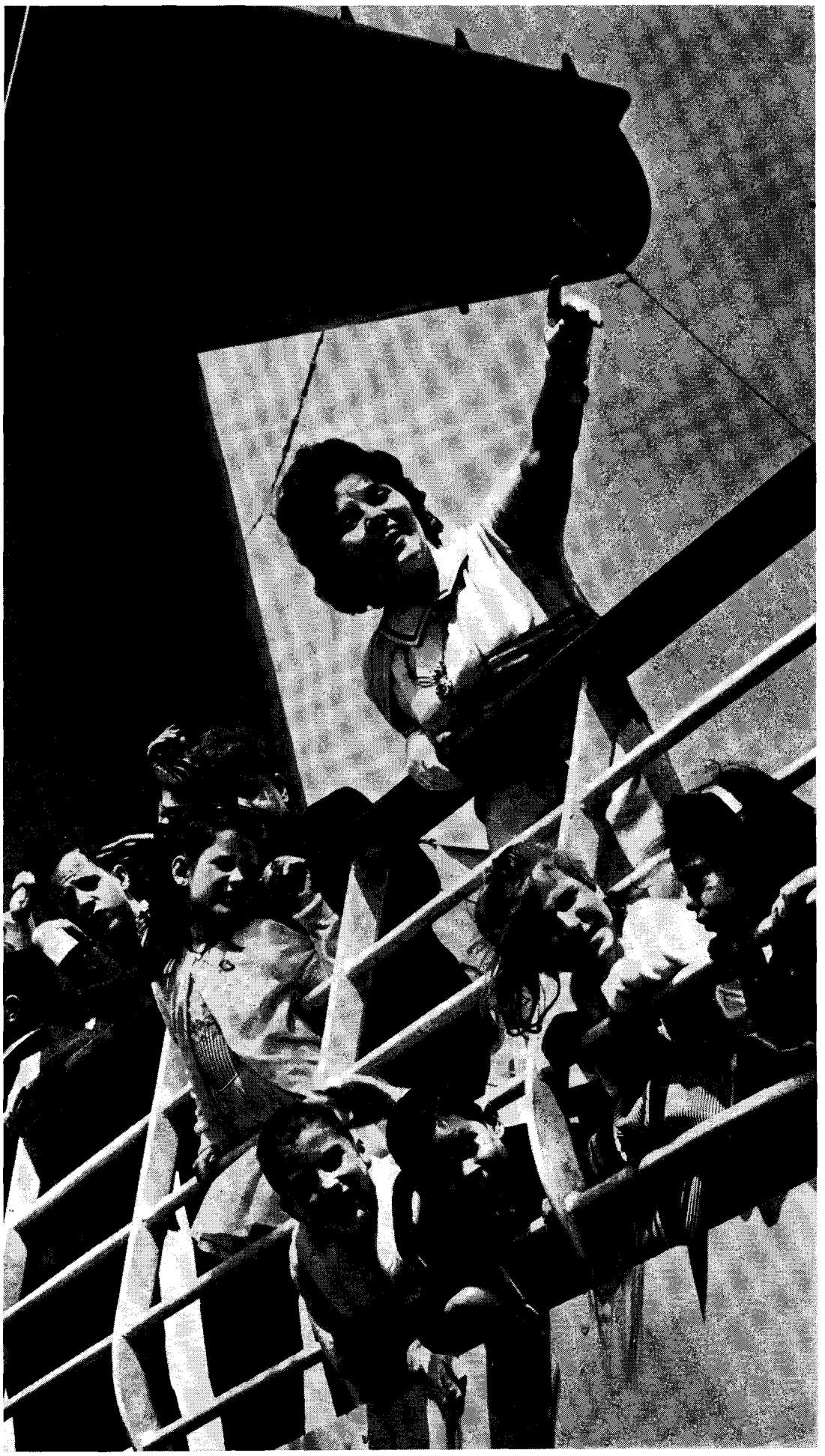
PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP



Moppet Minder: Showing the big city to the small fry, Seena Hamilton, 35, brings the romantic spirit of Gulliver to the shores of New York. Proprietor of Gulliver's Trails, a sight-seeing organization for children only, Seena arranged a busy day for the youngsters at left: a two-hour tour of the *SS France*, lunch in the Chart Room of the Henry Hudson Hotel, then to Greenwich Village to watch a rehearsal of television's *Naked City* and finally a visit to Wall Street. Cost: $8.50 per child. "It's an adventure for kids to go without their parents to someplace exciting," says Seena. After graduation from William and Mary College with a major in English, Seena began writing for newspapers and hotel publications in New York, married an internist, Dr. S. K. Fienberg, and became the mother of a son, Bryan. The idea for Gulliver's Trails came two years ago, partly from her guilty feeling about leaving Bryan at home when she attended medical conventions with her husband. First aimed at the tourist and convention market, the service soon attracted shopping New York mothers. Seena now employs a corps of part-time "field directors," mostly college students, to direct as many as 600 children a week. She is now writing a book on sight-seeing for children, has franchised a Gulliver's Trails organization in Montreal, is negotiating with franchise applicants in San Francisco and Washington, D.C. "This summer," Seena says, "we're planning some children's weekends in the Adirondacks. After that, why not a child's tour of Europe?" PHOTOGRAPH BY ORMOND GIGLI

Discus Champ: Uncoiling like a massive mainspring, Stanford junior Dave Weill (rhymes with "steel"), 20, takes a Herculean fling at the world's discus record. Already one of the biggest (6-7½, 265 pounds) men ever to compete in track and field, Dave is still developing. Last year he lengthened his throw by more than 26 feet, recently beat his own best performance again with a toss of 189 feet, 11 inches—seven and a half inches shy of the national collegiate record and less than ten feet under the world mark (199-2½). "The safest bet in the world," says Stanford (and U.S. Olympic) track coach Payton Jordan, "is that Weill this year will throw the disc farther than any college athlete ever has before. And by the time of the 1964 Olympics he will be over 200 feet." Scholarly Dave, an electrical-engineering student, isn't making any such bet. "Certainly I hope all the flattering predictions come true," he says, "but if attainment interferes with either my college or professional career, the athletic goals will have to be abandoned." His academic record indicates Dave has little cause for concern. A straight-A student in high school in Walnut Creek, Calif., he maintains a near-A average at Stanford, has never missed an engineering class or a track-team practice. Dave joined the track squad after suffering a knee injury while playing football as a Stanford freshman, now feels that track is the superlative sport. "It offers the most exacting challenge in athletics," he says. "And when I get off a good throw, I have the enormous satisfaction of beating not only my immediate rival but also rivals competing against me thousands of miles away and rivals who competed in years past." PHOTOGRAPH BY JACK FIELDS

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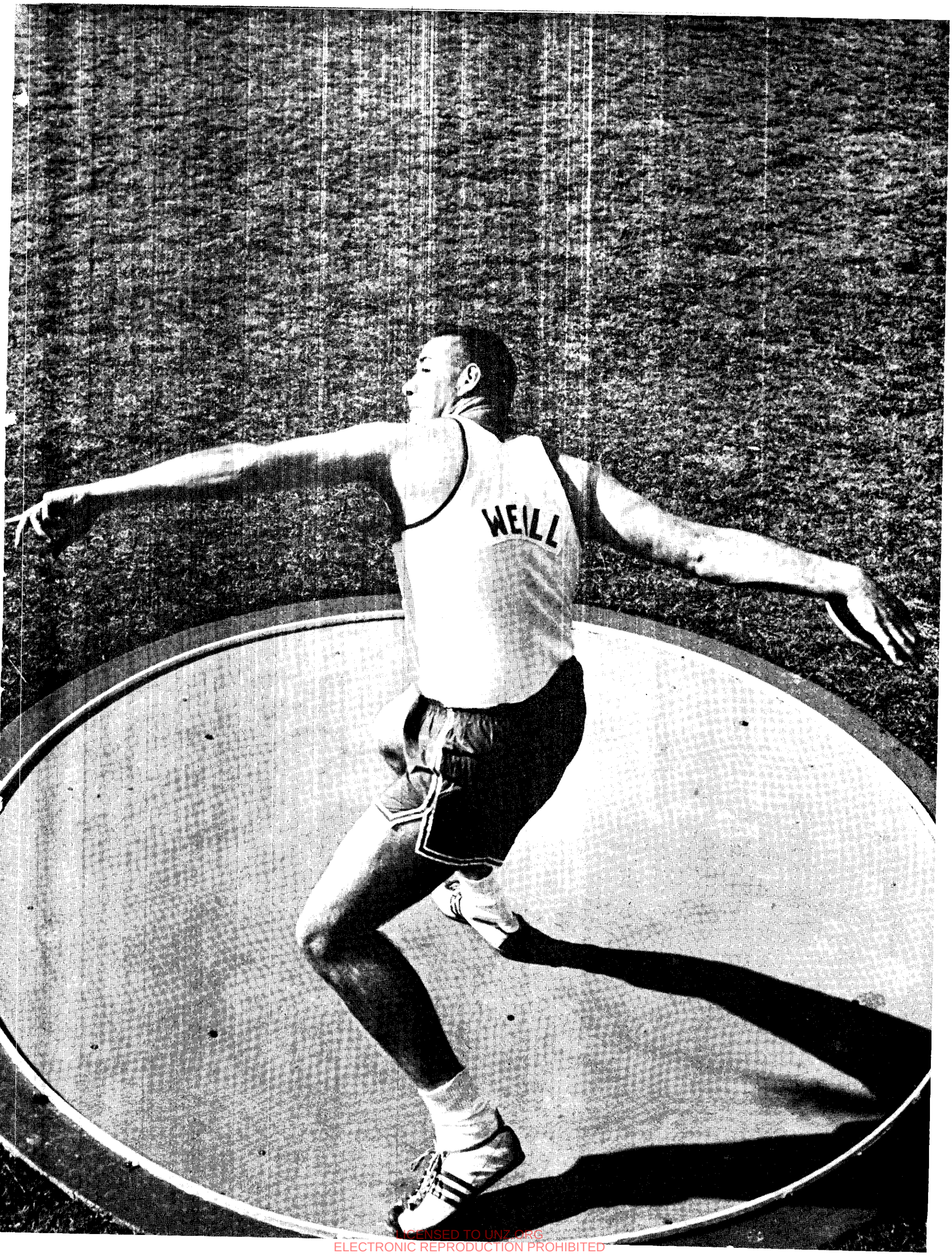

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PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP

Tire Maker: Up to her chin in her work, Nancy Schoonover, 26, is the only woman aircraft-tire designer in the country. "Designing tires isn't as glamorous as designing women's clothing," says Nancy, "but I like it. When I go out to the airport, the first thing that catches my eye is the tires on the plane." About 25,000 private planes throughout the world take off and land on tires Nancy designed for the B.F. Goodrich Company. Born in Akron, Ohio, the daughter of a Goodrich foreman, Nancy revealed early a talent for mathematics. It won her scholarships to a local private school, then to Smith College, where she supplemented her grant by working in the library. "I had fun even without much money," she says. "The only time it hurt not to have a bankroll was on weekends, when most of the girls went off on trips." When she could afford it, Nancy went along on weekend excursions—"to Yale, of course." After graduation she applied to Goodrich. "We needed an expert mathematician," says her boss, "and Nancy was well qualified." Nancy has designed more than fifty tires, calculating the thicknesses and types of rubber to withstand predicted stresses. "I approach each design as a problem in mathematics," she says. "It's fun to work it out." Fun after hours includes driving a white sports car and dating another aircraft-tire designer. Nancy's mild obsession—appropriate enough for a girl who keeps planes well shod—is shoes. She has thirty-five pairs of them. PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT HUNTZINGER

Bus-Line Magnate: His buses stop, but George Sage, 30, keeps going full tilt. In eleven years he has pyramided his holdings from a debt-ridden, one-bus operation to three big New England lines with 94 modern coaches and combined assets of $2,500,000. "Ever since I was a little boy," says George, "I've been fascinated by things that move, by the problem of getting people from one place to another." When George was 19 and a student at Babson Institute outside Boston, he rode a bus near his home in Rochester, N.Y., and learned from the driver that the bus company (fleet: one vehicle) was about to fold. Four hundred dollars bought George controlling interest and $10,000 worth of debts. Within 18 months George pulled the firm out of the red and sold it for a profit. He then borrowed $19,000, added $8000 of his own and started Englander Coach Lines in western Massachusetts. "A bus line is the one way you can get into transportation as an individual owner," he says. "You can't start an airline or railroad because it takes too much money, but starting a bus line doesn't take a lot of capital." The Army drafted him after graduation from Babson. George was still in uniform when he bought The Short Line, a major company based in Rhode Island. In 1957 he acquired his third big line, Interstate Buses, running between Providence and Albany. George lives in a bachelor apartment in Newport, R.I., commutes to Providence where, when business is heavy, he works twenty hours a day. "George claims he's no mechanic," says the chief mechanic, "but one time we went to an auction together. He picked one secondhand bus to buy. I picked another. The one I picked broke down on the way from the auction to our garage. The one George picked is still running fine." PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK ROSS

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There are no rules to guide a man who tours Europe in the company of

A Girl Without a Name

BY ROBERT STANDISH

My name is Alan Grant. I am thirty-two years of age. When people ask me what I am, how I justify my place at the trough, these days I tell them I am a philosopher. That usually shuts them up. I used to call myself an ex-farmer, but that involved too many explanations. Prior to that I called myself an ex-economist, which was worse. Admitted that "philosopher" sounds a bit vague, it is at least better than the truth, which is that I am being kept by a woman.

My real tragedy, as I see it, is that I am the victim of thoughtless legacies. The first legacy came when I was studying to be an economist. A great-uncle left me a valuable—anyway, an expensive—microscope, with the understanding that I would become a scientist. I examined a piece of cheese under it, which cured me of eating cheese. I continued my studies of economics and, just about the time when I was ready to start curing the world's economic ills, a widowed aunt, who had the good sense to live in Southern California, left me six hundred and forty acres of frostbitten real estate in the wilds of Northern Saskatchewan. My training as an economist told me that with wheat prices as high as they were, I was onto a good thing.

I found the house and farm occupied by squatters, who claimed that my aunt had given them oral permission to be there and, as the thermometer that day read forty-two degrees below zero, they were understandably reluctant to leave. The lawsuit which followed cost me every penny I possessed, to say nothing of six valuable months of waiting while the wheels of the law turned slowly in my favor. When I finally got possession, I wasted another year trying to farm the place, and while I was searching for an excuse to give it back to the wolves, another thoughtless legacy arrived.

It was from my Aunt Mabel, my father's sister, widowed two years previously. She had inherited from her husband, George Halliburton, an organization known as Halliburton's Industrial Tours, which in his lifetime had been a money spinner.

Uncle George, who had a tie-up with some of the big industrial firms in the Midlands of England, organized motor-coach tours in Europe for factory workers and their families. It was a strictly off-season cut-rate affair. The tours included visits to important industrial plants in Belgium, Holland, Germany, France and Northern Italy, together with cultural visits to cathedrals, art galleries and so on. A good idea well carried out.

Aunt Mabel had tried to carry on after Uncle George's death, but without much success. Now she proposed giving me the entire thing, leaving in it, by way of a repayable loan, enough capital to enable me to carry on. If I accepted the gift, I had to return to Europe at once. If I preferred to continue farming in Canada, Aunt Mabel planned to try to sell it as a going concern and, failing that, make some kind of deal with the children of a cousin of Uncle George who had been associated with him in the early days of Halliburton's Industrial Tours.

The nearest telegraph office was forty-five miles away, but, even with the handicap of chains and one cylinder missing, I was there one hour later and had cabled an acceptance of the offer. Two hours after that a real-estate agent produced a bearded Slav who offered me roughly a quarter of the farm's value. The alacrity with which I accepted his offer made him realize that he could have got it cheaper. Somebody had to milk the cow, so I took the Slav back with me, packed my bag and caught an eastbound train soon after midnight. I was an ex-farmer.

The foregoing explains how, on a morning in early April, I drove from London to Dover in a newly acquired car, put it aboard the cross-channel ferry for Boulogne, went up to the restaurant and took a seat at the only vacant table.

A brief investigation of its affairs had revealed that if Halliburton's Industrial Tours were to recover from Aunt Mabel's management, there was work to be done.

I am old-fashioned enough to believe that every tale should point a moral. The moral of this one is: Don't allow the critical faculties to be destroyed by long, loose brown hair, a pair of laughing golden eyes, and the kind of smile that sells toothpaste. "If the other seats at the table aren't taken," she said, "may I join you?"

Ordinarily I don't like trousered women, but this one was the right shape for wearing tailored slacks.

I mumbled something and blushed, which shows what Northern Saskatchewan had done to me. Anyway, she sat down and we made polite conversation as we breakfasted. She was going south to Rome. So was I. I told her the kind of car I was driving. She told me she was riding a motor scooter.

I hoped the weather would keep fine for her. She finished her breakfast, gave me a friendly smile which made my liver leap and that was that.

A business call delayed me in Boulogne, and it was late afternoon before I took the road to Paris. In the curved main street of Montreuil, some thirty kilometers from Boulogne, I saw ahead of me, like a beacon fire on a dark night, the cerise sweater and elegant slacks of my breakfast companion, who was standing outside a garage looking somewhat dejected. "Something wrong?" I asked hopefully.

"Yes," she replied. "Something's broken, and I need a spare part which will have to come from England. It's an awful nuisance because a friend is expecting me in Paris tonight. We're meeting at a restaurant, and I have no way of getting in touch with—her."

If the "her" had been "him," she would still be standing outside that garage as far as I am concerned. But as it was, I said, "You are very welcome to a lift. I'm making for Paris tonight. Jump in."

I envied her fluent French as she made her arrangements with the garage proprietor and, with a minimum of fuss and hesitation, she put her small suitcase in the back and took the seat beside me.

It began to rain soon after we were on the road again, and we agreed that a car was more comfortable than a scooter in wet weather. We exchanged other banalities and, all too soon, reached the outskirts of Paris. It was then nine P.M., and it was nearly ten P.M. before I garaged the car off the Champs Élysées. "I'm afraid," she said, looking worried, "that my friend won't have waited. We were to have met in a restaurant, and I don't know where she is staying."

"In that case," I said hospitably, "take pity on me and dine with me instead."

She felt she had to go to the restaurant in case her friend was still waiting, so I went to my hotel nearby, and we parted on the understanding that if she did not put in an appearance in thirty minutes, I would eat alone. When I came down to the lobby of the hotel after a wash and a change, she was negotiating with the reception desk for a room. Her friend had not waited. I remember thinking that the man at the desk looked at me rather oddly, but attached no great significance to it then.

Fifteen minutes later, wearing a black frock that, miraculously, had not a crease or a wrinkle after traveling in her small suitcase, she joined me in the bar for a drink before we went out to find a late restaurant. Having eaten nothing since breakfast, we were both hungry.

Now men—and I think most men will agree with me—don't like women to pay for their own meals. But in certain circumstances men appreciate the gesture. I did, I know that. I tried to persuade her to be my guest, but, charmingly and with firmness, she would not have it. "You've been very kind giving me a lift," she said, "and there isn't the slightest reason why you should buy my dinner."

"As you like," I said with a shrug which was meant to be truly Gallic. "By the way," I added, "my name is Grant—Alan Grant. I suppose," I went on after a silence which was becoming awkward, "you have a name too."

"What do names matter?" she replied. "We've met informally, so let's keep it that way. The chances are we shan't ever meet again.

"Very well," I said, "have it your own way. But as I have to call you something, I shall call you 'Hey-you.'"

"Wonderful!" she exclaimed. "Hey-you it shall be. I think," she added, "that I rather like it."

All the same, I was conscious of having been put in my place.

I had three busy days ahead of me in Paris. Hey-you had things to do, too, and we parted that evening on the understanding that if our engagements permitted it, we would meet again before we went our several ways.

I didn't see her the next day, but on the day after that we ran into each other in the hotel lobby. She told me the garage at Montreuil had been unable to obtain the part needed and that in the circumstances she intended to abandon her trip. "I can give you a seat in the car as far as Rome," I told her, "if you don't mind the roundabout route I have to take. Mine is a business trip. Think it over and let me know. Anyway, let's have dinner together this evening."

We met for dinner and went to a little place she suggested. "It's most awfully kind of you to suggest giving me a lift to Rome," she said over the coffee and brandy, "but I wouldn't want to impose on you. Besides, we hardly know each other and ——" (*Continued on page 50*)

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ATTORNEY FOR THE ACCUSED

The second of three articles by Edward Bennett Williams, counsel in many of the most notorious legal battles of our time. They are adapted for The Post *from Williams's forthcoming book,* One Man's Freedom.

On Trial: Jimmy Hoffa and Adam Clayton Powell

By EDWARD BENNETT WILLIAMS

Lawyer Williams explains the controversial appearance of Joe Louis at Hoffa's trial and tells how a magazine editor "pressured" a grand jury to indict Powell for tax evasion.

From ONE MAN'S FREEDOM by Edward Bennett Williams. © 1962 by Edward Bennett Williams

When Adam Clayton Powell Jr. first told me as his defense counsel of some of the unorthodox and highly irregular aspects of his 1958 Federal income-tax indictment, I thought his story was just a manifestation of the persecution complex which many people in public life develop on becoming the target of criminal prosecution.

Powell, however, is a persuasive, dynamic man. He convinced me that what he said warranted careful investigation. That is what I gave it. What I learned left me astounded. Powell, congressman from New York, pastor of one of the city's largest churches, a potent political figure and an eloquent battler for racial equality, had fallen victim to what might be described as journalistic meddling with the judicial process.

The high-pressure circumstances surrounding Powell's income-tax indictment illustrate a persistent clash in the field of constitutional law between the First Amendment, guaranteeing freedom of the press, and the Fifth Amendment, assuring the right of fair trial. This conflict raises a delicate question: At what point does journalism cease to further justice and tend to abet injustice?

During this period I encountered the impact of the printed word not only in the Powell case but in representing James Hoffa during his 1957 bribery trial. My observations convinced me that some solution must be found to protect the processes of justice from prejudicial publications without impairing the First Amendment's guarantee of a free press.

Adam Powell's indictment sharply underscored the question of how far a free press may go without gravely impinging upon the freedom of an individual. The indictment sprang from what might, in polite language, be termed a journalistic campaign.

A Federal grand jury began examining Powell's income-tax returns in December, 1956. It heard evidence twenty times between then and February, 1957. Thirty-nine witnesses appeared before it. The IRS had possessed all of the returns in question for at least four years. A squad of its agents had investigated them. The grand jury, after sifting the evidence for three months, recessed without returning an indictment. It would be natural to suppose that it lacked evidence on which to indict. In an ordinary case these circumstances would suggest that no indictment could be expected. But not so in the case of Adam Powell. On May 8, 1958, after the passage of seventeen months, the jury did return an indictment. On that day, I first met Adam Powell.

No Chance for Compromise

Powell telephoned me, came to my office and spent several hours discussing the case with me. The indictment charged him with understating the 1951 income of his wife—at that time, Hazel Scott, the famous jazz pianist—by $5365.77, and his own income for 1952 by $3700. I was astounded when he told me that at no time had he been interviewed by an Internal Revenue Service agent regarding these returns. It is routine policy to interview the taxpayer whose return is in question and give him a chance to explain his position. More than that, it is routine for the Internal Revenue Service to attempt civil compromise in such a case. None was attempted here. The most obscure citizen is entitled to these procedures. It would seem that a congressman and prominent pastor would be accorded the same courtesy.

What had transpired to bring on the indictment of Adam Powell under such circumstances?

In September, 1957, Thomas A. Bolan, the Assistant United States Attorney who handled the Powell case before the grand jury, resigned and went into private practice in New York City. Shortly thereafter he was in communication with William F. Buckley Jr., editor of the conservative *National Review* and author of a book, *God and Man at Yale.* Following Bolan's conversations with Buckley, *National Review* carried an article in its December 14, 1957 issue called DEATH OF AN INVESTIGATION: THE WHEELS OF JUSTICE STOP FOR ADAM CLAYTON POWELL JR.

The article said the grand jury investigation had been suspended.

> . . . in spite of the fact that the agent in charge of the Treasury force detailed to assist the United States Attorney to secure evidence for the grand jury privately stated that in his opinion enough evidence had already been amassed to win an indictment; and . . . in spite of the further fact that the Assistant United States Attorney who had been in direct charge of the investigation from the outset, believed, and so stated to his superiors, that enough evidence had already been marshalled to bring about an indictment, and in spite of the fact that he believed, and so informed his superiors, that two months' additional work would even further strengthen the government's case.

The article then suggested that the investigation had been suspended either as a result of intimidation of unnamed persons, or as a result of a sinister and corrupt election deal of which President Dwight D. Eisenhower had been the political beneficiary.

A Word to the Grand Jury

The second suggestion implied that Powell, a Democrat, had supported Eisenhower in the 1956 election in return for assurances that the tax investigation would be dropped. Of course, the absurdity of the charge was evident from the fact that the Powell grand jury was not impaneled until after the election.

Buckley mailed copies of his magazine, emblazoned across the cover with the headline on the Powell investigation, to the members of the grand jury, which was still in session on other matters.

Beginning February 22, 1958, each issue of *National Review* carried a special box informing readers how soon the Powell grand jury would automatically go out of existence and when it had last met. The boxes read:

"The grand jury called to investigate the tax returns of Representative Adam Clayton Powell Jr. has —— weeks to live. —— weeks have gone by since it was last convened to hear evidence."

During the spring of 1958 Bolan actually met by prearrangement with members of the grand jury. On April 2, 1958, Buckley himself met and talked with a member of the jury, who said that he was convinced, as a result of the *National Review* articles and his talks with Bolan, that Washington was arbitrarily interfering in the Powell case. Eight days later Buckley mailed the copies of the December, 1957, article to each grand juror with the following covering letter:

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NATIONAL REVIEW 211 East 37th Street,
New York 16, N.Y.
April 10, 1958

Eight weeks ago, *National Review* published the editorial a copy of which I attach. Every week since, we have reminded our readers of the length of life left to the grand jury investigating Mr, Adam Clayton Powell, Jr. As you will remember, last December *National Review* published an article based on affidavits and other information, establishing the irregularity of the suspension of the investigation, and the abuse of the grand jury by the Department of Justice. It is the purpose of this letter to inform you that not a single fact contained in that article has been challenged, either by Mr. Powell, or by the Department of Justice, or by the Tax Department. I am enclosing, for your information, a copy of the original article, to refresh your memory.

National Review is not interested in persecuting Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., but is interested in the integrity of the judicial process.

Yours sincerely,
WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

On May 3, 1958, *National Review* carried an editorial captioned THE JIG IS UP FOR ADAM CLAYTON POWELL JR.? The editorial said:

The foreman of the grand jury, having read *National Review*'s article . . . addressed U. S. Attorney Paul Williams, and asked him to convene the jury to explain the mysterious inactivity. Mr. Williams, presumably on orders from Washington, stalled.

Two weeks ago *National Review* sent another copy of its exposé of last December to every member of the grand jury; and, at last, action resulted. The jury convened on its own motion. . . .

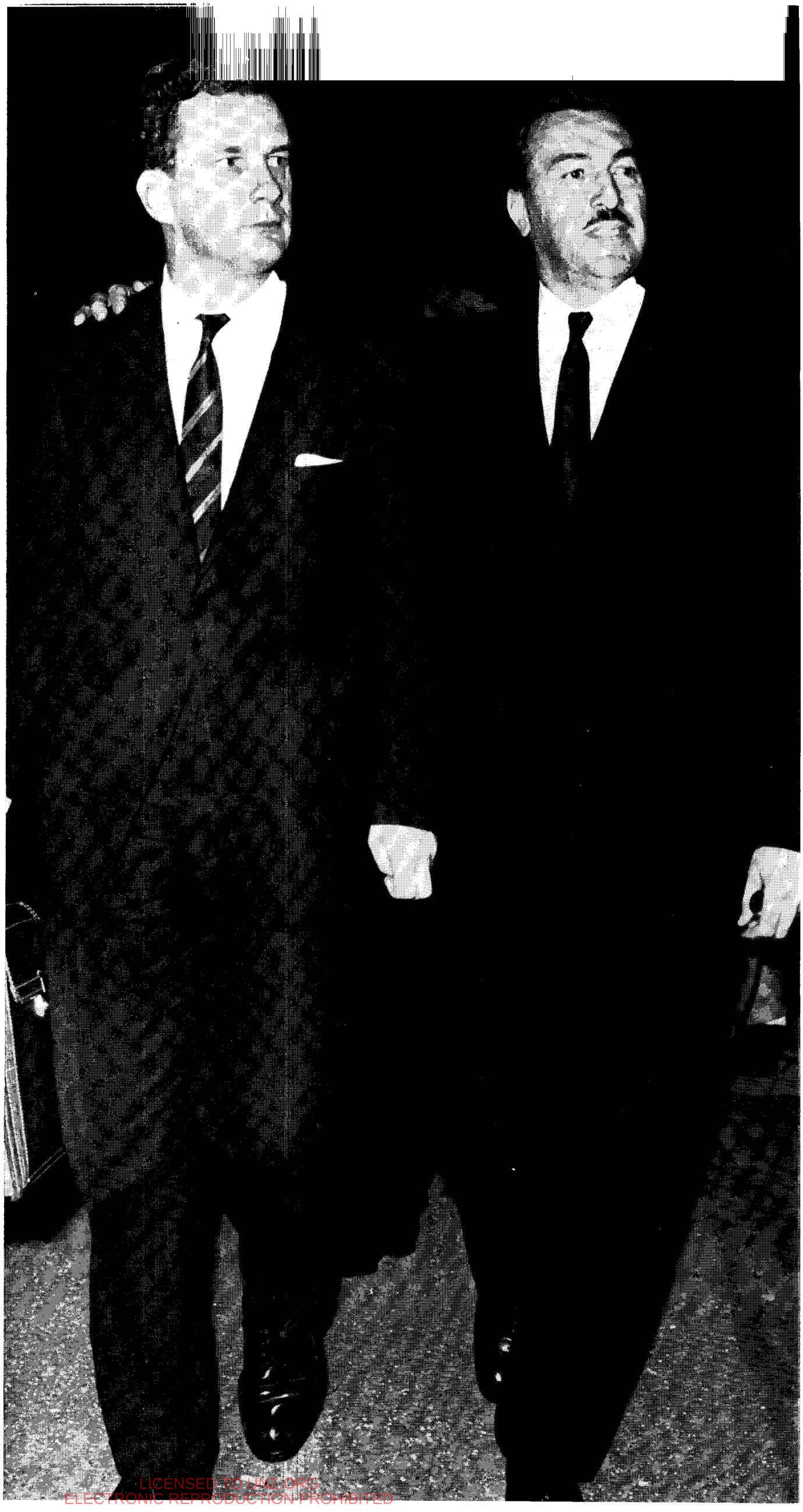
Now the question is Will the grand jury, having had such direct experience with the politicalization of justice as administered by the Justice Department in the case of Adam Clayton Powell Jr., take matters into its own hands in the few weeks left to it, and see to it that, as long as *this jury* has anything to say about it, the laws of this country apply even to big-time politicians?

The pressure on the grand jury produced the desired result. The jurors demanded that they be recalled and that the proceedings be resumed. They felt that their integrity had been challenged. They felt that they were pawns in a game of politics. They talked of renting a room in a midtown hotel and holding their sessions there instead of in the courthouse. They talked of excluding the United States Attorney and his assistants and of hiring Bolan as an independent counsel. They wanted immediate action.

A Challenge to Integrity

It was against this background that their meeting took place. The foreman had been assured by the United States Attorney that the Justice Department had not called off the investigation. The Attorney General had long since written a letter of instruction saying that Powell's case should be investigated fully and that any action warranted by the facts should be taken. But the damage had been done. The charges which impugned the integrity of the Eisenhower Administration, and particularly the Attorney General, had been made and placed in the hands of the grand jurors. The jurors had been told they were being used for a "whitewash."

Powell was, of course, indicted. That was in 1958. Not until the spring of 1960 did his case come to trial. Thus almost two years passed before the effect of the



Williams with Adam Clayton Powell during the congressman's tax-evasion trial.

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"Only the lawyer is expected to turn away a client because society regards him as socially, morally or politically obnoxious."

Williams Presents His Own Defense Of Lawyers for the Defense

Let me say a word in defense of lawyers for the defense. They are too often subjected to an odd form of attack.

Today the voice of condemnation is almost universal when a lawyer dares to represent a "Fifth Amendment Communist," a "labor racketeer" or a "dope peddler." This growing insistence upon tarring the lawyer with the client's brush finds no parallel in the other professions. The fact deserves elaboration.

All the problems of humanity can be broadly divided into three categories—physical, spiritual and social. The physician, the clergyman and the lawyer devote their lives to the solution of these problems. No physician worthy of the name turns away a patient because he suffers from a loathsome disease or is incurable. No clergyman worthy of the name turns away a suppliant sinner because his sins are too heinous or his soul is too black. Only the lawyer is expected to turn away a client because society regards him as socially, morally or politically obnoxious. Only the lawyer is expected to withhold his help from those who need it most.

Perhaps the explanation lies in the fact that the physician and the clergyman extend their help in the privacy of office, hospital or confessional, whereas the lawyer—or, at least, the trial lawyer—must act in the public arena.

When I represented the late Senator McCarthy in his censure case, I received much mail excoriating me for being a "McCarthyite" and a "fascist." At about the same time I agreed to represent some motion-picture writers who were accused of contumacious conduct in refusing to answer questions about alleged Communist activities. The tenor of the mail shifted. Now I was a "red." On the same day in 1954 I was referred to in a West Coast paper as the "right-wing mouthpiece for the McCarthy fringe" and in a New York paper as the "courtroom apologist for left-wing groups." I was bewildered. Up to that time I had tried twenty-three homicide cases, and no one had ever asked me if I believed in murder.

Morris Ernst, the nationally famed civil-liberties lawyer, tells in a law-review article of his efforts to aid Frank Costello in procuring trial counsel for his denaturalization case:

> For example, it is clearly a detriment to our judicial system when a man can't get reputable counsel in a city as large as New York simply because his name happens to be Frank Costello. And yet such was the case. The issues upon which Costello needed representation were of the highest constitutional significance and included the admissibility of evidence procured through use of wiretap, the bugging of mail and the examination by the Government of the tax returns of jurors. After being turned down by leaders of the bar in this city, Costello finally retained Edward Bennett Williams of Washington. And even here the irony of guilt by association was present. Costello himself was at first reluctant to accept Williams as counsel because, as he put it, "Didn't he (Williams) represent Senator McCarthy?"

Unfortunately these attitudes lead many lawyers to decline the defense of controversial clients or causes. A recent survey conducted at an eastern law school reflects just what one might expect. Virtually all of the participating students believed that the most unpopular of prospective clients, the Communist, was entitled to counsel. Almost half of them, however, stated that they would refuse to represent a Communist, principally to avoid unfavorable publicity and possible reprisals.

The law schools themselves must take much of the responsibility for this attitude. A cursory examination of the curricula of the leading law schools shows that the students' attention is focused upon subjects dealing with property rights—contracts, damages, real estate, corporations, partnership, wills and estates, taxation, trusts—almost to the exclusion of human rights. The student leaves school thinking that the *ne plus ultra* for launching his professional life is to become a junior associate in a Wall Street firm, and that there is something professionally *déclassé* about standing at the bar of justice with some socially ostracized figure whom organized society is trying to put in a cage.

external influences upon the grand jury could be fully measured. But what developed during the trial compels the conclusion that the indictment of Congressman Powell was born of hysteria.

Morton Robson, a skilled and experienced prosecutor, was assigned to the case on the eve of trial. He presented the Government's evidence to the trial jury. That took five weeks and, at the close, Robson was forced into the wholly embarrassing position of admitting that the Government had no evidence of an income-tax violation for 1952.

The prosecutor had to consent to dismissal of this count of the indictment. The Government found itself in this humiliating position despite the fact that it had made an exhaustive investigation *after* the indictment in an effort to buttress the case. But the indictment was the result of hasty, improvident action inspired by irresponsible charges, and the chickens came home to roost.

The prosecution found itself in an even more embarrassing position with respect to the other charge, that Powell had understated his wife's income for 1951. As Robson began to prepare the case for trial, he found that he had no evidence to support this charge either. Trying to patch up the case, he changed the whole theory of the prosecution.

In a formal pleading, called a bill of particulars, filed in court, the then United States Attorney had stated that the grand-jury indictment was based on an understatement of Hazel Scott Powell's income. The deductions claimed by Powell under that return were not challenged. Now Robson, at the eleventh hour, filed an amended pleading, or amended bill of particulars, alleging that Powell had taken improper deductions on his wife's return.

The evidence brought out in court showed clearly that Powell, instead of understating his wife's income for 1951, actually had overstated it. As overstatement of income cancels out excessive deductions dollar for dollar, the Government's case again foundered. Again there was absolutely no evidence to support the charge made by the grand jury.

When this count of the indictment was finally submitted to the trial jury, ten of them voted for acquittal; two held out. The Government dropped the charge, conceding that it could not prove the case.

It seems clear to me that, without the external pressures and without the passion aroused in the grand jurors, Adam Powell never would have been indicted and never would have been forced into a long, expensive and politically damaging trial. If the grand jurors had been left to reach their decision in the calm, careful manner in which grand juries are intended to function, no indictment would have resulted.

Trial by Newspaper

Incidents like this do not often involve grand juries. More frequently, mass emotion and passion are brought to bear when a case goes to trial.

A more common way in which juries are influenced is through press publication of highly damaging information which, under the rules of our judicial system, never should reach the minds of jurors. This problem—trial by newspaper—has become of great concern to all judges and to many of our lawyers. It threatens the basis upon which our judicial system operates, because it brings into the courtroom the rumors and passions of the market place, thus imperiling the accused person's constitutional right to a fair trial.

I have long felt that this problem can be solved without tampering in any way with the freedom of the press. The solution that I suggest would require the cooperation of all lawyers involved, for the prosecution as well as for the defense.

Canon 20 of the lawyers' Code of Professional Ethics says:

> Newspaper publications by a lawyer as to pending or anticipated litigation may interfere with a fair trial in the Courts and otherwise prejudice the due administration of justice. Generally they are to be condemned. If the extreme circumstances of a particular case justify a statement to the public, it is unprofessional to make it anonymously. An *ex parte* reference to the facts should not go beyond quotation from the records and papers on file in the court; but even in extreme cases it is better to avoid any *ex parte* statement.

If lawyers would abide by this rule, most of the difficulty would be overcome. Prosecutors would, of course, have to apply a tight rein on the information which the police gave to the press. They would have to see to it that such highly inflammatory materials as confessions, past police records and statements of witnesses were not released to reporters. Defense lawyers would likewise have to refrain from putting out exculpatory material and previews of the defense. Only the courts and the appropriate disciplinary committees of the bar can enforce compliance with this rule. But if compliance were rigidly enforced, it would go a long way toward the elimination of "trial by newspaper." Enforcement of laws already on the books would eliminate the kind of problem exemplified by the Powell case.

A Prejudicial Photograph

Usually the glare of intense publicity hurts the defendant in a criminal trial. There are, however, times when it can work against the prosecution. I found myself, as defense counsel, caught in the spotlighted center of such a situation while representing James Hoffa, then vice president of the Teamsters Union, at his bribery trial in Washington in 1957.

Hoffa was charged with handing John Cye Cheasty, a New York lawyer and investigator, several thousand dollars in return for which Cheasty was to get for Hoffa confidential information from the Senate rackets committee files. The trial attracted great national attention in press, television and radio. Hundreds of people jammed the courtroom every day, and hundreds more were turned away. There were reporters galore, and photographers snapped pictures daily on the courthouse steps as the participants went to and fro.

One afternoon as I returned to court after lunch, I was introduced to a woman lawyer from the West Coast. She was a Negro. As I stood chatting with her, a photographer called to us to look his way and snapped our picture. The incident meant nothing to me at the time.

A few days later I was horrified to see the picture in a full-page advertisement in the *Afro-American*, a newspaper having a large circulation among the Negroes of Washington. The advertisement recounted in detail Hoffa's long record of friendship for the Negro people and their causes. The jury trying Hoffa was predominantly Negro. Obviously the advertisement had been placed in an effort to influence the jury in Hoffa's favor.

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Williams Cites Long-Withheld Evidence About Machine-gun Kelly's Wife

Evidence is a precious thing. It can be the key that frees the innocent and jails the guilty.

Unfortunately it also can be blindly overlooked or willfully withheld. When that occurs, justice suffers.

In one case with which I am familiar, a woman spent twenty-five years in prison, convicted in a trial in which evidence which might have freed her was withheld by the Federal prosecution.

The woman happened to be the wife of a notorious outlaw and kidnaper, George (Machine-gun) Kelly. But no matter who her husband was, she was entitled to a fair trial. She did not receive one.

Even today the Federal Government continues to withhold the evidence in question. The full facts of Mrs. Kathryn Kelly's case never before have been published. Here they are:

Kelly and his wife were tried in Oklahoma City in 1933 for the kidnaping of Charles F. Urschel, a multimillionaire oilman. Kelly denied nothing. Mrs. Kelly vigorously protested her innocence. She said her husband forced her to accompany him and that she could not escape.

It was brought out at the trial that the actual kidnaping was done by two men, one armed with a machine gun, who invaded Urschel's home and dragged him away from a bridge game. He was blindfolded and driven for twenty-four hours to a farmhouse, where he was held eight days. He was released upon payment of a $200,000 ransom.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation, dramatically using its investigative techniques to best advantage, was able to locate the farmhouse through Urschel's remarkably retentive memory. He remembered hearing airliners pass overhead at 9:45 A.M. and 5:45 P.M. every day except one, when there was a heavy storm. The FBI checked and found an airline which was forced to detour its flight that day because of a storm. The route passed over the farm of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Shannon, Kathryn Kelly's parents, near Paradise, Texas.

The Shannons and a dozen others, including Albert Bates, the second man in the kidnaping, were quickly arrested. While the FBI continued to search for Kelly, the group was placed on trial. Two days later Urschel and a local newspaper received letters postmarked Chicago, threatening dire reprisals if the Urschels testified and insisting that the group was innocent. George and Kathryn Kelly were arrested soon afterward at Memphis, Tennessee.

At the trial of the two Kellys the prosecution offered damaging evidence against her. A local handwriting expert testified that she had signed the two threatening letters. "I did not!" she testified. She insisted her husband had signed them. Mrs. Kelly's lawyer asked for a recess so that he could obtain another handwriting expert to testify on the signatures. The request was denied.

Counsel for Mrs. Kelly concentrated on trying to convince the jury that she was coerced by her husband, much against her will, into participating in the crime. She took the stand and asserted that she had begged her husband to release Urschel when she found out about the kidnaping. She testified that Kelly told her it was "none of [her] business" and that he would kill Urschel if no ransom were paid. The jury convicted her along with Kelly. Both received life sentences. Kelly died in the Leavenworth penitentiary in 1954.

Mrs. Kelly remained in prison from 1933 until her case was reopened in 1958. An attorney new to the case then argued that her trial was unfair and that she should have been permitted to bring in another handwriting expert to give his views.

The Federal judge who heard this argument ordered the prosecution to produce the twenty-five-year-old records of the case so that he could ascertain whether there was substance to the defense's claims. The Department of Justice refused to produce the files. Thereupon the judge set aside Mrs. Kelly's conviction and freed her on bond pending a new trial. The U.S. Court of Appeals for the Tenth Circuit later reversed this ruling and sent the case back to the lower court for a continuation of the hearing before that court.

Although considerable time has passed, at this writing there has been no hearing. Perhaps the reason is that the FBI had in its possession in 1933, during Kathryn Kelly's trial, evidence that she had not signed the letters in question. Charles A. Appel, the FBI's top handwriting analyst at the time, examined the letters and concluded that the signatures were *not* those of Kathryn Kelly, but might very well have been written by George Kelly.

This evidence was kept from the jury that tried Kathryn Kelly. If the jury had known that the local handwriting expert was wrong, according to the FBI's own expert, and that Mrs. Kelly was undoubtedly telling the truth when she denied signing the letters, the verdict might have been different. This, of course, can be small consolation for twenty-five years in prison.

But the most disturbing facet of the case is that this evidence *was not even disclosed in the 1958 hearing*. Instead, the Government chose to keep the file closed and forget the case.

This case therefore is a classic example of the need for a change in pretrial procedures to give the defense a fair opportunity to discover the evidence confronting it. If Mrs. Kelly had known in advance that a handwriting expert would testify, she might have obtained another expert to challenge his testimony. If she had known that the FBI's own expert had concluded after extensive analysis that she had not signed the letters, she could have called him as a witness. But the procedure of combat by surprise had dealt a lethal blow to her chance to defend herself.

This was the darkest day of my professional life. I have never before nor since been so upset about any incident connected with a trial. Neither I nor any lawyer assisting me had an inkling that such an advertisement was to appear. I questioned everybody connected with the defense, including the defendant himself. I can honestly say that I satisfied myself that no one directly or indirectly connected with the defense staff knew anything about the appearance of the ad. I can also honestly say that I'm sure Hoffa himself knew nothing of it. It was the work of a well-motivated meddler from Detroit who thought he was helping his friend "Jimmy" and who acted wholly on his own. The judge immediately locked the jury up for the remainder of the trial, and it was subsequently ascertained that no one of them ever saw the ad. The McClellan committee on rackets looked into the whole episode. All the evidence showed that it was the work of a self-appointed interloper who understood neither the sanctity of the judicial process nor the dignity of the Negro people.

At this point another episode in the Hoffa case needs recounting. This one I knew about. It was my original intention to put character witnesses on the stand. I had screened a long list of prospective character witnesses and selected eight. I tried to get a representative cross section of people.

Among those selected were a labor leader, an owner of a trucking company, a Catholic bishop, a Protestant minister, a college professor, a congressman—and Joe Louis. All of these people had known Hoffa for years. Joe Louis and Hoffa had been close friends for over two decades.

All readily agreed to testify for Hoffa and were summoned to Washington. As we were about to begin the defense, however, I decided not to put on any character witnesses. I felt that their appearance would hurt more than help. In every criminal trial the defendant may put in "good character" evidence. But if he does, the prosecutor has the right to cross-examine the witnesses about all the derogatory rumors, hearsay and gossip affecting the defendant's reputation.

In the case of a controversial figure like Hoffa, who had many enemies, this cross-examination could give the prosecutor a field day. He could parade before the jury every derogatory piece of gossip and rumor ever mouthed about the defendant. On balance, it seemed to me the danger of prejudice was too great. So the witnesses were excused.

Joe Louis in Court

During a luncheon recess I met Joe Louis, who had come all the way from Detroit, and explained that we were not going to use him; he was free to go home. That afternoon I was surprised to see him sitting in the back of the courtroom. He had come into court wholly on his own, as far as I knew then or have ever found out since. I very much doubt whether any juror ever saw him in that packed courtroom, because the jury never came in until all the spectators were seated, and they always left before any spectator was permitted to leave his seat.

Almost no notice was given to the incident at the time. It was only after Hoffa was acquitted many days later that Louis's appearance took on significance. By now thousands of words have been written about it. But everyone connected with the trial knows it had not the remotest effect on the verdict. The prosecutor concedes this.

The jury acquitted Hoffa because they did not believe the accusation against him. They acquitted on the first ballot. They balloted secretly and, when the ballots were tallied by the foreman, the vote was 12 to 0 for acquittal. Negro and white voted alike.

The Louis story seems to grow each year. More legend and less fact gets into it. Needless to say, I'm sorry he ever came to court. But had I known he was coming, I would not have asked him to stay away. The fact is, it never crossed my mind that his presence could have any effect on the jury. And all of the jurors later attested that his appearance at the trial was meaningless insofar as the outcome was concerned.

There can be no question, of course, but that the minds of jurors must be kept free from outside influences. A chemist would not make a test with contaminated test tubes. The jurors' minds are the test tubes of the judicial system. Justice requires that the jurors make their decisions solely on the facts properly presented to them. Ways must be found to block those who would put before them material which does not belong there.

The Defendant's Rights

My experiences in representing Hoffa emphasized the need for another change which would promote justice and protect individual rights. This is a change to make procedures in criminal cases conform more closely to the Federal Rules of Civil Procedure.

During my early practice, while associated with a large Washington law firm in civil suits, I found that I need never enter the courtroom ignorant of the case against my client, often a transportation company or store which had been sued by a passenger or customer. Under the rules, I was entitled to know all of my opponent's witnesses and to take and check their testimony in advance of trial.

I had all this information because, in defense of property rights, the rules permitted me to get it. These rules had been widely hailed as ending the old belief that a trial is "a game of combat by surprise." While there is an element of surprise in any trial, too many surprises often produce an unjust result.

Yet most defendants in criminal trials are afforded virtually no such protection. It is perfectly possible for defense counsel to begin a serious criminal trial without knowing the name of any Government witness, nor what any Government witness would tell the jury about the defendant. Obviously the innocent defendant suffers most from this procedure. The guilty defendant usually knows the identity of witnesses against him. Presumably he has been indicted because they have told the truth, and he knows what the truth is because he committed the crime. But the innocent defendant is caught in the dark.

I do not believe that the founding fathers intended to surround property rights with greater procedural safeguards than those which protect liberty. Our present procedural rules are archaic because they express the converse of this proposition. They date back to medieval days when the land was more valuable than the serfs who tilled it.

The difference between a free and an unfree society lies in the way crimes are prosecuted—namely, in criminal procedure. Even in the Soviet Union the

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prosecution's evidence is revealed to the defendant before trial, to assist him in preparing his defense—a sorry commentary on our own practice.

In a celebrated and controversial opinion in 1957, the Supreme Court of the United States took a long step toward remedying these inequities. It held that a defendant is entitled to inspect the statements of Government witnesses. Congress by enactment confirmed this ruling in essence, but the Congressional enactment included a provision that the statements not be turned over to the defense until after the witness had testified. It was already the rule in capital-punishment cases that the defense be informed of the identity of the prosecution's witnesses. If fairness requires it in capital cases, I think fairness requires it in noncapital cases.

The only provision of the present rules which permits real discovery of evidence in advance by the defendant is, unhappily, honored in the breach more often than not. This was so in the Hoffa case. Rule Five provides for a preliminary examination of the defendant before a U.S. Commissioner "within a reasonable time" unless he waives examination. This gives the defendant a chance before trial to find out who is accusing him and exactly what the accusation is.

The Government can deprive the defendant of this chance by a simple stratagem. It did so with Hoffa. It simply tells the commissioner that it is not ready to present evidence and asks for a continuation of the preliminary hearing. It then obtains a grand-jury indictment before the date set for preliminary hearing. As the purpose of the hearing is to determine whether the defendant shall be held for the grand jury, no examination is conducted after his indictment.

James Hoffa was arrested by the FBI on bribery charges on the night of March 13, 1957, and was taken before the commissioner at one A.M. March fourteenth. The Government asked a two-week postponement to prepare its evidence. I objected violently. I was convinced that the FBI would not have arrested Hoffa until it had all the evidence. The commissioner, however, declined to heed my objections and granted the postponement.

Hoffa Goes Free

Nine hours later the prosecutor began to present evidence to the grand jury. Five days later the grand jury returned an indictment. The preliminary examination never took place. As a result, we went to trial without an opportunity to question John Cye Cheasty, who claimed Hoffa had bribed him to get Senate rackets committee documents on the Teamsters Union.

Under cross-examination at the trial, which began June 19, 1957, Cheasty testified that he had been put through trial preparation by the prosecution for four hours a day, Saturdays and Sundays excepted, from June third to June nineteenth.

I cross-examined Cheasty for several days. Much of this exhaustive and exhausting examination might have been unnecessary if I had been given a chance to question Cheasty at a preliminary examination. Apparently the jury did not believe his testimony anyhow, for they acquitted Hoffa.

The important thing, however, is that no defendant—whether his name be Hoffa, Smith or Jones—should ever have to enter the courtroom ignorant of both the identity of his accusers and the nature of their accusation. THE END

Teamster boss Jimmy Hoffa confers with Williams during an appearance before a Senate committee. The author's defense of Hoffa in a 1957 trial brought on "the darkest day" of his professional life.

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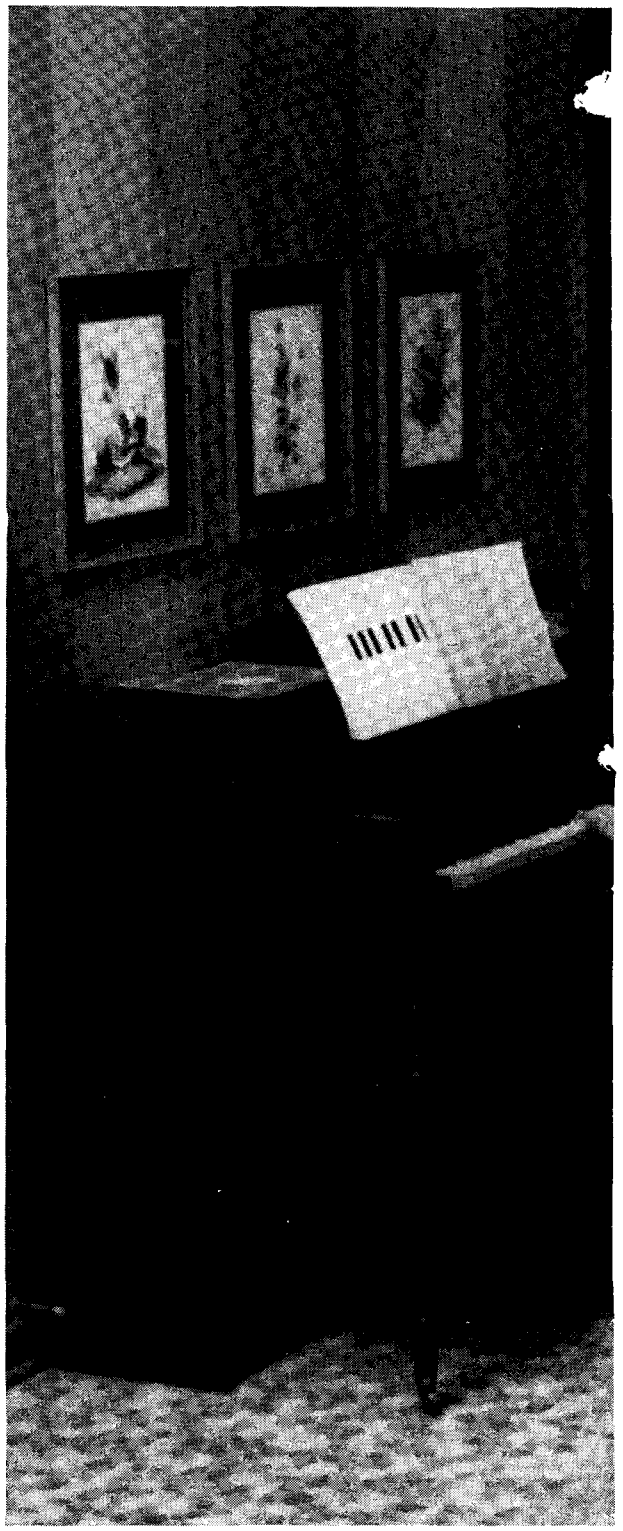
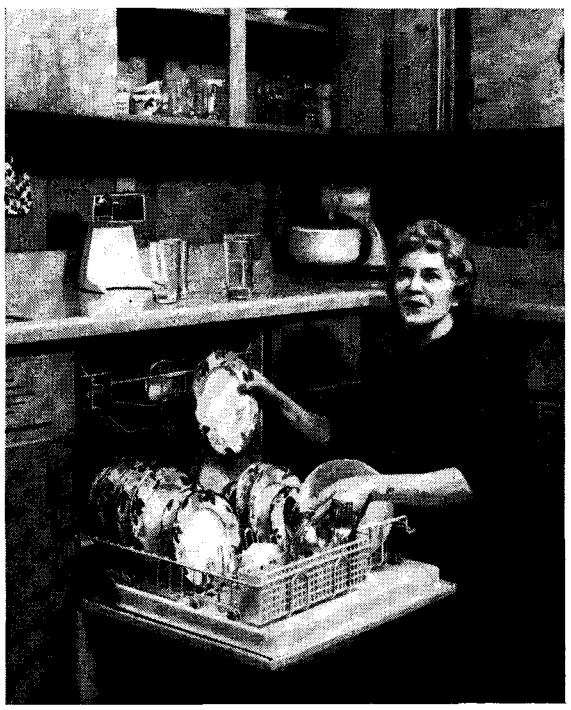
FULL HOUSEPOWER WIRING provides plenty of circuits, switches and outlets throughout the Wests' home. "We never have to worry about blowing a fuse no matter how many appliances we run at once," says Mrs. West to neighbor Betty Rada.



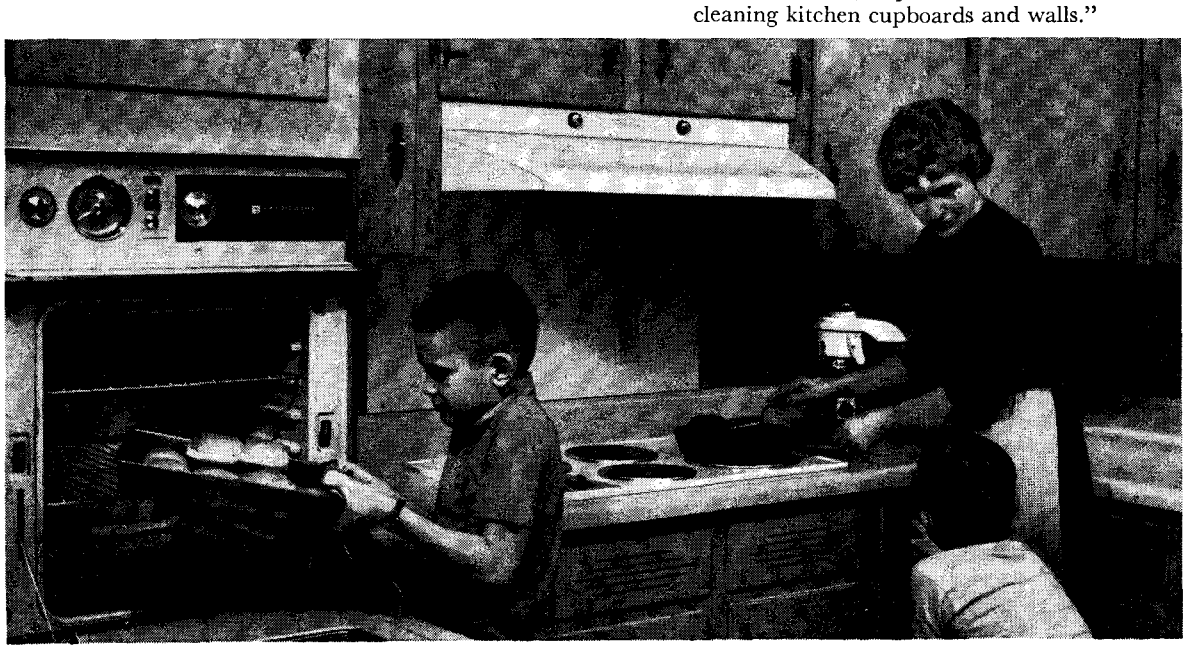
"MY ELECTRIC CLOTHES DRYER has no flue," says Mrs. West, "because it needs no flame to make it work. And electric clothes drying is so gentle everything comes out wonderfully soft and fluffy."



"THERE'S MORE THAN ENOUGH HOT WATER for the whole household," Mrs. West says. "And since our flameless electric heater didn't need a flue, we were able to save space by tucking it away in a storage closet."

"FLAMELESS ELECTRIC COOKING is a real blessing," says Mrs. West. "It's so cool—even in the summertime. And because there's no fuel combustion, I spend lots less time cleaning kitchen cupboards and walls."

"EDITH EVEN FEELS A LITTLE GUILTY," says Mr. West, "because she doesn't have to work so hard cleaning the house. But to tell the truth, with electric heating, everything stays so clean it's amazing. And I think it's wonderful that she's got more time to spend with the kids."



THE TOTAL ELECTRIC HOME that proudly displays this Gold Medallion is equipped with flameless electric heating and appliances, Full Housepower Wiring and light for living. And tomorrow it will still be as modern as it is today.

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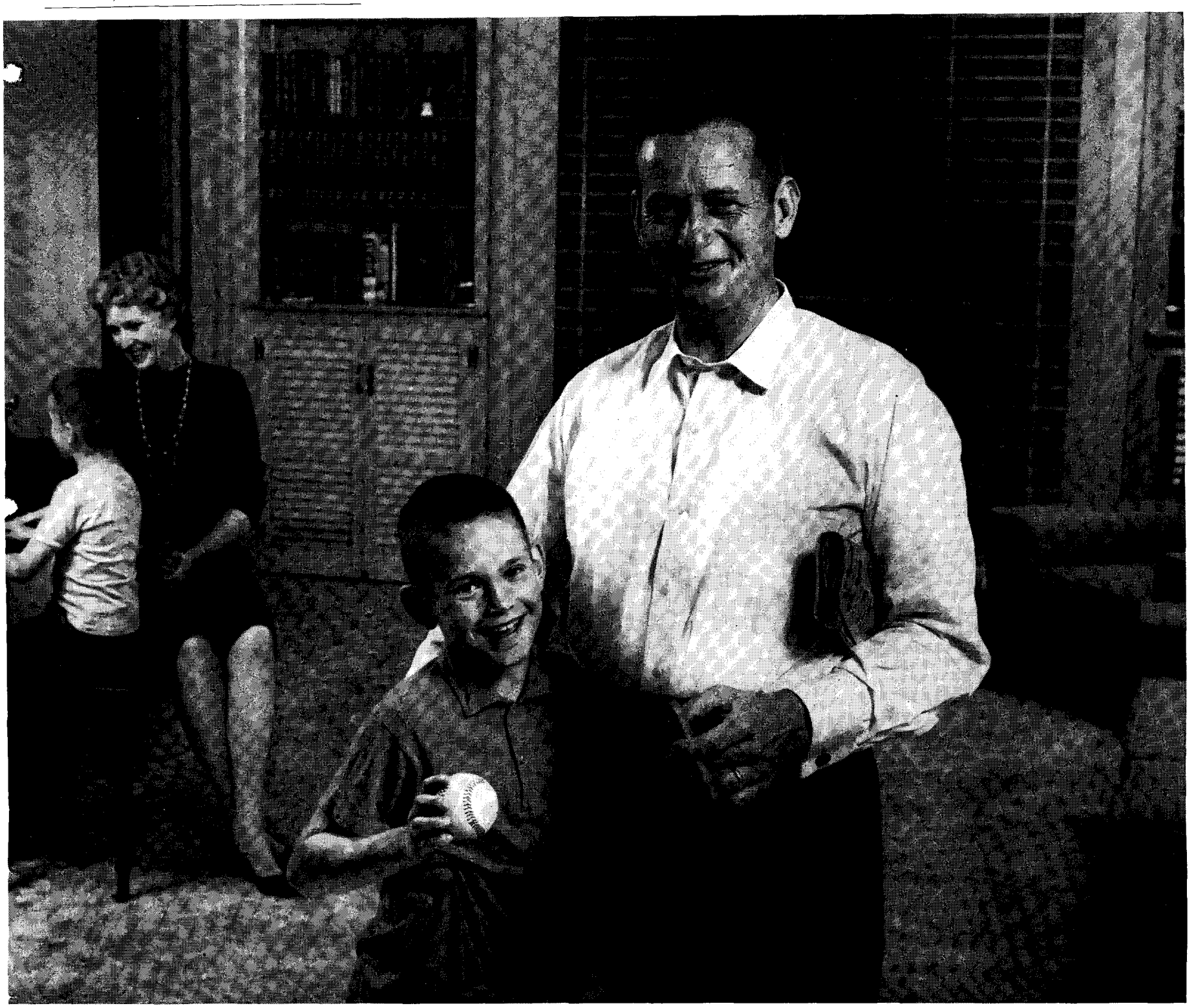

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The King Who Loved Suburbia

A day of this American brand of madness should have driven his highness out of his royal mind.

By Robert W. Wells

Lucille Jensen was hustled through the marble corridors, up a flight of stairs and down a long hall through a door marked HUSH-HUSH into the walnut-paneled conference room. The two marines saluted and left her. She sank into a chair at the table and faced the three pairs of accusing eyes. She recognized the man from the State Department. The red-faced fellow with the three stars on his uniform must be from the Department of Defense. But she wasn't sure of the third man. Probably, she told herself, the official executioner.

"I plead guilty," she said. "What is the penalty for causing an abdication?"

The State Department squared his unpadded shoulders. He was glad, he told her, that she realized the seriousness of the situation. He must caution her that this was all off the record. She already knew him, so that couldn't be helped, but it would be better if she were not officially introduced to the general or the Treasury man. She must understand this was very ——

"Hush-hush?" she suggested.

"Precisely. Let us get at once to the crux. What did you do to his supreme highness, King Rantoul the Fourth?"

"I warned you it should never be allowed," the Defense Department said. "Let him see Washington, I said. Take him if you must to New York. But keep him out of the Heights. No one listened."

"He even turned down our loan," the Treasury Department said. "Before, he was willing to take ten million—a paltry sum, but his country has a population somewhat smaller than Dubuque, and it was all we could persuade him to accept. But now he says we'll have to start all over again with his successor."

"He seemed like such a nice king," Lucille said. "He was a good sport about it when Harry thought he was the repairman, and he didn't say a word when Fragile jumped on him and licked his face. I thought ——" She stopped. They were still looking at her. She took a deep breath. "I'm ready to accept the consequences."

"Consequences!" the Defense Department cried. "You talk about consequences after you have torpedoed the nation's foreign policy in one of the world's most strategic areas. And then you sit there, looking for all the world like my wife when she tells me she's put another dent in the car. This is close to treason, madam."

"Now, now, general," the Treasury said. He was younger than the others, and his crew cut was an eighth of an inch shorter. "Shouting at Mrs. Jensen will get us nowhere. We need her cooperation. We want her to tell us exactly what happened when that"—he glanced at the State Department—

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ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT JONES

"mistake in judgment occurred and the king was permitted to make his impromptu visit."

"I refuse to accept all the blame," the State Department said stiffly. "Some of it, yes. But Rantoul the Fourth is used to having his own way. The visit was his idea. Anyway, how was I to know? The Heights was chosen as a typical American suburb. This woman was picked as a typical native, living in a ranch house with one and a half baths, three-point-two bedrooms, two-point-six children and ——"

"I do not have two-point-six children. I have Karen, who is eight, and Mike, who is six. Unless you're counting Fragile, but she's a boxer dog."

"I was speaking statistically," the State Department said. "But never mind. The harm is done. Perhaps when we learn exactly what happened, we can find a remedy. I doubt it. But with so much at stake, we must try."

The Treasury leaned forward. "When did you first learn that his highness was planning a visit?"

"About five minutes before he got there. This man"—she indicated the State Department, who glared hard at his polished fingernails—"rang my doorbell and said the king wanted to spend an hour inspecting a typical suburban household. I thought at first he was selling something—who expects a king in a place like the Heights? But he explained that Rannie was eager to meet the natives and ——"

"Rannie?" the State Department demanded, horrified. "Rannie!"

"I couldn't call him King Rantoul the Fourth all the time. Especially when he took off his shoes and ——"

The Defense Department was looking at his watch. It was vital to get to the bottom of this mess without so many interruptions, he said. The king would be here soon. They must learn the details and try to decide what to do. If the king refused to change his mind, the United States would be blamed for the abdication. He hated to think what Radio Moscow would say when the news leaked out.

"Start at the beginning, madam," he ordered. "Leave nothing out, no matter how painful."

The beginning, Lucille said, was when the State Department told her she'd been chosen for the surprise visit, after her family had been subjected to a secret but thorough security check by the FBI. The investigation had found nothing amiss, except that Harry, her husband, had said some pretty nasty things about the Government just after mailing his income-tax payment three years ago next April; but Washington had decided not to hold a grudge.

The king wished to make his visit incognito to avoid the reporters, and no one should be told he was there, not even Harry, the State Department told her. While the Government deplored any interference with freedom of the press—particularly when the publicity was likely to be favorable—there had been no choice but to go along with his supreme highness, a man of strong whims. He merely wanted to point out to her, the State Department said, that she was being entrusted with a mission that might have far-flung repercussions if she goofed.

Before she'd had time to do anything but stand in the door and open and close her mouth a few times, the State Department was back accompanied by a short, distinguished-looking man in an immaculate blue suit. And then the State Department went reluctantly away, because that was what King Rantoul wanted, and she and his majesty were talking about what life was like for the American woman.

"Aha," the Treasury said. "He asked you questions?"

"He certainly did. How I managed to keep busy and whether I thought modern appliances were preferable to servants and whether it was true that the American woman was spoiled by all her luxuries."

"How'd you answer that last question?"

"Oh, I had to admit we have it pretty soft. He seemed particularly fascinated by my electric can opener. He thought

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The King

it was quite significant that all I had to do was press a lever and the can was open and dinner was ready. I tried to explain it wasn't quite that simple—Karen will eat peas and French-style beans, but not spinach or wax beans; and Mike will eat corn, but not peas or beans; and Harry ——"

"The time is ticking away," the Defense Department said. "Get on to what happened to make the king decide to abdicate."

"I haven't the faintest idea what made him decide that, although it seems to be my fault. But anyway, he stood there quite a while opening cans to see how the gadget worked."

While this was going on, Lucille continued, the telephone rang. It turned out to be Millie Cole, who wanted to talk about last night's weekly meeting of the Heights Contract Bridge and Conversation Guild, but she told her she simply had no time, and Millie said, "Why not, for heaven's sakes? This is important."

"I can't tell you why not. Hush-hush. Very hush-hush."

She hung up, and while the king wasn't looking—he was still in the kitchen opening cans and muttering to himself, frowning—she kicked some of Mike's toys off the living-room rug and under the sofa where they'd be less conspicuous. When she got back to the kitchen, the king had abandoned the can opener and was opening and closing the refrigerator.

"So many gadgets," he said. "It is true, then, that the American woman lives a soft, easy life, like a queen."

"You speak such good English. Hardly any accent at all."

His majesty looked pleased. He had, he said, studied in England some years ago, while he was still crown prince. The doorbell was ringing. Lucille tried to ignore it, but the ringing kept up. It turned out to be Millie Cole, who had hurried over to demand what she meant by saying "hush-hush" and hanging up.

"I wanted to tell you about the meeting last night," Millie said, pushing past her into the living room. "Mary Ellen Gibbs was arguing that if you use the weak no-trump convention you can ——" She stopped, catching sight of the king. "Why didn't you say you had company? Who's the impressive-looking man?"

"You won't believe this," Lucille said hesitantly, "but ——"

His highness put up a warning hand. "I'm Mr. King, an old family friend."

"Hi. Only you're in the suburbs now. We aren't so formal. What's your first name?"

The king looked unhappy. "Rantoul."

"Hey, that's real distinguished. OK, Rannie, glad to meet you. You understand bridge?"

"I played a little at Oxford."

"Then give me your opinion. We were arguing about this last night. I had the king, queen, jack and two small clubs, the seven, eight, nine of hearts and . . ."

There was no way to stop Millie, Lucille knew, unless the king decided to behead her—and he looked as though he'd like to. There was nothing to do but tiptoe out of the room and wait, hoping his highness understood the Goren system. And as long as she had time on her hands, she plugged in the percolator, set the dishwasher going and then went to the basement to put a load of clothes in the washer, because Karen and Mike simply had to have fresh dungarees. As she walked back upstairs, she wondered where the children were, but then she heard them quarreling in the back yard, so she knew they were all right. Millie was still talking. The king seemed relieved to see Lucille. She asked him if he'd have some coffee.

"How very American. I should be delighted." He smiled wryly. "All this conversation has made my throat dry."

Lucille headed for the kitchen. Rantoul the Fourth, his dignity beginning to fray, followed her to get away from Millie, who tagged right along, still talking. The percolator, which was supposed to shut itself off at the proper time, had chosen to boil over instead, sending the coffee over the counter, down the cabinets and into a warm and steaming pool on the floor. Lucille stooped to wipe it up. The telephone rang sharply.

"Get it, will you?" she asked, meaning Millie.

But the king picked it up. He put his hand over the receiver, looking bewildered. "Does someone named Tiger live here?"

"Oh, that's for Karen. Her friends call her that."

Lucille started to shout out the window to her daughter, but remembered the king was there and walked to the door instead. The screen wouldn't open—she'd told Harry a dozen times to fix it, but his carpentry was confined to his basement workshop—and she kicked the door as gently as she could. But she miscalculated. It swung open with a bang, and the upper hinge, which had been hanging by one screw, fell off.

Millie opened a drawer, grabbed a screw driver and, before Lucille could prevent it, handed it to the king. "Here, old family friend," Millie said, "make yourself useful."

The king stared at the screw driver a long time. Then he shrugged, took off his jacket, folded it neatly on a chair, rolled up his sleeves and approached the door doubtfully.

Karen hung up the phone and came galloping past to inquire if she could have the kids over. "We're going to get newspapers and roll them up, you know, like swords and, you know, hit each other in the face and have a—you know—war."

Lucille nodded, watching the king trying to cope with the door, and Karen hurried off. The king was having trouble. He was saying something under his breath. It was in his native tongue, but Lucille understood the sentiment. He sounded a lot like Harry. The king gave an especially vicious gouge with the screw driver, slipped, said something explosive. Then he stepped back, holding his hand. "Just a flesh wound," he said bravely.

Lucille put a bandage on the royal thumb—the blood wasn't blue at all, she noted—and Millie grabbed the screw driver and finished hanging the door. The telephone rang. Lucille hurried to it, told the man she had no intention of buying another piano and hung up as a scream of mortal anguish came from the back yard. Mike was on the ground, his eyes closed, howling. Lucille ran out, closely followed by the king, and demanded what was the matter. The screams stopped abruptly. He hadn't been able to find a newspaper to make a sword out of it, Mike said.

"Is that all? Why were you screaming?"

"If I just yell," Mike said, regarding her shrewdly, "you don't come very fast."

Back in the house the king sank into a chair. Fragile, who had been lunging at the breezeway door for some time, finally

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got it open, came bounding in and leaped onto the king's knees.

"I'm sorry," Lucille said. "She thinks she's an eight-pound lapdog. Just give her a shove."

The king, frowning, started to push with both hands, but Fragile turned and looked at him, and he moved his hands away quickly. It was quite all right, he said. He liked animals. The telephone rang again.

"I'll get it," Millie said. "You two look bushed."

Rantoul the Fourth stared at Lucille. Was it true, he asked, that this day was typical? Lucille said no, sometimes it was much worse. Mike burst into the room. The basement, he informed them, was full of water, and the washer was smoking and making funny noises. Lucille started down the stairs two at a time. Fragile followed, barking. The king stood up. Millie came and called down the stairs.

"That was Harry. He was on the second tee when he remembered he'd forgotten to tell you he was washing the car rags last night and one of them got stuck in the drain hose. He says you'd better not use the washer until he has a look at it."

"I hope," Lucille said bitterly, "you told him thanks."

She waded over and turned off the machine. The floor drain was full of sawdust and shavings from Harry's workshop, and the king, who had followed her down, volunteered gallantly to unplug it. Before she remembered to protest, he had his shoes and socks off and those immaculate blue trousers rolled up to his knees. Holding the shoes in one hand, he walked gingerly across the cement and groped under the murky water for the drain. Fragile came splashing along, eager to join the game. In dodging the dog, the king slipped. He sat down abruptly. Fragile, to show there were no hard feelings, hurried over and licked his face.

Millie whooped with laughter. Lucille helped Rantoul up, found the drain, unplugged it, then led the way back upstairs. Millie told the king he'd better get out of those wet pants.

"I do have sinus trouble," Rantoul the Fourth admitted.

"Then don't be a schnook," Millie advised him, shoving him into the bedroom. "Put on a pair of Harry's. He won't care. And now I've got to run. Time for the afternoon game. Glad to have met you, Rannie. Remember what I told you about those weak-club openings."

With Millie gone, Lucille sat on the sofa and waited, trying not to think. The king came in sheepishly. He was wearing Harry's tan slacks. They were a foot too long and baggy around the waist.

"It's all Harry's fault," Lucille told him. "If he hadn't forgotten to tell me about the washer ——"

The king held up his hand. He would listen to no such criticism of Harry, who must be a remarkable man.

"But you haven't even met him."

"He lives in this house, does he not? Day in, day out? And still has his sanity? Then I do not need to meet him to know he is a remarkable man. Come, we will return to the basement."

"We will? But your highness ——"

Rantoul drew himself up. Even in Harry's trousers he looked like a man accustomed to obedience. "My ancestors carved out a kingdom. Can I allow myself to be defeated so easily? Come, we shall fix your washer."

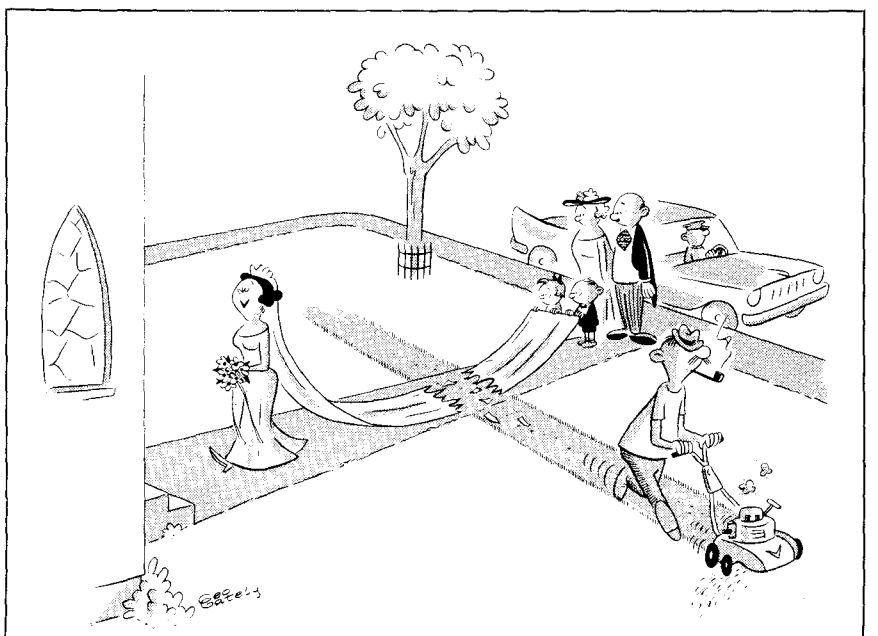
Lucille knew what happened when Harry got that look in his eye and announced he was going to fix something. Sometimes the repairman never did get it running again. But how could she argue with a king? Maybe, she thought as she followed him down the stairs, the State Department would include a new washer in next year's foreign-aid allotment.

In the paneled room in Washington the three men had been listening in gloomy silence. The general's chin was sunk in his hands. The State Department sat slumped in his chair. The Treasury, who had been drawing row upon row of zeroes on his scratch pad, roused himself and looked at her. He held up his forefinger. "I begin to see. Harry came home to find a strange man in his basement, wearing his tan slacks. Harry made a scene. The king, humiliated, felt it his duty to abdicate."

"Certainly not," Lucille said. "Harry did come home. That much is true. He quit after nine holes because he got to wondering about the washer, and he came bursting in just as the king had the motor apart. But Harry didn't think anything about him being there. He's used to seeing repairmen in our house. He just figured Rannie was a new man from Little Leo's Fix-It Shop."

"But the slacks?"

"Harry never noticed they were his. He got so interested helping the king tear the washer apart he wouldn't even stop to eat. I finally fixed them both some hamburgers, and Harry and the king sat on



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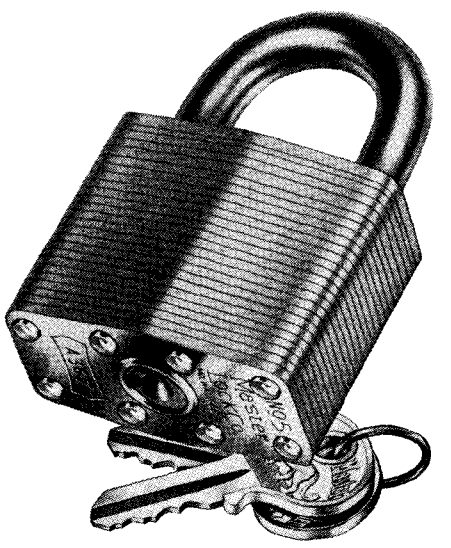

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The King

the edge of the workbench, eating and drinking beer. The king kept saying how he used to enjoy fixing sports cars when he went to Oxford."

"Didn't this make Harry suspicious?"

"No. Afterward, when I told him who the repairman was, Harry said that, judging from the prices they charge, he'd figured they must all be graduates of Oxford or Harvard or someplace."

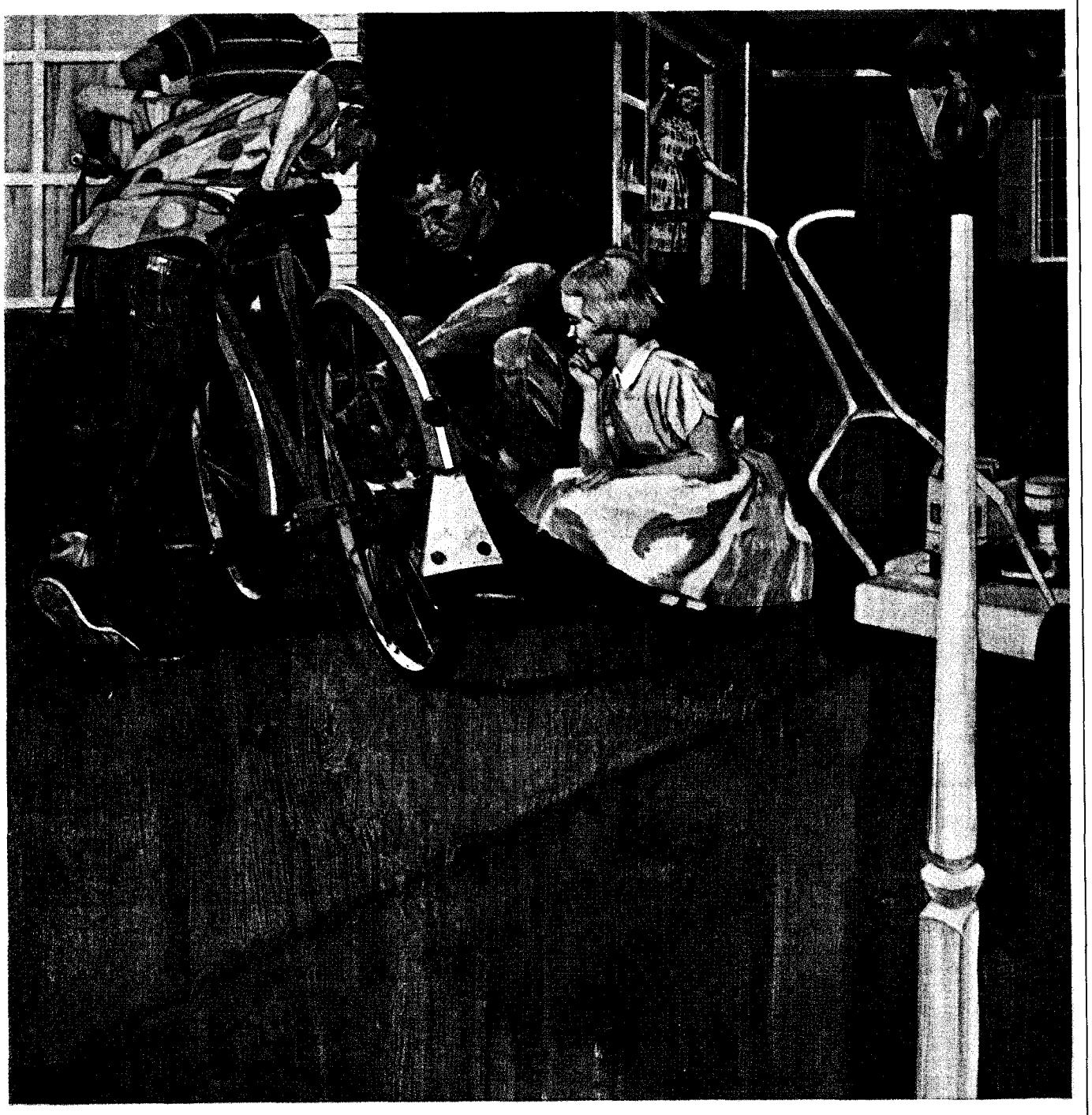
The State Department raised his head. He could, he said, testify to what happened next. He had arrived back at the house several hours late—he had lost the address and, as every dwelling in the Heights looked exactly alike, he'd had a perfectly awful time tracking down the right one. But finally he had found it. Mrs. Jensen had answered the door and told him the king was busy in the basement.

"I certainly wasn't prepared for what I saw when I walked down those stairs."

"The king was still working on the washer?" the general asked.

"No. It was back together, although I understand it is now necessary to turn the dial to 'Stop' when you want it to start, and vice versa. When I got there, Harry Jensen and his majesty were at the workbench. His highness had his shirt off and those baggy tan trousers rolled up to his knees. The power saw was making so much noise that I had to shriek at them for several minutes before they noticed I was there."

"And that was when the king said he planned to abdicate?" asked the general.



"I suppose the humiliation of being seen in such disarray by a representative of a friendly power ——"

"He didn't say a word about it then. He just grinned at me and asked what I thought of the piece of furniture they were making. I gave him as hearty a smile as I could manage—I haven't been in the State Department for twenty years for nothing—and told him I thought it would make a most handsome chair. The king was highly insulted. He said they were making a bookcase."

"He was certainly friendly enough when he left," Lucille said. "That's why I was so surprised when I got your telegram to report here at once. He kissed my hand—boy, did old Harry's eyes pop at that!—and told me if I was ever in his country, he'd make a place for me in his government."

"He said that?" the Defense Department demanded.

"He did," the State Department said. "I heard him. I asked him what he meant, but he just smiled and said good-bye to the Jensens and left. I apologized to him all the way back to Washington, but he just sat there in the plane, looking out the window and smiling, paying no attention to me at all. Then, as we were riding in from the airport, he told me he'd made up his mind to abdicate."

One of the marines marched in, whispered to the Defense Department, snapped to attention, saluted and marched out again.

"He's here," the general said. "What are we going to say?"

"What can we say?" the State Department asked hopelessly. "After protocol has been smashed to bits we can only issue a white paper denying everything."

"We could offer him twenty million," the Treasury said. "Only I don't think he'll take it."

"Perhaps if we gave him a written apology," the Defense Department suggested, "signed by all the members of the cabinet ——"

The door opened. King Rantoul IV stepped inside. He was wearing his medals. His bearing was so regal that Lucille decided against waving or saying "Hi." The general was at rigid attention. The State Department hurried over and escorted the king to the head of the table, but Rantoul IV walked on around to Lucille. "So we meet once more. I am glad. How is Harry? How did our bookcase turn out?"

"Just fine, your highness. It only sags just a little."

The king took his place at the head of the table and looked at the three men. "Such long faces, gentlemen. I understand you prefer I do not abdicate."

"You simply can't abdicate," the general said. His face was getting red. "Your country needs you."

"And yours?" the king inquired mildly. He turned to the others. "Do you feel this way too?"

"It is the considered opinion of all of us, your highness," the State Department said, "that at this crucial time in international affairs, with the world hanging precariously in the balance, it would not be the part of wisdom to ——"

"Please," the king interrupted. "No speeches. I am weary of speeches. Always I must listen and look impressed."

"We're willing to do anything you say," the Treasury told him. "A loan? A grant in aid? An outright gift?"

"An outright gift. Yes, that is what I want." The Treasury leaned forward

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eagerly, but the king put up his hand. "Not of money. Asylum. That's what I require. Asylum in one of your suburban areas. Perhaps"—he looked at Lucille, his expression almost wistful—"perhaps even in the Heights."

"You want to live in the Heights?" the State Department demanded, jumping to his feet. "You must be—if you'll excuse the undiplomatic expression, your highness—off your royal rocker. No one who can possibly avoid it wants to live in the Heights."

"Now you wait just a minute," Lucille said. "We've got our advantages. You just wait ten years until some of the saplings are trees and ——" She stopped. She looked at the king. "Say, are you really serious, Rannie?"

"You see, gentlemen? She calls me Rannie. Not since I was at Oxford did anyone call me that. I am accepted. I am allowed to use a power saw and a screw driver. I do not have to eat breast of capon and drink champagne and listen to speeches. Why should I go back home and be bored?"

"There is nothing as boring as a suburb like the Heights," the State Department said.

"Nonsense. It was the most exciting afternoon of my life. Something happening every moment. One crisis after another. Bells jangling. People running about. It was like the day of the national gala—except that in the Heights, I am told, it is that way the year round."

"Oh, it is," Lucille said. "Believe me, it is. And sometimes we get pretty sick of it. Sometimes Harry says he'd like to chuck it all and sell the house and move someplace where there aren't any telephones and the neighbors have never heard of Goren and you can just sit around in the sun all day."

"You have described my country exactly. Harry might like it there."

"For a week, maybe. Then he'd be looking for a golf game." She leaned over and put her hand on the king's arm. "You know, Rannie, you remind me of Harry. He gets in these moods sometimes, when he doesn't want to keep on doing what he's supposed to do and figures if he just had some other job or lived in some different place, things would be better. Therefore I'm going to tell you what I always tell him."

"I don't know that I want you to." The king drew his arm away. "I don't believe I want to listen."

"Neither does Harry. But later he's glad he did. I always tell him everybody's got to put up with certain things. Harry's got to put up with Ironpants O'Brien, his boss, and with those nasty letters the charge-account people send and with not being able to break ninety. And you've got to put up with speeches and champagne. Isn't that so?"

The king shook his head. "It is amazing. I am half a world away, and yet you sound so much like my wife. What would you have me do?"

"Just go on back home. And maybe, if you get her in a good mood—you could bring her an electric can opener or something—the queen might let you install a power saw in the palace basement."

Rantoul IV sat looking at her and thinking. She watched his face. It was wistful at first, like Harry's when he told of the day he would have had an eighty-nine if he hadn't overshot the green on the last hole. But then the lines between the king's eyes deepened. His jaw muscles tightened. When he stood up, he seemed several inches taller than he had before. He looked at the State Department and nodded, just once. It was a kingly nod.

The State Department gave a heavy sigh of relief. The Defense Department reached over and patted Lucille's hand. The Treasury Department told the king he'd never regret his decision.

"I suppose I had no choice really. It would have been such fun, but . . ." He shook his head and smiled, a little sadly, at Lucille. "As you say, a man must do what he must do."

"You could come back to see us again. Harry and I would love to have you."

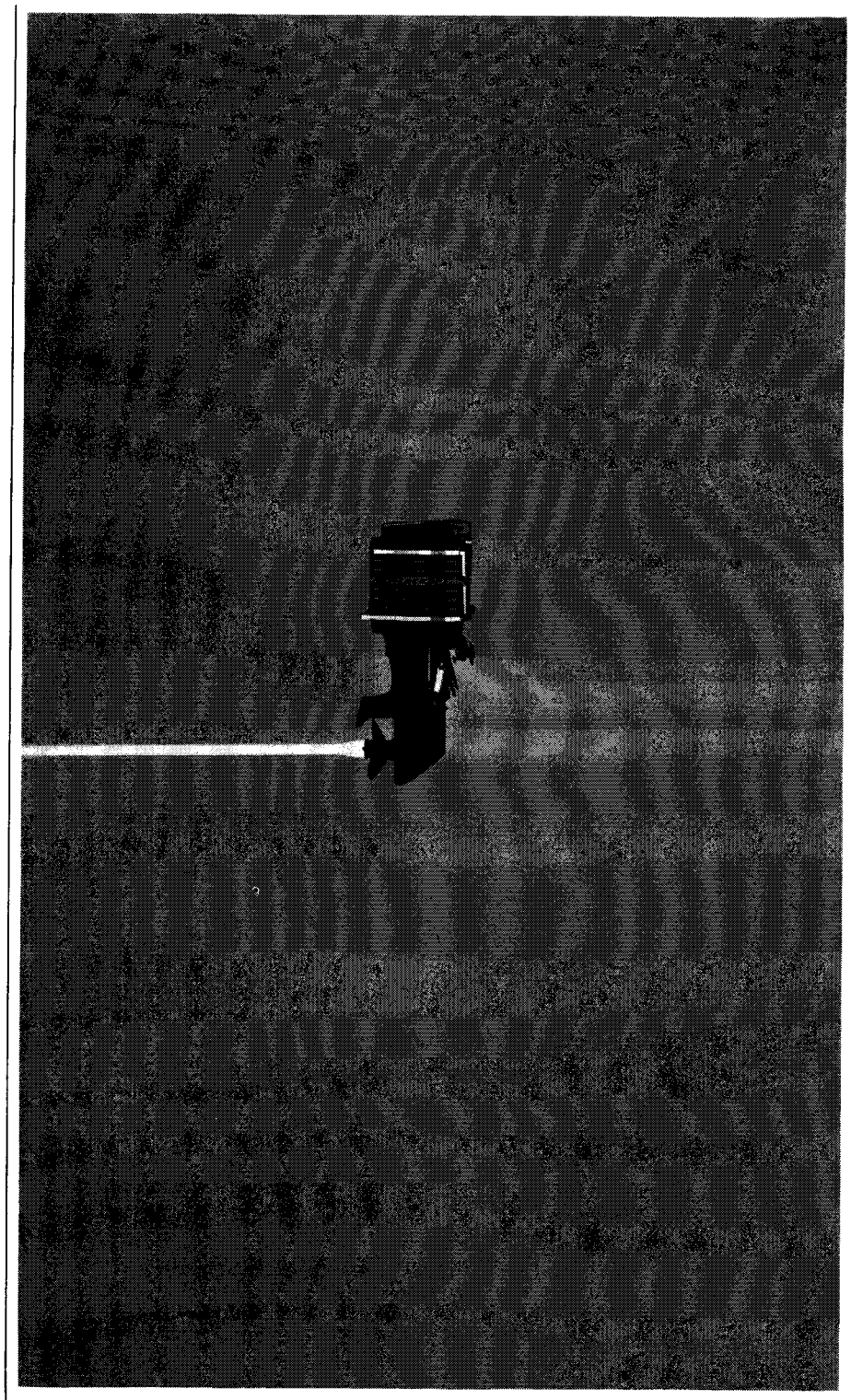
"And you—if you and Harry should ever care to make me a visit. A woman like you, who can keep her head amid such chaos, would make a fine prime minister."

Riding back to the airport in the limousine, Lucille thought of what he'd said. The king hadn't really meant it, of course. Still . . .

But then she shook her head, dismissing the matter. A lot of people could be prime minister. A man could be prime minister. But if she took the job, who would run the house? THE END

"That's not a salesman, it's our treasurer."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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How to Get Along With the Bees

By Murray Hoyt

Last summer a guest at a vacation camp I operate in Vermont was stung by a yellow jacket. Almost immediately ugly red blotches appeared on her face and arms, and she collapsed. She gasped for breath, and saliva drooled from the corners of her mouth.

Fortunately there was a doctor in camp. Dr. J. F. Kilgus, who is director of health services for state employees in Connecticut, rushed to the woman's side as soon as we could find him. Yet by the time he got there she was in a state of shock, cold and clammy, incoherent, nauseated, with a thready pulse and low blood pressure. Doctor Kilgus, among other things, gave her an epinephrine (adrenaline) injection, and she responded rapidly. After she had been taken to her cottage, a man said, bewildered, "But doc, just one little tiny sting, and—and all this. Could she really have died?"

Doctor Kilgus said, "I think there's no doubt about it. Usually when a person is stung, he develops a small wheal or swelling around the spot as his system throws up a dam to hold back the poison. This is normal. But this woman is allergic to stings. Anyone who has become insect-venom sensitized gets a violent allergy reaction from the protein in the venom. For such a person a sting can be, literally, as dangerous as a rattlesnake bite. (In fact, Government statistics show that more people in the United States die from bee stings than from snakebites of all kinds.) The tongue swelling which caused the lady's choking just now usually isn't this bad, although the Connecticut State Police were called not too long ago in an almost identical case. That time a little girl was the victim."

As other guests plied the doctor with questions, he warmed to his subject.

"One sting will do it, certainly," he said. "On one occasion a truck driver was carried to me unconscious. He had stopped his truck on a hill, got out and collapsed, and a following truck driver rushed him to me. He had gasped out the word 'bee' as the other man reached him; otherwise he probably would have died, because we might not have found the sting mark in time. A girl named Dube up in Quebec was stung by a single bee and died within twenty minutes. A man in Caldwell, New Jersey, was stung once and died before a doctor could get there. There are many such cases where the patient came close to death or died. Just this summer my own daughter, Bobbie Jean, became unconscious from a sting."

One of our other guests remarked that if she ever became venom sensitized, she would stay in the house as much as possible and certainly would never leave the city. A man stated emphatically that there should be a law to keep bees away from populated areas. He didn't explain how such a law could be enforced.

These and other remarks seemed to me to stem from a colossal misunderstanding of everything pertaining to this allergy, and to bees and other stinging insects in general. And the remarks made me very sad, because I like and admire bees. I further believe that anybody can coexist with yellow jackets, hornets and bees safely and pleasantly, whether he's insect-venom sensitized or not. In fact, if everybody would follow certain well-known rules, the nation's sting deaths would drop toward the vanishing point.

Stinging Is a Last Resort

Stings are often lumped off as "bee" stings, but often they're something else. Actually, a honeybee will sting only as a last resort. The barbs on its stinger are so effective that, having jabbed this weapon into a victim, the bee can't withdraw it; stinger and poison sac are torn out, and the bee dies soon afterward. Consequently, honeybees are turn-the-other-cheek characters compared with yellow jackets, mud wasps, white-faced hornets and bumblebees. Those gangsters can sting as often as they want to—and they do want to.

Usually bees are too busy anyway to sting, unless pinched or batted, except when the nectar is washed from flowers suddenly by heavy rains, and insect tempers flare. Charles Mraz, New England's largest beekeeper, says that individual bees, like humans, differ from one another radically. Out of a hive containing perhaps 50,000 bees, only a couple of dozen will be really belligerent. I once watched Mraz take apart and put together again seven hives in one of his bee yards while he himself was without hat, gloves, shirt or undershirt. Bees covered his bare shoulders, back, head and stomach. Six hives gave him not one sting.

The seventh was what he calls a "hot hive," and its humming when he came near sounded ominous and angry. He was stung there. But he patiently pointed out to me that thousands of bees were on him, and all could have stung him if they had been as belligerent as the few that did sting. I was willing to concede that he had made his point; certainly I had no intention of challenging his findings personally.

The average citizen seldom runs afoul of a great number of honeybees at once, but it can happen, usually when the bees are swarming or when they take up residence in his house. Swarming is the method by which bees increase their kind. A few new queens are hatched each spring, and just before they hatch, the old queen sets out to find new quarters, taking about half the workers with her. When that happens, the air is virtually full of bees. You may be in your yard when suddenly bees are everywhere.

Actually the bees are not one bit interested in you unless you get between them and the queen, or unless you flail and run and they think you intend harm to the queen. Just stand perfectly still for a little while, even though it may be hard to make yourself do so. They'll go away of their own accord—when their scouts have found suitable living quarters.

Occasionally honeybees set up a home between the outer and inner walls of a house. A knothole in one of the clapboards between studs is usually what gives them entrance. If they pick your house, don't, under any circumstances, plug the entrance while the bees are in there and alive. If you plug it in the daytime, half the bees will be out gathering honey. When they return and find the queen trapped inside, the neighborhood will be no safe place for the human race. The bees will go berserk in their efforts to free their queen. Such was the case in Memphis two years ago, and the home owner was a prisoner in his own house. Everyone in the area was in danger.

It is even bad practice to plug the hole at night, because 50,000 prisoners, all trying to find a way out, can make a frightful racket. And sometimes they manage to find a crack or crevice through plaster or wallboard into the main house. Once they've found it, the residents will need to vacate precipitately. Also, ordinary household insect sprays are of little use against a colony of bees because of the small entrance and large open area between the walls. A professional exterminator is needed. And once the bees are dead, you can plug the hole to keep out robber bees seeking the honey cache.

Occasionally you may have trouble with single bees while you are walking or working among flowers, or when riding in a car with the ventilator set to scoop in air. Anybody who wades jerkily through a stand of flowers where bees are working is obviously asking for it. And it's better to accept a little less cool air and be a little safer by setting the ventilator to point obliquely away from you.

Actually, these are about the only ways in which you as an average citizen would ordinarily have trouble with real bees. But hornets, wasps, yellow jackets and the like are something else again. They're mean, unpredictable, belligerent—and swordsmen of rare skill. Even with such murderous characters, however, coexistence is possible.

Because they don't swarm, the only place you're likely to meet them in quantity is when you bump into, step into, or otherwise harm their nest. When that happens, cover your eyes as much as you can with your hands, looking out through slits between your fingers; move away as unobtrusively as possible with no slapping or wild motions. Get into the deepest brush you can find—if you are in the woods—or put a tree or building between you and the mutilated nest. Then keep going quietly. You'll probably be stung, but it will be nothing as compared with what you'll get if you fight them, flail at them, and run away waving your arms.

If you live in the country, it's a good idea to examine the roof overhang of your buildings often in summer, in case yellow jackets are building a gray-paper nest there. The nest starts very small, is built larger and larger in the ensuing weeks as the colony grows stronger. You can knock the nest down with a pole when it's tiny—and leave the area rapidly. Later it becomes a real problem. At my vacation camp there are twenty-eight buildings located in a wooded area. I send an employee around once a week all summer to destroy new nests. Such a yellow-jacket watch prevents a lot of trouble.

Burlap-Bag Treatment

When the nest is big, the best way to handle it is with a burlap bag at night. Use heavy gloves, climb a ladder, suddenly fit the mouth of the bag over the nest. Pinch the nest off and let it drop inside, holding the mouth of the bag tight shut. Then tie the mouth shut, soak the bag with kerosene or turpentine, and touch a match to it.

If the nest is built into a corner, or for some reason you can't pinch it off, get a sharpened stick, and drive the stick into the ground. Wrap the top in turpentine-soaked rags, and light this torch late at night. Then, with another stick, destroy the nest as suddenly as possible. The yellow jackets will boil out, see the flickering flame, make for it, singe off their wings, and drop to the ground harmless. If you've been smart about the length of the stick with which you did the destroying, and the distance to the nearest corner, you will come out fine. Some people use

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More people die of bee stings than of snakebite. But the busy little creatures won't sting you if you use the right tactics.

the torch to burn the nest itself. But this doesn't get all the insects, and one man who tried it burned down his building.

Mostly, however, you meet hornets and wasps one at a time, and it may be anywhere—in rotting fruit, near drink glasses, where fish are being dressed, in your car or in an attic. A mud wasp once crawled under my wife's pillow when we were sleeping on our cottage porch. She reached under the pillow for a handkerchief in the night, and I think she still feels I wasn't properly sympathetic in my reaction to the scream and the violent thrashing which awakened me. For years afterward she looked under the pillow before getting into bed.

In your car, if a bee, wasp or hornet is buzzing against the inside of the windows, don't worry about it to the detriment of your driving. Once one of these insects decides he's trapped, he gives up all other thought to concentrate on getting out. Unless you force his attention on you, he's not interested in you. Stop the car when you get to a safe place, and open all the windows. If he's still buzzing against the windshield, take a road map and steer him gently out.

Watch Out for Females

If it's a mud wasp, the long, needle-waisted job we have in Vermont in profusion, you may even be able to pick him up in your hand. The male of the species, which you see only in the fall, has no stinger. He may want to sting you if you pick him up, but he can't, because he just doesn't have the equipment. He has a white or yellow face, while the female's face is pure black.

A year or so ago I was called into our camp dining room because three wasps were buzzing in a window beside a guest's table. The guest was in the middle of the room cringing, holding a napkin. Now I'll admit that I enjoy possessing a little bit of knowledge that most people don't have. I feel the way a magician must feel when his best trick comes off well. I walked over and saw that one wasp had a black face, while the other two had white faces. I killed the black female by knocking her to the floor and stepping on her, then picked up the two white-faced males, one in each hand, and walked out with the air of a man performing an everyday chore. The long gasp from the dining room was rewarding.

In all the years I've done this trick, I've never found anyone who knew why the wasp didn't sting me. But if you should try it, don't mistake a mud wasp for a white-

Charles Mraz, New England's largest beekeeper, welcomes a swarm of honeybees. Usually benign, they sting only as a last resort. But yellow jackets, mud wasps and hornets can be treacherous.

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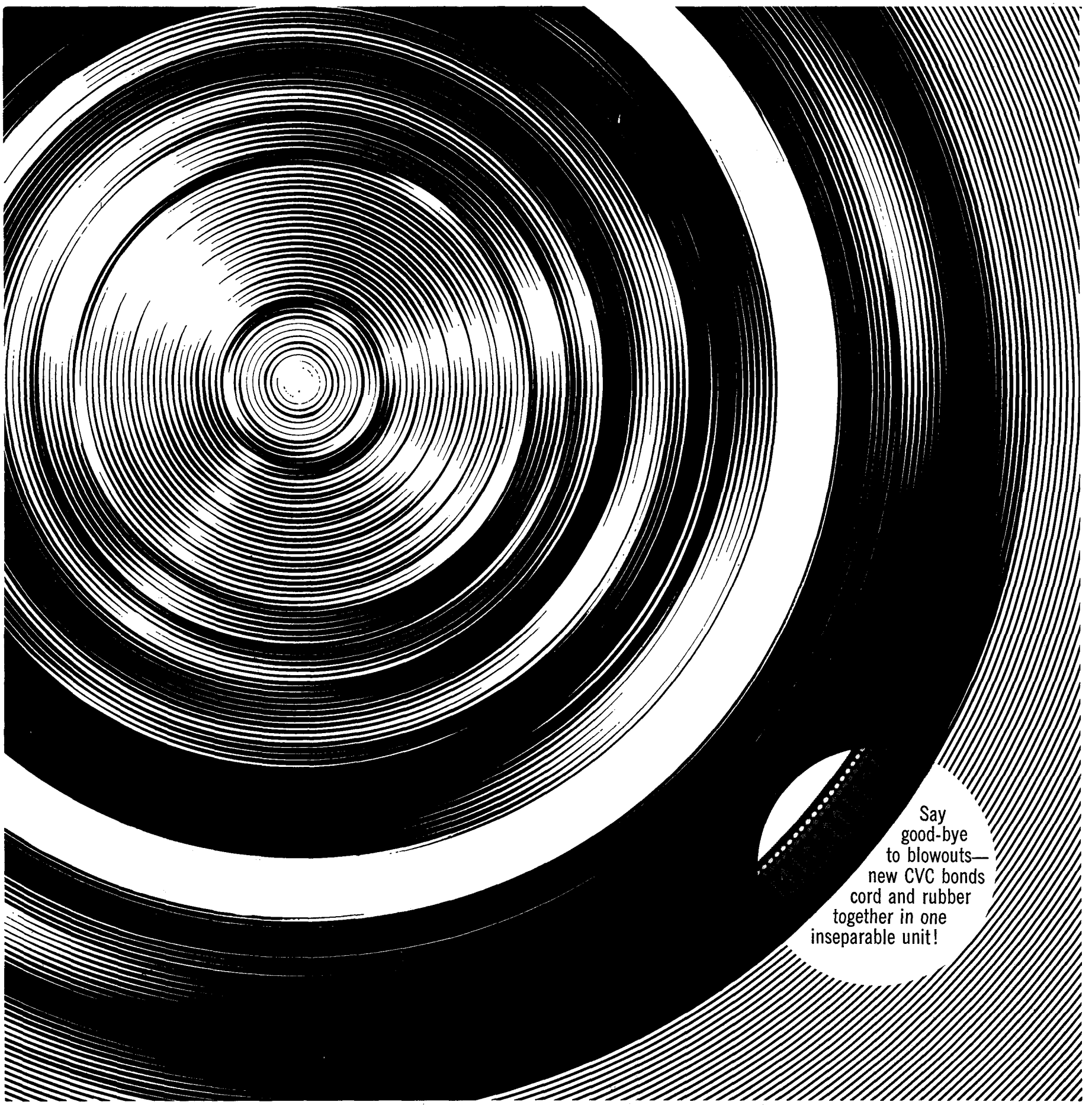

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Don't scare yourself to death if you're stung.

faced hornet. And don't pick up a black-faced wasp with the sun glinting on it in such a way that the face looks white. I did that once—just once.

But suppose you take every precaution and are still stung. That happens, certainly. At a football game I saw a man stung on the tongue by a yellow jacket that had dropped into his glass of cider. And a short time ago my lawn-mower blade cut a bee in half and threw the business half against my bare shin where a reflex spasm evidently whipped the stinger into me. I can state positively that it hurts just as much to be stung by half a bee as by a whole bee. I forced the stinger and poison sac up and out by sliding my thumbnail along my skin. Very little venom was forced out of the sac, as it would have been if I had tried to pinch and pull out the stinger. Still it was a sting.

Let's suppose, however, that you knew from a previous systemic reaction—hives or some similar evidence away from the sting area—that you had a venom sensitivity. And suppose you had been in the football fan's place or in mine. Suppose little blisters appeared around the wheal, a sign of serious trouble ahead. What then?

You would still be in no danger of dying if you were a prudent person and had prepared yourself. Having gone to a doctor about your earlier reaction, you would know that you had a venom sensitivity. And when this new sting came, you would have been carrying with you the antihistamine or Isuprel-Franol tablets, or whatever else the doctor had given you to carry. Doctor Kilgus has requested all state-highway-department trucks and police cars to carry the Isuprel-Franol tablets. "Before we started that practice," he said, "stings were the largest single cause of lost time among the highway crews."

At home you also would have at hand, if the doctor recommended it, the means of injecting epinephrine. You would take the antihistamine, or dissolve the Isuprel-Franol tablet under your tongue, or inject the epinephrine—or would do whatever he had told you to do. Then you would get in touch with him or other medical help to be even safer.

Building Immunity

But who wants to go through life carrying around a little box of pills—or a hypodermic needle? Nobody does. But nobody has to. The pills and the epinephrine should be only a temporary precaution to protect you while you are being immunized by your doctor or by some allergy specialist he recommends. Once your immunity is established, you would react normally to a sting that, prior to the immunization, could have caused your death.

Immunity is accomplished with injections of a serum prepared from the venom of the insect to whose sting you are allergic. Skin tests are made to establish your "threshold" dosage, and then regular injections are given at predetermined intervals. Booster shots are given afterward, at your doctor's discretion, to guard against gradual loss of your immunity.

It isn't a terribly expensive process now, as it was when immunity experiments were first begun. Dr. Mary Loveless, of New York Hospital–Cornell Medical Center, has immunized patients with as few as six yellow-jacket venom sacs, the contents of which she injected in gradually increased doses during a single sitting of from three to five hours. Other doctors have also achieved satisfactory results in the course of one long visit by the patient, but this hurry-up type of immunization is still considered highly controversial by many allergists.

When immunity is attained, you can live normally. Unfortunately, however, through ignorance of the danger, or perhaps apathy, many people who are venom sensitized, and know it, do nothing about it. They don't even carry antihistamine pills, and such behavior, of course, is foolhardy.

Preventing a Fatal Reaction

And there's the case which beekeeper Mraz tells about, where a girl rushed to her doctor when she was stung—even though she was in no wise venom sensitized—because she had read about bee-sting deaths and knew nothing about what caused them. She was terribly frightened, unnecessarily.

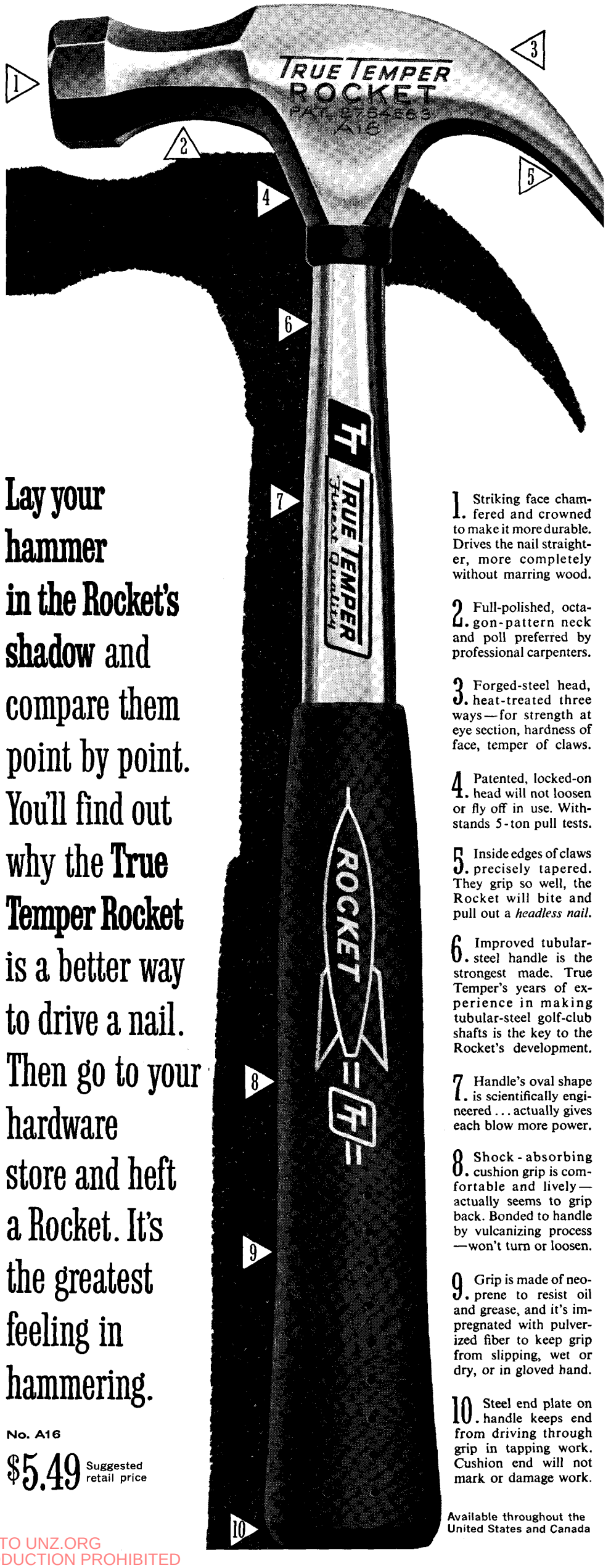
Dr. Harold Medivetsky, allergy specialist of the University of Vermont Medical College, says, "Almost without exception, a venom-sensitized person is warned that he has this condition by a lesser reaction before there is a fatal one. Moreover, the fact that you are sensitized to other things, to ragweed or feathers, does not necessarily mean you are sensitized to bee venom."

So there's no point in scaring yourself to death if you're stung. But if you have ever had any kind of suspicious reaction, it is no more than sensible to do something about it. That something, however, need not be the denial of outdoor pleasures. I know of one woman who kept her daughter, who had had one serious reaction, in the house all summer. Yet a few shots would have immunized the child, and she then could have gone out to play with her friends.

Incidentally, I know several people who have deliberately pressed bees against their flesh, in the hope that the resulting stings would help their rheumatism or arthritis. A majority of arthritis specialists have stated emphatically that bee stings do nothing for these maladies, and that such an action can be highly dangerous. Yet this practice has persisted through the centuries.

The way to coexist with all the *Hymenoptera* is to treat them with deep respect. And we should remember, too, that they perform an important function in this world. Without their services in the pollination of growing things, we would have few flowers and skimpy crops. We need our stinging things, but in their presence we also need to be sensible and prudent.

THE END



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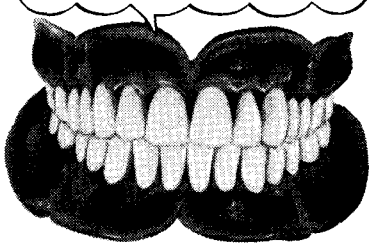

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A Girl Without a Name

(*Continued from page 30*)

"I imagine," I said in my best urbane manner, "by the time we reach Rome that will have been remedied. I leave the day after tomorrow at eight in the morning, and if you come with me I shall be very happy."

That was how we left it.

When, at 7:50 A.M. on the day of departure, I went to the cashier to pay my bill, Hey-you had just paid hers. "I've decided to accept your very kind offer," she said without preamble.

The next stop was Lyon, where I ran into difficulties with a hotelman whose English was on a par with my French. Hey-you stepped into the breach and reduced the agreement to paper. I needed to make a price for parties of 200-odd at a time, and a few francs one way or the other spelled the difference between a profit and a loss.

The language difficulty cropped up again in Zurich, where, to my delight and amazement, I found that Hey-you's German was as good as her French. "I think," I said that evening, "it's only fair, if I am to use you like this, that you let me pay your hotel bills."

"No," she said stiffly, "I prefer to leave things as they are. You are welcome to any help I can give you. Then I shall feel that I have paid you for my seat in the car. I'm not very good," she added unnecessarily, "at accepting things from—people I don't know very well."

"If you will forgive my saying so," I said, "the fact that you don't know me very well isn't my fault. If you want to know anything about me, you have only to ask. I certainly won't invite a snub by asking you questions about yourself."

"I'm not curious enough to want to hear the story of your life," she said coolly. "I'm enjoying the trip just the way it is, and I hope you are too."

From Zurich we went to Milan and from Milan to Turin, where I wanted to make arrangements for parties to visit the big motor works. Here once again Hey-you was invaluable, for she spoke Italian as fluently as French and German.

"Is it forbidden," I asked her, when the negotiations were complete and we were having dinner together, "to ask you whether you are a lady of leisure, or whether you work for a living?"

"I work—hard," she told me. "Languages are an important part of my job. You see," she added, thawing somewhat, "I went to school in Switzerland for four years. I'm glad now that I did, although I hated it at the time."

In Turin I bought a portable typewriter. Correspondence was catching up on me. I worked far into the night, pecking away inefficiently with two fingers. Hey-you, who had a room across the corridor from mine, said in the morning, "You were making very heavy weather with the typewriter last night. Tell me what you want done, and I'll be glad to do it for you."

From then on I enjoyed the luxury of dictating letters in English and having them transcribed into French, Italian or German, as the need arose.

"Listen, Hey-you," I said, when this had gone on for several days, by which time we were in a hotel on the Grand Canal at Venice, "this is quite ridiculous. You simply must let me pay you in one way or another. Why should you spend your holiday working for me?"

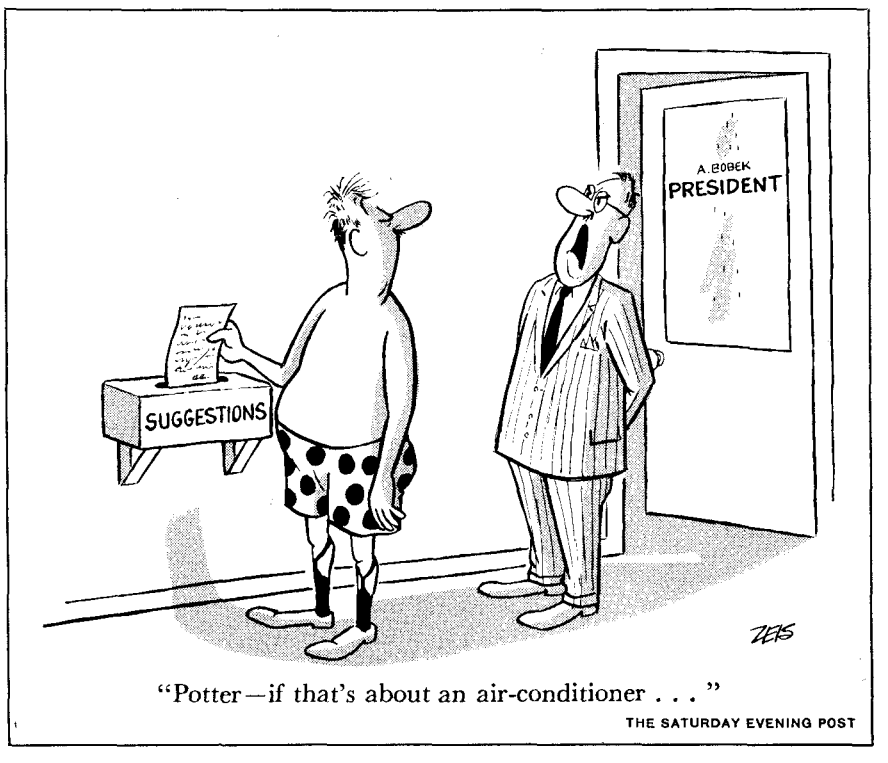
"If you insist," she said with a grin, "you can buy me dinner tonight."

We went by gondola to a restaurant on one of the islands. It was a glorious evening, which just fitted in with my mood, and I would not have been human if, shall we say, I had not tried to put our relationship on a somewhat more intimate footing. But she wasn't playing. "Please don't spoil such a wonderful evening," she said frostily.

A little later, noting I suppose that I was somewhat pensive, she said, "Don't go making big mysteries. I have my own good reasons for keeping my private affairs to myself. That's all. There are no dark secrets, I promise you."

"I'm sure there aren't," I told her. "I've long come to the conclusion that you're a well-known novelist in disguise. But please don't cast me for the villain, I'm just not the type."

"You're quite right, Alan," she said, using my name for the first time. "My villains must have sharp outlines and be painted in vivid colors. Your outline is too fuzzy for a villain—not definite enough. How can one make a villain out of a man who says he's an ex-economist



"Potter—if that's about an air-conditioner . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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and an ex-farmer? Watch out that you're not soon an ex-travel agent."

That got under my skin. "I may not be a business genius," I said hotly, "but if things go on as they are going now, my best calculation is that I shall handle about six thousand people this summer, and if there isn't a pound a head profit in it for me—net and clear—I shall be very surprised. That may not seem a very large sum to you," I concluded hotly, "but it does to me." It did too.

Then Florence, Pisa and Rome. Thanks in large part to Hey-you, everything went smoothly. Anyway, from a business standpoint. The romantic aspects were less encouraging.

On the drive northward from Rome to Genoa, I made a proposition to Hey-you—a business proposition. "I don't know what your job is," I began, "or what it pays you, but there's nothing I'd like better than to have you come and work for me. State your terms, and let's try to work something out."

"Thank you," she said quietly, "but I don't think any offer you could make me would equal what I have in prospect. Although I'm a woman, Alan, I'm quite ambitious. But," she added sweetly, "if what I'm trying to do doesn't come off, I'll be glad to discuss it with you sometime."

In San Remo, Monte Carlo, Nice and Cannes I was kept too busy to think of anything but work. So was Hey-you. The days were spent arguing with hoteliers who demanded such outrageous prices that, if I had agreed, there would have been nothing in it for me.

Meanwhile, the most disturbing influence in my life was Hey-you. It was getting me down. By the time we reached Cannes we had been on the road together just over a month, and I didn't even know her name. More than once I contemplated having a chat with a hotel reception clerk and asking to see her registration, but a kind of false pride stopped me. If she didn't want me to know her name, then I didn't want to know it. Besides, I should have looked such a fool, traveling with a woman and admitting I didn't know who she was.

I had all kinds of wild theories, of course. The first was that she was someone tremendously well known, or important. I dismissed that on the ground that if it were so, somebody would have recognized her by now. It then occurred to me that she was on the lam. I liked that theory, because it gave me a chance to be big—broad-minded, prepared to overlook anything she had done because she had done it. It was all right as a theory, but it wouldn't hold water. Hey-you just wasn't the criminal type. She wasn't nervous enough at frontiers, if you know what I mean.

On we went, to Marseille, Aix-en-Provence, thence west to the Spanish frontier, down the Costa Brava to Barcelona. Here Hey-you was a disappointment—she didn't speak Spanish.

I cheated in Barcelona, inventing a Monday appointment in order to stay there over the weekend. After Barcelona, except for brief calls in Toulouse and Bordeaux, my job on the Continent was finished. When we turned north, we should be on the last leg of our journey home.

We spent the Sunday swimming at a little place on the Costa Brava. It was May, as May should be on the Mediterranean, blue skies with little fleecy clouds at a great height. The sea was warm and limpid. Hey-you in a swimsuit was something to see. Four languages, a first-rate shorthand typist and able to write good letters without dictation, a working knowledge of accountancy and the kind of figure that haunts a man's dreams. What a secretary!

I don't know when or where Hey-you learned her wolf-evading technique, but you may take it from me that it was in a good school. That evening in Venice should have been enough. There we were in a gondola by moonlight, with a good dinner and a skinful of wine to break down the sales resistance, to say nothing of the chauffeur at the back bellowing *O Sole Mio* and other sure-fire numbers—and where did it get me? I'll tell you where. "That was a very nice evening, Alan," she said as we went up the watersteps of the hotel. "Thank you very much. Good night!"

On the Costa Brava the sight of Hey-you in that white swimsuit pushed my blood pressure up a hundred points, but I don't believe she even saw the smoke coming out of my ears. When we got out of the water, she dried her face and hands on a beach towel, reached for her handbag and made a note on a little note pad she always carried. "I hope," I remarked chattily, "that you've just made a note to treat me like a human being for the future."

"No," she said with a cryptic smile, "I used our last sheet of carbon paper yesterday, and I was making a note to buy some more before we leave tomorrow."

Remember the fox that Aesop immortalized? Well, for the rest of the trip, that was my line. Hey-you just wasn't human, that's all. If the grapes were sour, I didn't want them. Anyway, that's how I kept my blood pressure under control for the six or seven hundred miles to Boulogne.

"By the way," I said, braking to a stop outside the garage in Montreuil where I had picked her up, "isn't this where we came in? I imagine that by now they've found the spare part for your scooter."

"Oh, that!" she said lightly. "I wrote to them weeks ago and told them to ship the scooter back to England. It was a bad idea anyway. I'm afraid you'll have to put up with me for the rest of the way—but it's only thirty kilometers to Boulogne, so grit your teeth and make the best of it."

That conveys a fair picture of the atmosphere in the car.

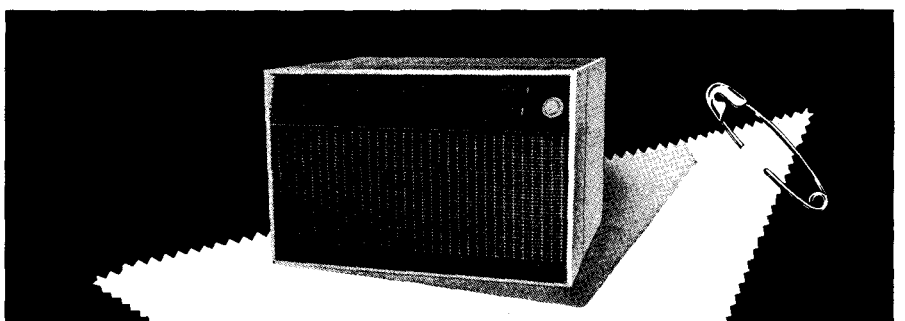
"Well," she remarked with a burst of originality as we drove onto the ferry at Boulogne, "it was fun while it lasted, wasn't it?"

And that was it. While I was attending to the car's papers at Dover and clearing customs, Hey-you vanished. One moment she was there and the next she wasn't.

Frankly I admit that I was hurt. Nothing had happened to warrant her behaving like that. I didn't deserve it, for I had behaved amazingly well—anyway, it amazed me—from start to finish. She could not possibly feel aggrieved unless, to add to all her other talents and accomplishments, she was a mind reader.

I don't want to dramatize my feelings, so I will content myself by saying that the seventy-two miles from Dover to London seemed longer than the two or three thousand I had covered since leaving Boulogne on the outward trip.

Clinging passionately to the slender comfort to be gained from the sour-grapes theory, I plunged into work. The



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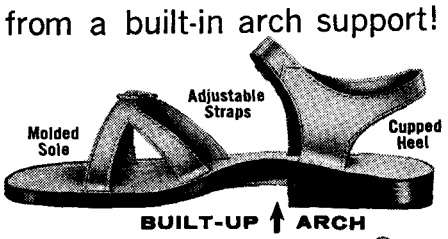

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A Girl first tour of the season was in June, and this was well into May. To hell with Hey-you. I would forget her.

Excellent as this was in theory, it was not so easy in practice. The elegant vital statistics encased in the white swimsuit were already fading fast, but what stuck in my gullet was something far more serious: In her hasty disappearance at Dover, Hey-you had walked off with my briefcase containing the agreements made with hotels and others, together with my carbon copies of all correspondence. Precious time would be lost before she, discovering what she had done, returned them to me.

I had no means of finding Hey-you. All I could do, therefore, was to sit and wait. I sat and waited for five days, and if her ears didn't burn, they must have been made of asbestos, because even now I blush when I think of some of the things I called her. Yet I was forced to admit that this flagrant carelessness, selfishness and stupidity were not in character—at least not as I knew her.

The only thing to do then was to backtrack. The garageman at Montreuil remembered Hey-you well. Yes, he had received a letter from her, but had destroyed it after handing over the scooter to be shipped back to England. What had been wrong with it? I asked.

"Nothing, monsieur," he replied, looking surprised. "The lady told me that it was too far by scooter to Rome, and she had accepted an offer of a seat in a friend's car. Then monsieur arrived and took the lady with him. That," he added with a shrug, "is all I know."

Next stop Paris, where I called on the manager of the Hôtel Quirinal Palace, where we had stayed. "I know that it is an unusual request," I said to the manager in his private office, "but the fact is that I have forgotten the name and address of the lady who stayed here with me last month. Would you mind letting me have it from your records?"

"Certainly, monsieur, certainly," he said. "If you will be good enough to wait a moment, I will have the card turned up."

He left the room, returning with the card in his hand. He seemed a trifle embarrassed, I thought, and looked at me rather oddly. "The lady's name is Annabelle, monsieur. "

"Didn't she have any other name?"

"Yes, monsieur"—he coughed delicately—"the full name is Mrs. Annabelle Grant. The address is the same as monsieur's. Strange, is it not," he continued tactfully, "the tricks that memory plays? The employee who took the particulars remembers the incident quite clearly. Madame mentioned that as monsieur snores extremely loudly, she preferred a separate room."

"Well, I'll be a something most indelicate!" I said, making my escape.

Even if a fairy godmother had come along at that moment with the missing briefcase, it was already too late to save the first tour of the summer from disaster. At best, my failure to carry out my contracts would antagonize the hotels and subcontractors and destroy their confidence in me, while at worst I faced a flock of lawsuits for breach of contract.

Like the police, when they find a bullet-ridden corpse in a dark alley, I was beginning to suspect foul play. This was no lighthearted prank. Quite evidently she had been waiting for me at Montreuil, counting upon the arresting color of that cerise sweater and the even more arresting contours it revealed to turn me into a knight-errant at the service of a damsel in distress. What an easy mark I had been!

Just as perplexing was the question of what to do now to prevent Halliburton's Industrial Tours from being swept away by this catastrophe. There was, it seemed to me after a day or so of deliberation, only one thing to do, and that was to do the whole trip over again, make my explanations and hope that they would be accepted. June was lost entirely. There remained now the autumn tours. Halliburton's was a strictly off-season operation. In July, August and the first half of September, most European hotels are filled to capacity. There are no cut rates, and only by cut rates were we enabled to quote an inclusive price within the means of our clients.

So, off I set again by car, this time alone. In vain did the most seductive would-be hitchhikers try to flag me down. Driving around Europe once again, I was disconcerted when, in a moment of truth, I realized that there was one hitchhiker for whom I *would* have stopped. I missed Hey-you, missed her badly, despite what she had done to me. If the next bend in the road were to reveal her standing helplessly by the roadside, my heart would miss a couple of beats. I would stop, open the door and be glad to have her sitting beside me. Hey-you—damn her eyes!—not only had ruined my business but had destroyed my good sense, sapped my reason.

When Hey-you and I had taken the Simplon route from Switzerland into Italy, the pass had been closed by snow. We had put the car on the train through the tunnel. But when I came that way alone, the pass was open. Halfway up the narrow valley from Brig there was still snow lying in shady patches. The alpine meadows were carpeted with spring flowers. Sunshine sparkled in the clear air. It was a glorious day—a day that cried to be shared. At the top of the pass, still in Switzerland, is a small hotel astride the plateau. I was the only luncheon guest in the dining room, where a vast number of tables was in readiness.

Asked if I would mind waiting a short time, I went for a stroll. When I returned, there were five silver-gray coaches standing in the parking lot. When I was close enough, I read the inscription across the rear of the coaches: HALLIBURTON'S FRIENDLY MOTOR COACH TOURS. Sitting beside the driver of the No. 1 coach, looking extremely businesslike and authoritarian, was Hey-you! I kept out of sight until she went in to lunch. Then I learned from one of the drivers that the night stop was at Cernobbio on Lake Como.

I skipped lunch altogether—something had happened to my appetite. Besides, I needed time to think. I would confront her, denounce her perfidy and make her feel as small as I had been feeling since she skipped with my briefcase.

I reached Cernobbio at five o'clock and was given a room with a balcony overlooking the lake. Como in the late afternoon and early evening of a warm June day is inexpressibly lovely. It was so lovely as I sat out on the balcony planning vengeance that a lump came into my throat.

From the window of my bathroom I saw the coaches arrive. I watched Hey-you alight, shepherd her hot and dusty sheep into the hotel before she followed them. I guessed what would happen when they had all gone to their rooms, so I put on my swimming trunks and a bathrobe.

She was wearing that devastating white swimsuit when she crossed the lawn, stood for a moment poised on the diving board and plunged cleanly into the lake. She was a hundred yards out and swimming strongly by the time I reached the diving board. I made my approach from the rear while she was floating on her back, gazing up into the blue sky. Twisting one arm into the small of her back, I held her under with the other. About ten seconds the first time. She came up spluttering. "Good evening, Mrs. Annabelle Grant!" I said as I pushed her under the second time. All she had time to say was "Oh!" The bubbles were getting feeble when I let her surface.

"Are you going to drown me?" she asked when she caught her breath, her eyes, I was delighted to see, rounded with fear.

"I'm not sure," I replied. "It depends upon how you answer a few questions. I want a truthful and complete explanation of your reasons for trying to ruin a man who not only has done you no harm, but who has treated you with far more kindness, courtesy and consideration than you deserve. I won't drown you if you swear to tell me everything I'm entitled to know."

To emphasize my point, I gave her another ten seconds under water. "Yes, Alan, I promise—I swear," she agreed hastily, already half full of Como water.

We swam to the shore and thirty minutes later drove off in my car to a restaurant with a balcony overhanging the lake. Hey-you, who is all appetite and no conscience, ate like a horse. "Well," she said when the waiter had left us alone with the coffee, "let the inquisition begin."

"First," I said, "what's your name? I'm tired of calling you Hey-you."

"My name is Daphne," she said.

"Daphne what? I suppose you had a father."

"Daphne Halliburton. You and I are cousins of a kind—by marriage. My father and your Uncle George founded Halliburton's Industrial Tours together, and my father was swindled out of his share."

"If that's true," I said, "why didn't he do something about it?"

"He couldn't. He died. I've done it for him. I stole the whole works back from under your very nose. You need a nurse. You shouldn't sign things without reading them. All the contracts were made with Halliburton's Friendly Motor Coach Tours—which is me. Any more questions?"

"Yes," I replied. "Can you cook?"

"No," she snapped. "What else?"

"How many children do you think we should have?"

"If you're going to waste my time talking nonsense," she said haughtily, "I'm going. Don't forget," she added slyly, "that two hundred of my customers have to make an early start in the morning."

"Two hundred of whose customers?" I roared. "You surely don't suppose I'm going to let you get away with it. If we don't reach a settlement which satisfies me—here at this table, my girl—you're going to spend tonight in an Italian prison and a good many nights after that. Falsifying documents, probably forgery, signing false names on hotel registers, stealing my briefcase and Lord knows what else."

"You don't mean that, Alan. You couldn't ——"

"Just call my bluff and see what happens."

A runny look came into her eyes, one I had never seen before. "Do you mean, darling, that you'd put the felon's brand on the future mother of your children?"

"Try me and see!"

"Then, darling, if it's the only way of keeping out of prison, I'll marry you. It wouldn't be fair to my customers to leave them stranded by Lake Como."

"Whose customers?" I roared.

"Ours, darling," she said gently, slipping into my open arms. "Let's form a merger, and this"—her lips were much softer than I had expected—"makes it legal."

Halliburton's Friendly Motor Coach Tours is a prosperous going concern now with some eleven thousand customers signed up for next season. We plan to have all our children in the slack winter season, which will enable Hey-you—Daphne suggests someone soft and clinging—to employ her undoubted talents as an organizer with the minimum of inconvenience, which leaves me free to adjust myself to my new role of philosopher.

To insure against becoming an ex-philosopher, I sign all checks.

THE END

"What's up?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Dinner With the Kennedys

By Beverly Smith Jr.

What to expect when you receive Washington's most sought-after invitation: a bid to spend a gala evening at the White House.

The historic State Dining Room ready for the evening's guests. In matters of food and drink, the Kennedys strive to match the high standards set by Thomas Jefferson. Like him, they have a French chef.

I hear you dined at the White House—what was it like?" I asked the charming Mrs. X recently.

"It was," she said, "a hungry, expensive, nerve-racking and occasionally agonizing four weeks."

Her reply puzzled me at first. In past years I had heard criticism of White House food, but never that it was uneatable; I had heard cynics complain (or brag) that a Presidential dinner was tedious, but never of a meal so boring that it seemed four weeks long.

As I pondered, she had paused reflectively. Now she became quite starry-eyed. "And it was *worth* it!" she exclaimed. "That wonderful evening at the White House more than made up for every pang of hunger, every penny spent and every shooting pain."

I began to see the light.

"You mean," I said, "that your hardships were confined to the weeks of preparation?"

"Exactly." Then, promised anonymity, she disclosed the harrowing and amusing particulars of her preprandial problems. Later I will summarize her experiences, because—apart from the physical pain in her case—they were typical. I have never known anyone, famous, obscure or middling, who did not feel a certain combination of thrills and jitters on receiving for the first time one of the beautifully engraved invitations to a formal White House dinner.

The ensuing anxieties usually trouble the wives more than the husbands for two reasons: (1) Women tend to be more socially conscious than men, and (2) the men's doubts about what to wear are simplified by the rigid rules prescribing their evening-dress harness. But the ladies are confronted with a series of agonizing reappraisals: of their wardrobe, shoes, hairdo, complexion, makeup and figure.

"The men have it easy," say the ladies. Not entirely. The husbands, quite apart from shrinkage in the bankroll, may have worries of their own. I have known strong men, fist-pounding decision-makers in their own fields, to fret piteously over their choice of white tie and tails. To rent? To borrow? To buy a new high-priced, tailor-made rig? Or to refurbish the old outfit, redolent of mothballs?

Lateness Is Unfashionable

The men fuss around in other ways. A learned scientist put a surprised research assistant to work on a rush project of probing stacks of etiquette books for tips on proper White House behavior. A nationally known industrialist, telephoning from the West Coast to a friend in the Cabinet, pleaded for counsel on details of decorum. For example: "My invitation says eight o'clock. Does that mean I should arrive at 7:45, or 8:00 or 8:15?"

The answer: "Arrive between 7:40 and 7:55 P.M." "Fashionable lateness" is not fashionable at the President's house.

Even if you arrive on the dot of eight you may find yourself being politely hurried along by the escorts. For at this moment, according to the usual schedule, the President and Mrs. Kennedy, accompanied by their special guests of honor and preceded by the military guard bearing the national colors, are about to descend the grand staircase into the lobby. There the scarlet-coated Marine Band Orchestra is poised to sound off with *Ruffles and Flourishes.*

All of which reminds us that the anxious preparations for such a function are not confined to the guests. Far from it. The guests—who usually number from sixty to 150—may fret for three or four weeks. Occupants of the White House, however, have been grappling with the problems of appropriate and gracious entertainment for 161 years—ever since President John Adams and his wife Abigail gave their first "levees" and dinners in the winter of 1800–01.

Minimizing the Trembles

The quality of this hospitality has varied according to the social genius of successive Presidents and their wives. At some periods it has been embarrassingly ostentatious or lavish; at others it has been too stiff, formal, frugal or stuffy. But over the decades old regulars on the White House staff, who stay on while Presidents come and go, have developed and transmitted a precious store of skills and traditions. These are invaluable to an incoming President.

As each guest list is made up, there are intricate questions of protocol and precedence, of harmony, of mutual compatibility. Above all, once the guests begin to arrive, there is the problem of striking the proper balance between dignity and warmth, between impressiveness and good cheer. Here the equation varies with the tastes and personalities of President and First Lady. Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy are both young, high-spirited and socially gifted. It is generally agreed among the many I have talked to—and that includes some stern Republican partisans—that the Kennedys have added to White House dinners a new warmth and gaiety.

"The trick is to keep the thrills but minimize the trembles," explained one old White House hand. "This house is a shrine and symbol to all Americans. On those who enter it as guests, especially for the first time, it exerts a powerful thrill. The historic aura, the splendor of the décor, the many notables present, the physical proximity of the President and his wife—all this can be overwhelming. It can make the guests too nervous to enjoy themselves. That's what I mean by 'the trembles.'"

President and Mrs. Kennedy have initiated many little changes designed for the greater comfort, relaxation and pleasure of their guests. For example, the mansion's fine fireplaces, long unused, have been reopened and made to draw briskly. Open fires are as ancient as hospitality itself; their faint fragrance of wood smoke recalls old memories, reassuring the uneasy visitor.

And there is the matter of music. The Marine Band has been a feature of White House entertainment since the time of John Adams. It was formerly the custom, at most state dinners, for the Marine musicians to hold their fire until the President and his honor guests descended the

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stairway at 8:00 P.M., then to cut loose with *Ruffles and Flourishes*, followed by *Hail to the Chief*. Now the musicians precede their grand salutations with music of gentler strain, beginning as the guests start to arrive. The tunes are light and sprightly—such music as hath charms to soothe the nervous breast.

Then there are the Air Force Strolling Strings. This group of instrumentalists, organized only eight years ago, has already begun to rival the popularity of the Marine Orchestra. President and Mrs. Eisenhower occasionally brought them to the White House, chiefly as part of the after-dinner entertainment. Now they have a broader function. At intervals throughout the evening they stroll the halls. The melody of their strings floats softly through the historic rooms, providing a background rather than an interruption to the conversation.

Certain ceremonial courtesies and rules, known as "protocol," are necessary for official functions. These tend to become uncomfortably rigid. President Kennedy has eased the shackles with a sentence: "The principle of protocol should be to make things easy, not difficult."

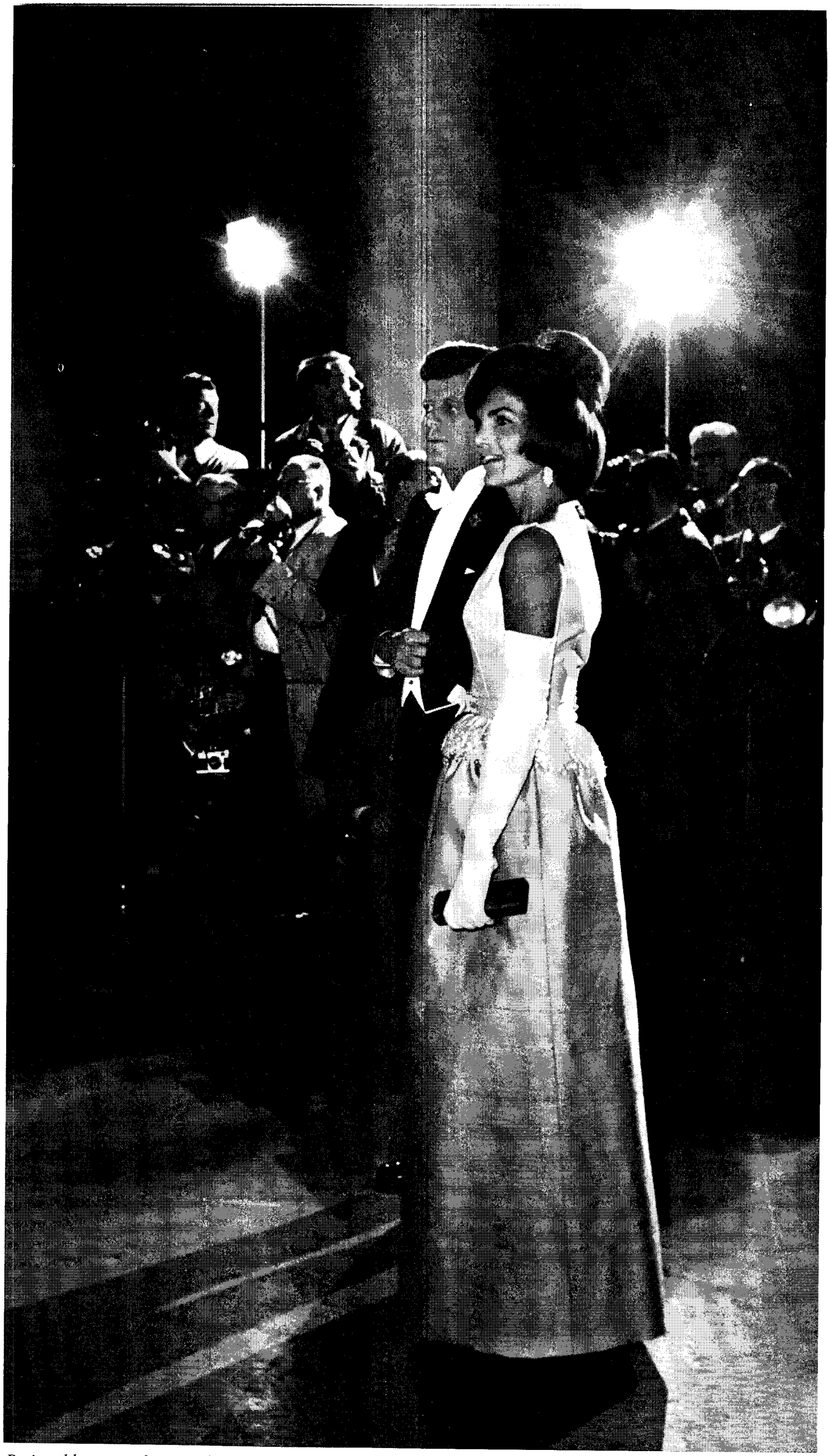
As for the prime requisites of a satisfactory dinner—good food and drink—the Kennedys strive for the high standards set by Thomas Jefferson and never since surpassed. Like Jefferson they have a French chef, René Verdon. He has been schooled since boyhood in Gallic cuisine, but is still young enough at thirty-seven to make judicious concessions to American tastes. Each course must be perfect, and four are usually considered enough. (Mrs. Grant sometimes served twenty-nine courses.) Suitable wines are served with dinner—at least one of them an American vintage—followed by champagne with the dessert and for the toasts.

Brief Period for Drinks

For a discreetly brief period before dinner, cocktails, along with fruit juices and other *apéritifs*, are passed to the guests assembled in the East Room. This practice is a departure from the custom of some preceding Presidents. Jefferson, a connoisseur of wines, frowned on spirituous liquors. Andrew (Old Hickory) Jackson, by contrast, allowed his guests an entire hour before dinner to take aboard "drams and whets," including a whisky punch so potent that it was called "tanglefast." No canapés are served with the *apéritifs*—perhaps because Mrs. Kennedy doesn't want her guests' palates dulled for the meal to which she has devoted so much planning and care.

"Planning" and "care" are the key words behind good entertaining at the White House. "The public and even the guests have no idea," says one veteran functionary plaintively, "of the time and trouble that go into making things run smoothly."

He's right. How many know, for example, of the selection and training of those indispensable men, the twenty-four "Bachelors?" Or of the problems of ink? Or of the delicate question of when the President should toast a visiting monarch not in champagne but in milk—even goat's



Besieged by press photographers at a recent dinner for the Shah of Iran and his queen, the President and Mrs. Kennedy stand outside on the North Portico to receive their guests of honor. Even stern Republicans admit that the Kennedys have brought warmth and gaiety to White House entertaining.

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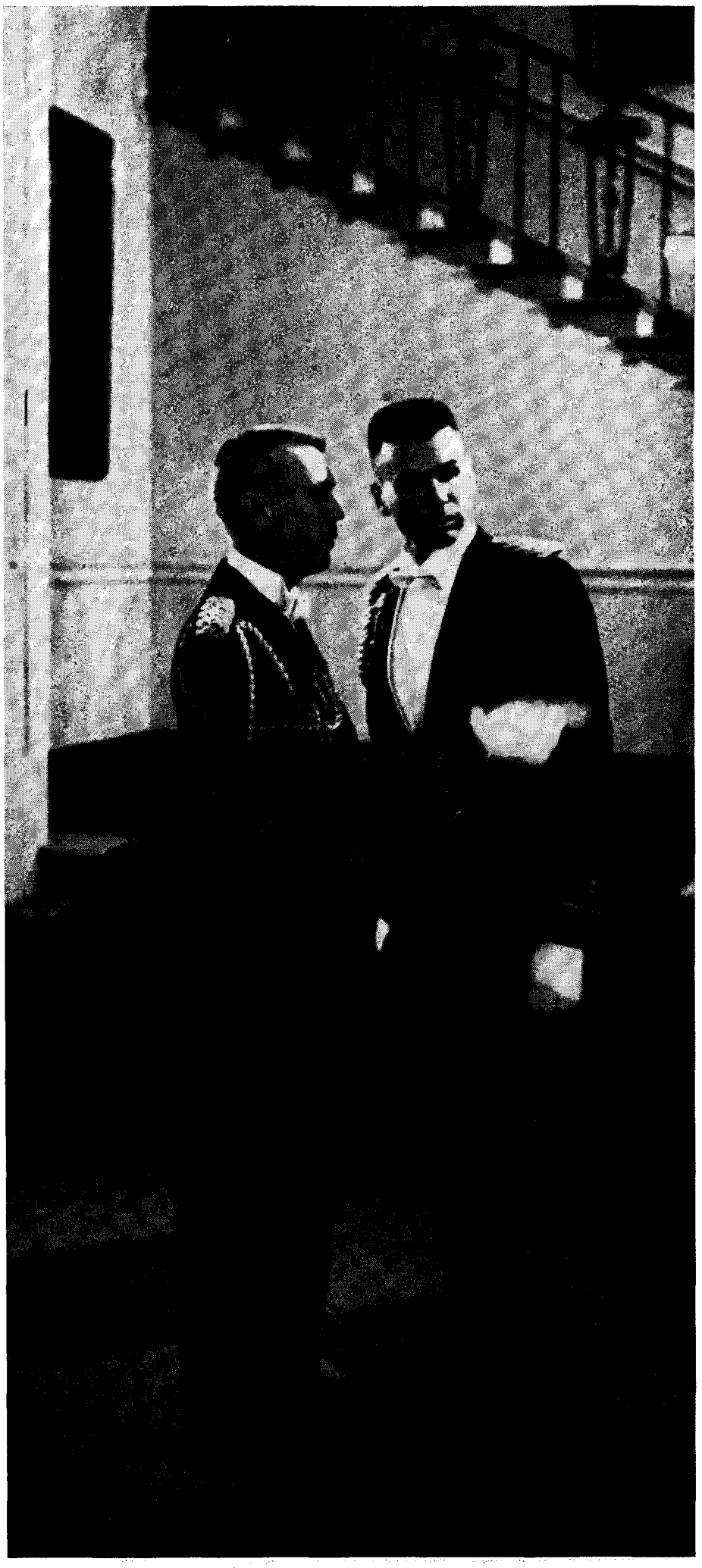

Two White House Social Aides confer while awaiting arrival of guests. Called "the Bachelors," they are unmarried military officers who act as unobtrusive escorts and emergency conversationalists.

milk? Or of the artistic toil of the four White House calligraphers? Or of what the waiters are schooled to do if a tremulous lady, alas! drops a boiled potato to the floor? (Not to keep the reader in suspense on this last point, a waiter scoops up the spud in a flash, shrouds it in a napkin and whisks it away before anyone is the wiser.)

The Bachelors, formally titled Social Aides—and by some called Yootwups—are young unmarried officers of the Army, Air Force, Navy and Marines. They are expected to have good manners and to be reasonably poised and personable. "But we don't look for pretty boys and cooky-pushers," emphasizes Maj. Gen. Chester V. Clifton, the President's senior military aide. "These men picked for White House duty have combat decorations, or are of the type slated for combat command."

Bachelors Must Be Bachelors

The requirement that the Bachelors *be* bachelors is based on common sense. A young officer's wife naturally would be annoyed to spend her evenings sitting at home while her husband was gallivanting around the White House.

But "gallivanting" is hardly the word. The Bachelors are drilled and rehearsed for their social duties as though for a perilous night reconnaissance. On them rests much of the responsibility for seeing that a White House evening moves without hitch or contretemps. They must always be in the right place at the right time, ready to escort ladies to their proper "sector" in the receiving line, to introduce guests to their dinner partners and to clear up points of procedure or etiquette where a guest may be in doubt. At any large social function a novice guest may find himself (or herself) isolated in a corner, alone and forlorn. But not for long, at the White House. An engaging Bachelor drifts over casually, unobtrusively learns something of the guest's interests or hobbies and restores him or her to congenial circulation.

The Bachelors do not ordinarily share the Presidential repast. They slip away to the basement for an excellent but briefer meal in the White House Staff Mess. They rejoin the party when the guests emerge from the State Dining Room.

And why should these picked men, chosen primarily on their military records, be nicknamed Yootwups? Because they are obviously Young Officers On The Way Up.

The Social Entertainments Office, headed by Sanford L. Fox, is concerned in part with protocol, guest lists, seating arrangements and other amenities. One of its most important and least-known functions is calligraphy—the art of penmanship. Mr. Fox himself is a master calligrapher and he has three skilled assistants. But he salutes Adrian B. Tolley as the true pioneer of White House excellence in this field.

Mr. Tolley, trained since childhood in Spencerian script by his mother, was first brought to the White House in 1915 to help write invitations to the wedding of President Wilson and Mrs. Galt. He remained for forty-five years, serving seven Presidents before retiring in 1960.

Invitations to the White House are so prized by most recipients that they are preserved in family archives for posterity. Therefore, reasoned Mr. Tolley, the invitations should be worthy of their destiny, in paper, embossing, engraving and penmanship. The first three problems were solved with the help of a noted old paper company and of the artists at the U. S. Bureau of Engraving and Printing. As for the calligraphy, Tolley and his associates so perfected it that the handwriting on the invitation cards cannot be distinguished from the engraving except by the sense of touch: The engraved letters stand up by a few hairbreadths from the paper.

But the ink—that was a tough one. It must not fade, or be too thin or too thick, or vary an iota from the blackness of the engraving. After years of experimenting, Tolley found the solution: a certain precise blend of fine American and English inks.

The flowers, the lighting, the place cards, the table decorations, the vermeil silverware, the interpreters, the Secret Service men (who remain both vigilant and inconspicuous), and the intelligence officers stationed below with their worldwide communications, ready to alert the President, even in the midst of a royal toast, to a dire global emergency—all these are part of the infinite care with which the White House entourage makes its plans.

And what does all this cost the taxpayers? A good question, but hard to answer. Dinner costs can't be isolated. The servants and staff are regular White House personnel. The noted artists who perform after dinner accept no compensation for their performances. The services of the Bachelors and of the Marine and Air Force musicians are part of their regular duties. Even the costs of food and drink are hard to figure, since donors may send in turkeys from Minnesota or fresh salmon from Maine, or 100 bottles of a choice vintage. Mr. Kennedy pays all his own family expenses, including those for entertaining his personal friends. He also pays for some items of the official entertainment out of his own pocket.

However great the care and skills of the staff, the tone and spirit of a White House party must be imparted by the President and the First Lady.

Preeminent among White House hostesses in the nineteenth century was President Madison's wife, the delightful Dolley. Of her it was written, "She instinctively made each individual who entered her presence feel that he or she was an object of special interest." John and Jacqueline Kennedy have a similar gift and seem to enjoy exercising it. They don't limit themselves to a quick handshake in the receiving line; they try to cheer each guest with an appropriate greeting, pleasantry or personal reference. Also, in conversational intervals after dinner the host and hostess separately circulate among their guests, taking care not to neglect the more timid or less celebrated.

Kennedys Balance Guest List

In the past, White House guest lists have at times been weighted in favor of influential politicians, generous campaign contributors, and the high military brass. Such VIP's still receive due attention, but the Kennedys have balanced them off with notable representatives from almost every field of American achievement. Thus the tycoon or senator may find himself flanked by a young nuclear scientist, a lady bacteriologist, an elder poet or an operatic star. On occasion intellectual brilliance outshines even the historic tableware, as in the recent unprecedented White House dinner for Nobel Prize winners.

For that function Mr. Kennedy, unwilling to fret great minds with super-

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fluous regalia, decreed black tie. He had previously broken precedent by ruling black tie for the traditionally white-tie congressional reception. "Let's get some of the starch out of these things," he fumes to his aides. But so far the old white tie and tails have usually prevailed against even the will of the President of the United States.

Mr. Kennedy has had his way, however, and has added to the gaiety of nations in a grim time with another innovation. Everyone familiar with diplomatic dinners knows the deadly dullness of the conventional international toasts. President Kennedy has spiced these up with humor—sometimes off the cuff—suited to the occasion and to the personality of the foreign guest of honor. The visiting dignitary, tipped off by his embassy to the novel custom, may join in the game with a nifty or so of his own.

A Toast in Cow's Milk

Toasts also can have their complications, as in the visit to Washington last February of the King of Saudi Arabia. His Majesty, a devout Moslem, drinks no alcoholic beverages. His favored tipple is goat's milk, which was duly supplied him during his stay here. Therefore it was thought fitting for the President to toast the king in milk. But what kind of milk? According to unconfirmed rumor, one protocol perfectionist urged that Mr. Kennedy should go whole hog—or goat—and toast in goat's milk. In the end, however, the President drank to the king with cow's milk.

The quality and variety of after-dinner entertainment under the Kennedy regime has been so widely commented on that I will refer to it only briefly here. Shakespearean players, singers, dancers and musicians of international renown have performed for the Kennedys' guests. One of the happiest occasions was when the great Pablo Casals, now eighty-five, was persuaded to travel from semiretirement in Puerto Rico. The world's acknowledged Old Maestro of the cello enchanted his audience with undiminished precision and fire. The sentiment and pleasure of the evening were enhanced by the presence of Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, "Princess Alice," the daughter of President Theodore Roosevelt. She had been present when the young but already famous Casals last played at the White House in 1904.

Mrs. Longworth has been a frequent guest at White House functions ever since T. R. became President in 1901. Therefore I ventured to consult her as the unrivaled authority on such matters. I found her as lively as ever, at seventy-eight, and since she is still noted for the sharpness of her wit, I expected a few critical jabs at the new regime. But no. Politics aside—and she is an ardent Republican—she admires the Kennedys and their brand of hospitality.

An invitation to the White House is in no sense "a royal command," but few recipients decline. Except among hardened veterans of Washington's social and political wars, such an invitation is received with pride and excitement. Then come the preparations. Let's return to the case of the Mrs. X mentioned earlier. As a person of intelligence and what is called "status," she is not inclined to worry about social functions, even the fancier ones. But a formal Presidential dinner—that was something else again.

"When the postman delivered that big white envelope," she says, "and I saw THE WHITE HOUSE in gold lettering in the upper left-hand corner, I began to feel the thrill. And when I noted that the dinner was still four weeks off, I knew that I would need every bit of the time that was left."

She resolved to lose ten pounds, and persevered in a Spartan diet which took off two and a half pounds a week. A few months earlier she had suffered a painful foot injury. It required her to wear an orthopedic shoe or use a crutch, and she was darned if she would appear at the White House with either. Four weeks of treatment, some of it quite agonizing, fixed the foot so that she could wear her favorite evening shoes, which she had dyed to match her new evening gown.

For the gown she had set a limit of $300. Hobbling about to several high-tone specialty shops, she found such a sum greeted with lofty scorn. Impossible! Discouraged, she returned to the department store where she was a regular customer. There she found, right on the rack and well within her price limit, the dream gown she had been looking for.

I will not dwell on her further trials, such as those with the new hairdo and with her *coiffeur*, who in his frantic zeal almost made her miss her train to Washington. Suffice it to give the happy ending: She entered the White House on time, without a limp, "feeling like a queen," and had the time of her life.

One pleasant complication following a Presidential invitation is the excitement of family and friends. Consider the case of Mr. and Mrs. John Tilford Jones Jr. of Houston, Texas. Mr. Jones is publisher of the Houston *Chronicle*, but was invited chiefly because of a war record as rugged as the President's own. He and his wife were modestly secretive when they first received their dinner invitation to the White House. But of course the word got around anyway. Generous friends overwhelmed Mrs. Jones with offers of clothes, jewelry and furs. "Take anything," they said. "You've got to look *good* up there." And on one point they were unanimously insistent: "You've got to remember every little thing that happens," they commanded. "And tell us about it the minute you get back, hear?"

Guests Prefer Limousines

The Joneses, taking no chances on the weather, flew to Washington on the day before the dinner. Even so, they remained a bit nervous until they had checked in with "the limousine man." It is OK to take a taxi to the White House, but most guests prefer to rent a limousine with a uniformed driver who knows the exact route, timing and procedure. The cost of such a conveyance, incidentally, probably will run around thirty-five to forty dollars for the evening.

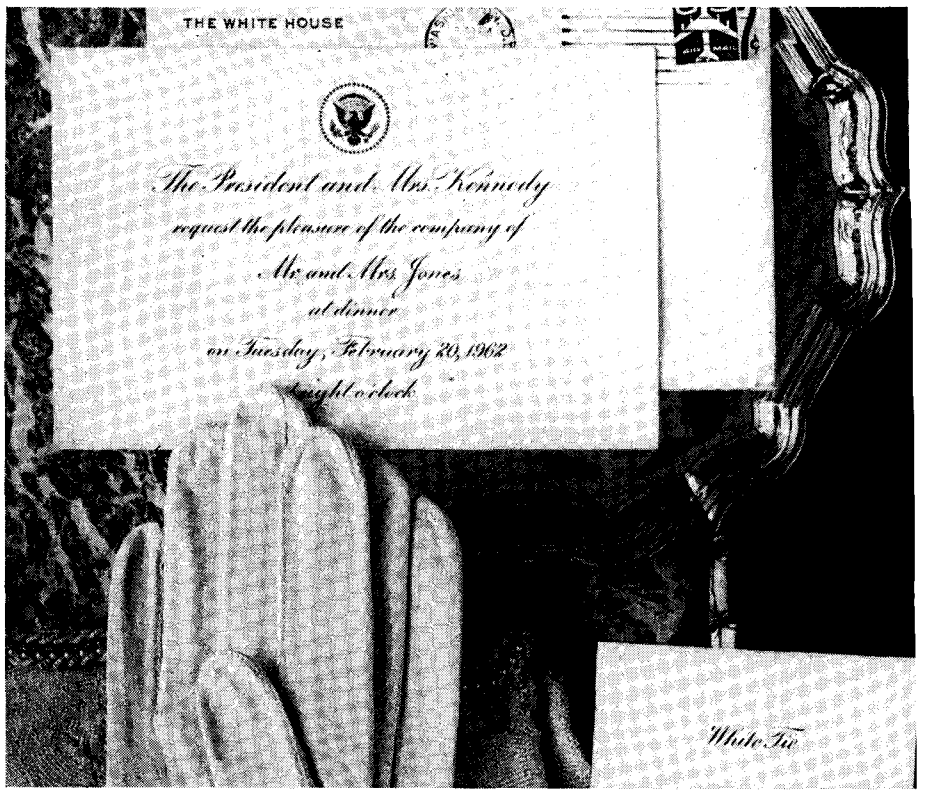
"I guess the limousine man is used to calming White House guests," said Mr. Jones. "He was as reassuring as an old family doctor. From then on I knew it would be all right, and it was."

The next day I saw Mr. and Mrs. Jones shortly before they took the plane back to Houston. They said it had been a grand evening. "But I guess it will be nice," I said, "to get back and relax in your own house."

"Yes," said Mr. Jones, "but there'll be quite a delegation of neighbors to meet us there, waiting for the first bulletins."

"You invited them to come?" I asked.

He laughed. "We didn't have to. They just told us they'd *be* there." THE END



Invitation from White House has guests' names carefully scripted by hand to match engraving. Although arrival time is listed as eight o'clock, the proper time to appear is between 7:40 and 7:55.

The President greets Mr. and Mrs. John Tilford Jones Jr. of Houston. They had talked little about the invitation, but when they got home, friends were waiting to ask, "What was it like?"

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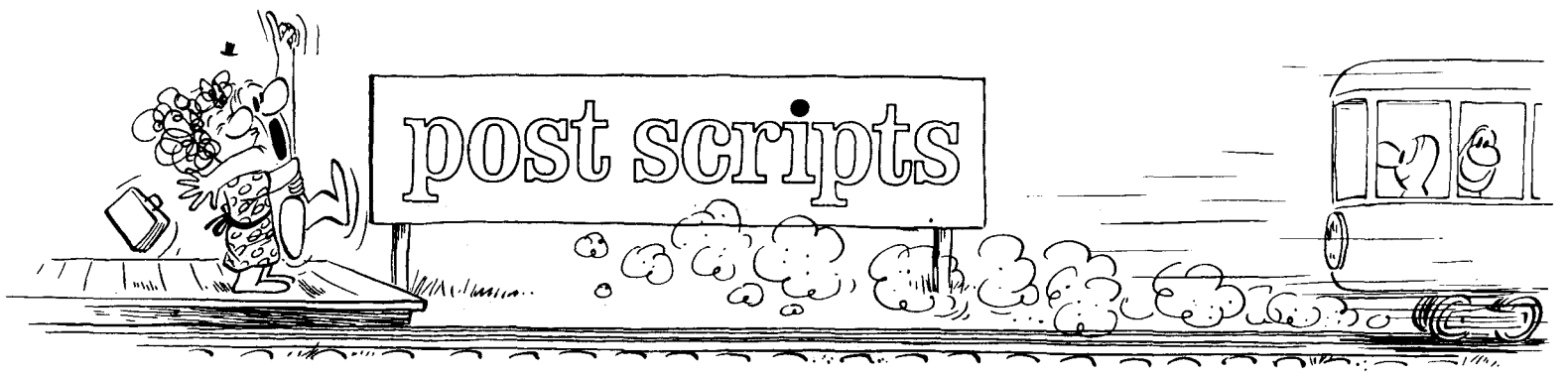


"Have you never heard of Father's Day, madam?"

"I wasn't always a midget. I started out as a human cannonball."

Elevators Let You Down

Fleeting bits of elevator conversations can haunt you for months. They let you in on other people's business—but never far enough:

". . . any place you want it delivered, after dark."

". . . not to mention what went on at the party! Why, he ——"

". . . lie low a few days, then work fast and ——"

". . . be fired any time now, but he doesn't know, so don't talk too loud."

". . . ever do that again, I'll slap ——"

". . . broke the cable and dropped like a shot to the ——"

". . . so when I followed her off on the tenth floor, she ——"

". . . quite so shocking. First his mother-in-law, then ——"

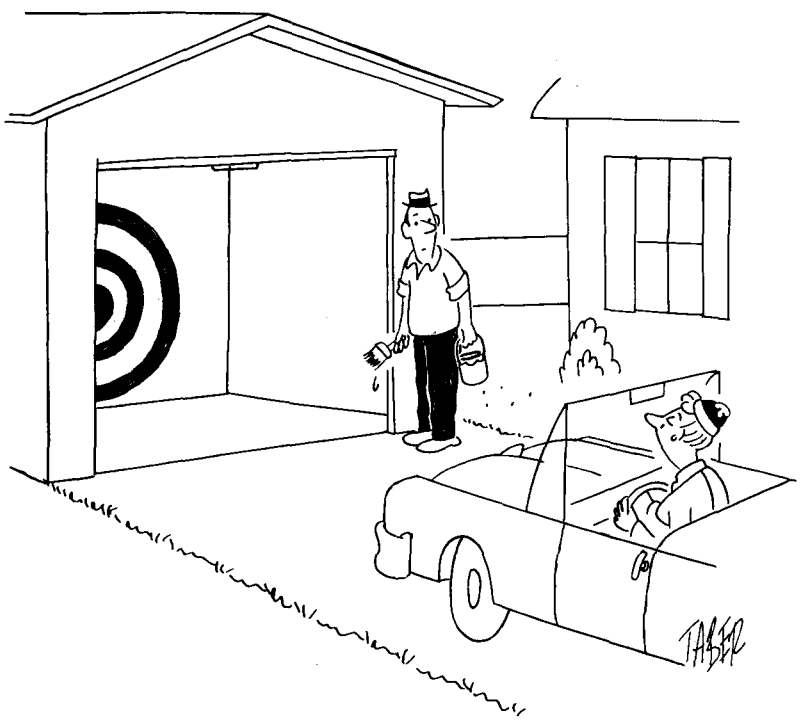
". . . for less than the price of one. A fantastic bargain. You just call ——"

". . . a loaded one in my purse to ——"

". . . will jump at least twenty points, so buy every share of ——"

". . . without a stitch on, and ——"

RON BROOM



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...with Miller High Life

SAME GOOD TASTE EVER

BECAUSE IT'S BREWED *ONLY* IN MILWAUKEE

...*NATURALLY*

The Champagne of Bottle Beer

© Miller Brewing Co., Milw., Wis.

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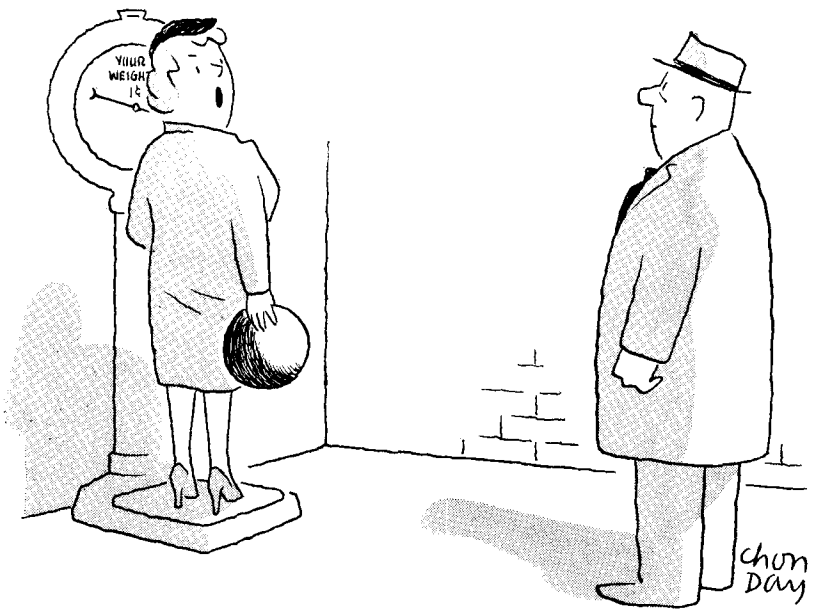
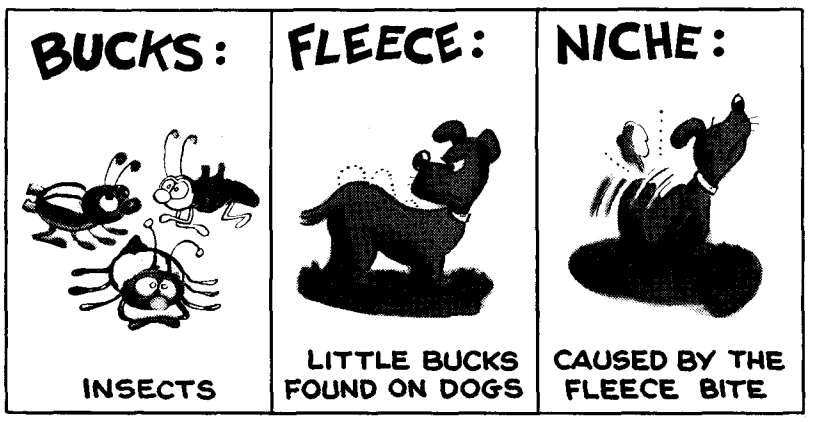
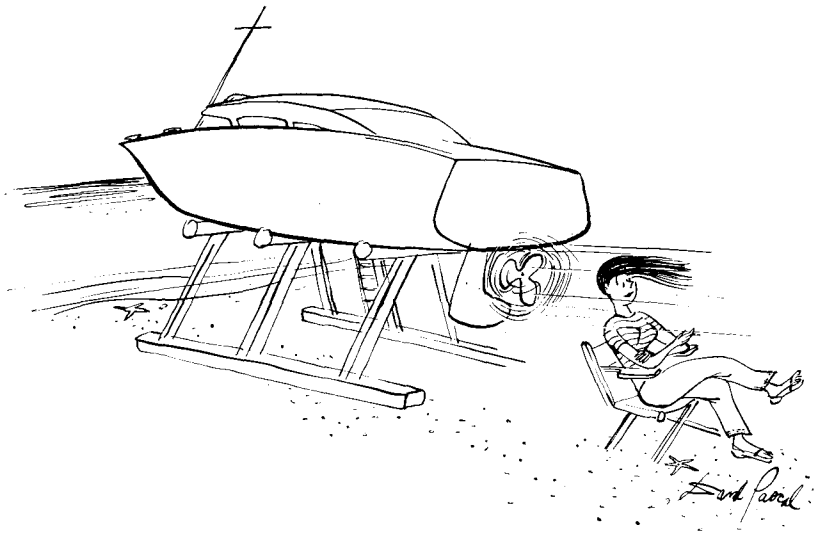
"Over here, nurse."



"But don't forget—that's with a bowling ball stuck on my thumb."

Pun Abridged Dictionary





Songs Mein Grossmamma Sang

Das Oldisch Oaken Wasserpail

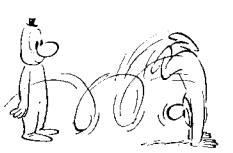
Meinself ben recallen mein youngisch upgrowen,
Und soonisch ben weepen mit shedden der tears.
Das wasserpail hangen der wellhaus besiden,
Meinself ben rememberen ober der years.

Mit mornen und nighten, Ich ben up-gefillen
Das pail mit der wasser gesloshen about.
Das wasserpail oldisch, das wasserpail oaken,
Mit moss obercrusten insiden und out.

Ach, Himmel! das wasserpail, oldisch und oaken,
Ben sprungen der leak, und meinselfer ben soaken!

DAVE MORRAH

"I'm new. Do you tip at each meal or at the end of your hitch?"



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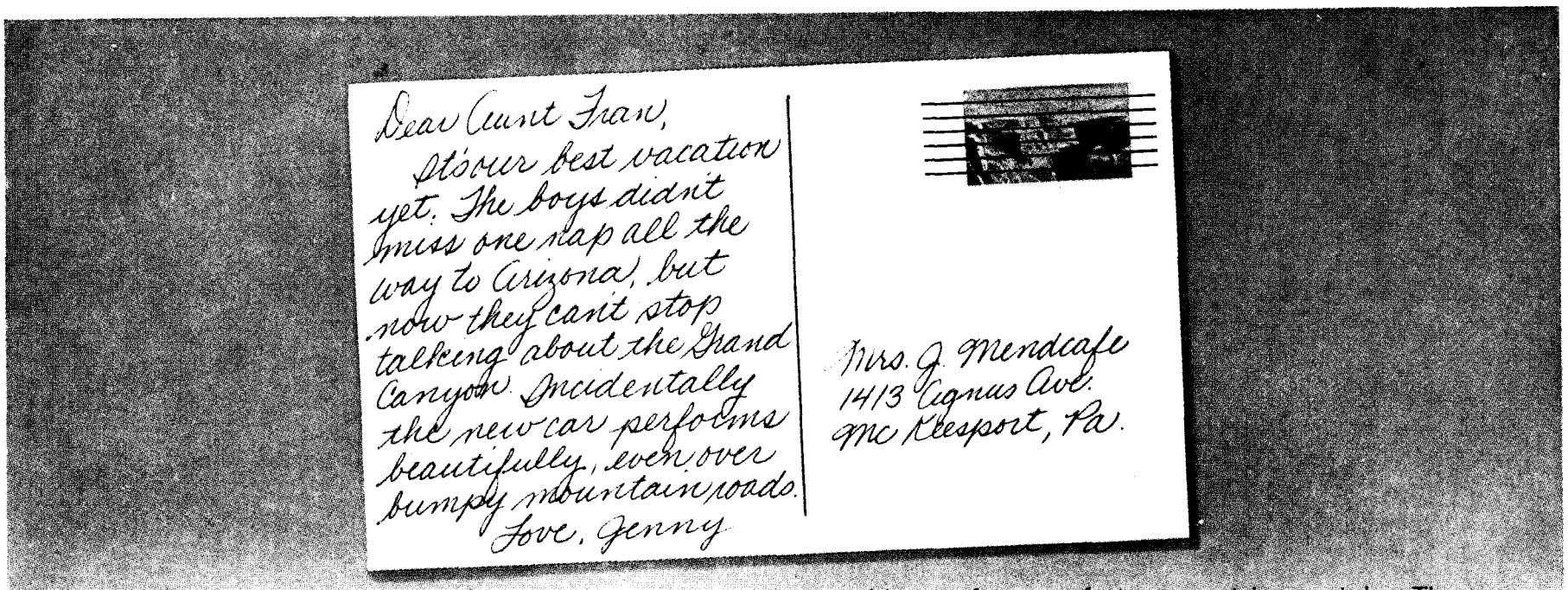
Dear Aunt Fran,
It's our best vacation yet. The boys didn't miss one nap all the way to Arizona, but now they can't stop talking about the Grand Canyon. Incidentally the new car performs beautifully, even over bumpy mountain roads.
Love, Jenny
Mrs. J. Mendcafe
1413 Cygnus Ave.
McKeesport, Pa.

There was a time when you could figure on at least one mishap whenever you drove more than a few miles out of town. Now you can drive almost anywhere—over back roads or no roads at all—with no expectation of trouble. One reason: the steels are better. The new alloy steels in the suspension system of your car are so tough and resilient that they will provide carefree comfort on any trip you take. The same with the wheels, axles, and driveshaft. They do all the rugged work, but they're the most dependable parts of your car because they're steel.

Car designers use 160 special steels to make your new car a better value than ever. Find out at your local dealer's.

Steel

This mark tells you a product is made of modern, dependable Steel.

USS TRADEMARK United States Steel

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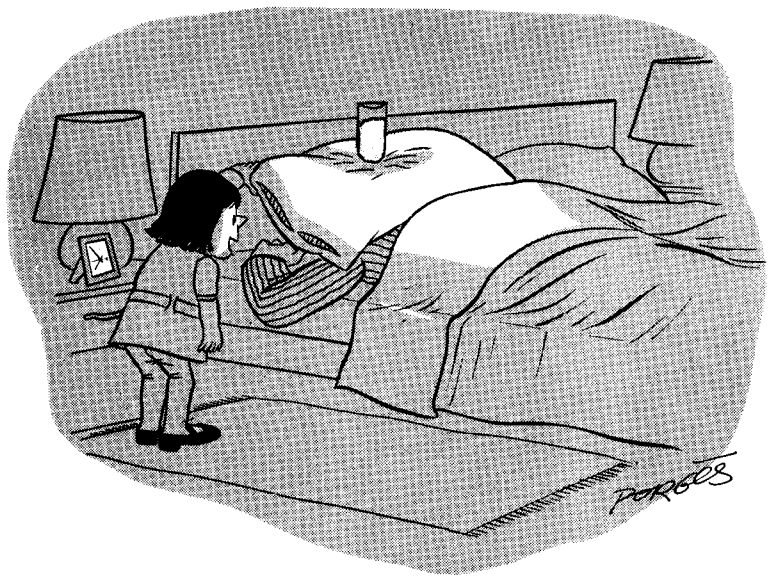
"They had a small quiet wedding and a big noisy divorce."



"I've brought you your orange juice."

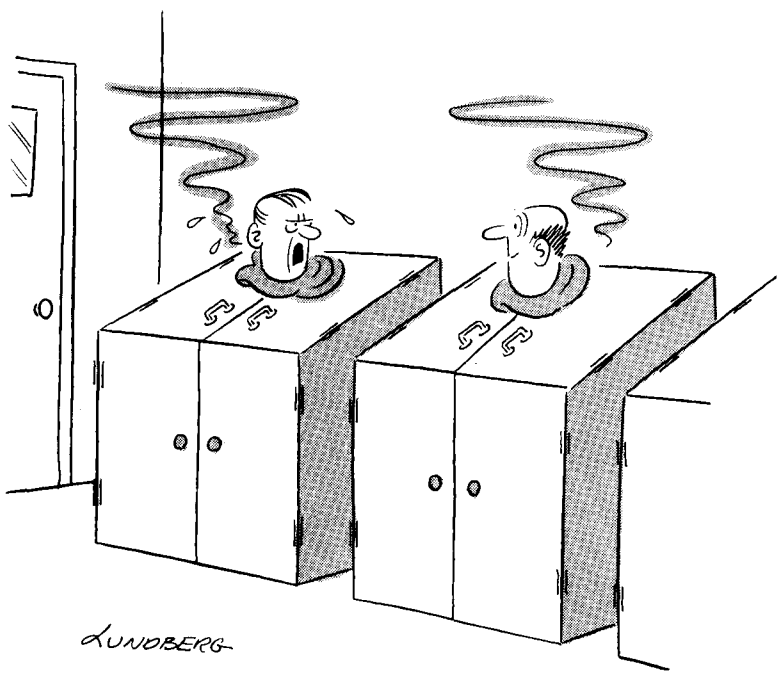
What's on the Fire?

What's cooking for summer? What menus are
new
To lure hungry mortals to *your* barbecue?

There's *one* invitation that might be a winner
When you are determined to woo friends to
dinner . . .

Why not just announce with precision and pride
You promise to serve the whole picnic inside?

MARGARET FISHBACK



"Must you sing?"

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He'll be in kindergarten

WHEN HER RAMBLER NEEDS ITS FIRST CHASSIS LUBRICATION

He's two. The Rambler's brand-new. He'll be five, most likely, and riding to kindergarten, when the Rambler Classic needs its *first* lube job*. Meanwhile, it will travel twice as far between engine oil changes as any previous model.

In high school, if he drives this Rambler, it will still have the same Ceramic-Armored muffler and tailpipe. (Should either rust out, collision damage excepted, free replacement for the original owner will be made by a Rambler dealer. That's *guaranteed*.)

Sound like the car of a lifetime? It is. The starter and generator are lubricated for life. Rambler Single-Unit construction, with its hundreds of extra welds, *stays* remarkably free from squeaks and rattles. And Deep-Dip rustproofing, right up to the roof, makes Rambler the world's most rustproofed car.

Someday there may be a completely service-free car that lasts forever. Today Rambler comes closest. Come get the full story from your Rambler dealer.

*Chassis lubrication lasts 3 years or 33,000 miles whichever occurs first.

RAMBLER

American Motors Means More For Americans

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Coffin Ship

Concluding a two-part serial

By Norman Reilly Raine

ILLUSTRATED BY CARROLL JONES

A London court canceled the license of renegade shipmaster John Stark, and the news sped along the Thames waterfront. Stark, really an undercover agent for British authorities, found himself welcome at Scavenger House, a refuge for cashiered merchant-marine officers presided over by their ringleader Ackland.

Stark's job: to discover the mystery behind a series of "accidental" ship sinkings. He learned that Ackland's boss in the scheme was shipper Donald Blasey. They conspired to man overinsured freighters with their own picked crew, then to scuttle the ships and collect insurance money.

While Stark waited to gain total acceptance in the gang, a new plot took shape; Blasey flew to Lebanon, where his men were loading the *Kyrenia* in Beirut harbor.

When English importer Robert Harris became curious about the *Kyrenia* and its secretly guarded cargo, Blasey decided to put the steamer's homicidal second mate Cravic on Harris's trail. Blasey gave Captain Chiolas of the *Kyrenia* his final orders and prepared to return to London.

In late afternoon, two days after Blasey's return to London, John Stark, ex-master mariner, was being driven from Beirut airport to the pier beyond which, busily taking in cargo, was the anchored *SS Kyrenia*. With him was his personal gear, including his invariable companions for lonely hours at sea, a heavy, unwieldy old portable Gramophone and record case; and he was still trying to get used to the abrupt change of locale.

It had begun that morning in London when, returning to Scavenger House from an early walk along the docks, he had stopped at a coffee stall and while reading someone's discarded newspaper had come upon an item dated from Beirut the previous day. It read:

BRITON DISAPPEARS
IN BEIRUT MYSTERY

BEIRUT, Mar. 22—Beirut police are investigating the mysterious disappearance from his hotel room of 54-year-old Robert E. Harris, exporter, formerly of Leeds but now a resident here. In the room was evidence of a violent and bloody struggle, originating perhaps on a window balcony where a blood-stained overturned chair and a pair of binoculars belonging to Harris were found.

Police inquiry reveals that early yesterday Harris had an altercation with some of the officer personnel of an anchored cargo vessel, the Cyprian SS Kyrenia of Famagusta. An official muster of the crew revealed that her second officer, Jan Cravic, was not on board, and his present whereabouts are unknown. The police are continuing the search.

"Cravic!" the name had leaped out from the page; and Stark instantly had thought of Blasey's hinted-at operation that was already under way. Beirut could be the unspecified "out there," and this the emergency that might give him the vitally needed inside view of the enterprise. And as Stark tore the item from the paper his mind flashed back for a chilling second to the scene in Ackland's bombsite hideout when he himself so carelessly had provoked an altercation with the sinister, knife-wielding Cravic.

A half hour later Stark emerged from Schwartz's dingy pawnshop on Whitechapel Road, lugging a heavy, cumbersome portable Gramophone and record case, and returned at once to Scavenger House. Ackland was not in; but almost as soon as Stark had closed the door of his room it banged open again and Ackland hurried in.

"Where the hell you bin?" he demanded. "I wos lookin' earlier!"

"Visiting Uncle Schwartz." Stark grinned and pointed to the Gramophone.

"Waste o' time where you're goin'. Come on—pack up quick! Got a good berth for yer. Second mate in a fine steamer."

"Where is she?" Stark asked quickly.

"Tell yer that at the airport. And 'ere—" he tossed an envelope on the bed "—that's all the papers yer'll need. An' twenty quid for expenses."

The documents, Stark found, were a master mariner's Board of Trade certificate, other identification papers and a passport; filled in, officially stamped, used-looking where necessary—and brilliant forgeries, all.

At the airport Ackland waited until the last possible moment, when Stark must pass through the gateway or miss the flight, before handing over the ticket.

"Thanks," said Stark equably, not looking at it. "I'll be glad to see Beirut again. And if Cravic shows up, kick his teeth in for me."

After passing through the gateway, he had glanced back; and even now, under the blue Lebanese sky, the thought of Ackland's slack-jawed stupefaction made him grin.

Anyway, here he was, with the snow-crowned Lebanon Range beyond the town; and ahead, across the sunset-dyed harbor, was the *Kyrenia*, cargo booms dipping and lifting over huge cargo lighters alongside. And by the cluster lights rigged above rail and hatches Stark knew that she would be night-working cargo.

His first surprise, inducing active speculation, was caused by the rigid security screening which, despite his credentials, he had to undergo. And when, after more than an hour's delay, he stepped onto the *Kyrenia*'s after well deck, he at once noticed that in spite of the dirt, scattered gear and the usual noisy confusion inherent while working cargo, the vessel was smart with fresh paintwork and polished brass. He speculated as to why it was necessary to furbish what obviously was an old-style ocean tramp. Then he recognized the weak-faced third officer who passed him on the well deck as Arnold, the youngish, furtive-eyed Scavenger House regular who had vanished with Cravic and the others.

Awkwardly lugging his gear, Stark reached the top of the waist ladder to find Captain Chiolas waiting. "I'm Stark, sir," he began. "Your new second ——"

"If you were not," the shipmaster interrupted softly, "you would not be on board." And he directed a nearby seaman to carry Stark's gear to his cabin. "Now, mister," he resumed, "you were told in London what is expected of you?"

"I don't need London to tell me a second mate's duties," Stark replied mildly. "I've been to sea before."

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Chiolas smiled thinly. "You are discreet. But that is not what I mean."

"Then you'd better say what you mean, sir, in plain words," Stark told him bluntly.

The shipmaster's deep eyes flared; but before he could speak the bosun approached, a bowlegged Finn with earrings. He said, low and urgent, "Poliss boat iss coming alongside uf accommodation ladder again, sir!"

Startled, Chiolas turned to Stark. "Come, please!" he muttered and hastened along the waist to the head of the ladder where he anxiously watched the ascent of a small, sleepy-eyed man in civilian clothes.

"Lieutenant Hassan is of harbor police, Mr. Stark," recited Chiolas rapidly as the policeman reached them, "who again seeks Second Officer Cravic—the man you replace." Then, to Hassan, with weary patience: "I explain once more, my friend, I am not so foolish, and perhaps risk heavy fine or delay of ship, to hide such a man! Mr. Stark is new second mate."

"Your papers, please," Hassan requested; and when Stark handed them over he scanned them, then looked up. "Isn't it unusual to fly a second officer out from England?" he asked Chiolas mildly.

"We carry very valuable cargo, lieutenant. Also, is worst season for spring gales. But *Monsieur* Stark knows Mediterranean well, and best places for shelter. That is why we cable to have him sent."

"When did you cable, captain?" Hassan asked politely.

"Yesterday morning, about eight o'clock."

"But we did not know Mr. Harris was missing until ten o'clock. So how did you know so early that you would need a new second mate? You knew, perhaps from Cravic?" asked Hassan, no longer sleepy-eyed.

"No, no, lieutenant!" Chiolas's voice shook. "He had not returned to ship all night. He is not to depend on, that man! And I wanted new one in his place. That is how I knew so early."

Pursing his lips, Lieutenant Hassan nodded slowly. "I see. Well, if we find Cravic before you sail, Captain Chiolas, we may have to detain your ship until this is settled." He handed Stark his papers. "Thank you," he said, drowsy-eyed again.

"And Harris?" Stark asked.

"We found him floating, three hours ago, almost beneath his window," Hassan replied calmly and went down to his boat.

Chiolas, tense and still, watched the police boat heading toward the distant municipal pier, while Stark's gaze roamed over the busy cargo-working well deck aft, then returned to him.

"Who killed Harris, captain—you or Cravic?" he asked casually; and when Chiolas spun around, staring, Stark gave his crooked, careless grin. "Not that I care; but it's obvious you did know about it when you cabled. And if they find Cravic here and twist it out of him that ——"

"They cannot!" Chiolas's eyes blazed with vicious triumph. "Cravic is no longer in Beirut! Not in Lebanon, even! Is what that maggot of a police knows also! But what can he do?"

"Find some other way to stop you sailing. And underwriters sometimes cancel the insurance when a ship's delayed."

"Yes! You are right!" The shipmaster glanced after the police boat. "So we get rest of cargo in without stop now. And we sail," he ended, his mouth a determined slit, "not tomorrow evening but by midday. No later!"

At daybreak the loading was done; hatch covers were on and sealed, the vessel secured for sea; and the *Kyrenia*, a full hour before midday, was moving through lashing rain squalls on her course west along the Mediterranean.

In the final hectic hours before sailing, Stark's contact with his fellow officers of the Scavenger House afterguard had been brief. Ramsey, the gaunt, elderly mate, had given him a stare of bleak nonrecognition. The third mate, Arnold, had exchanged an impersonal greeting. Chief Engineer McIver was a gnarled little hedgehog of a man, whose personal recipe for professional ruin was a whisky label.

Well, there they were—the pick of Blasey's disreputable puppets, including now, Stark reflected mordantly, himself—sent out to do a job. But what job?

The piling up, or scuttling, of the *Kyrenia* for her insurance, of course. Yet there was an important, conflicting angle here, which made so dangerous a project not worth the risk. Unless . . .

Yes, that must be it, Stark decided. But he'd ask Captain Chiolas anyway. It might be useful to hear what he would say.

Stark had the afternoon bridge watch from noon to four; and when the mate relieved him, he was glad to get below to his cabin.

It was the usual tiny cubicle, but it was snug and he was tired. So, locking the door, he played a Gramophone record or two and relaxed. Then he dozed until awakened by the clanging of the supper bell outside.

In the saloon the meal was uncomfortable and noisy, with the occasional crash of breaking dishes in the stewards' pantry and the bang and rattle of loose gear, for the steamer was rolling heavily. Captain Chiolas, at the head of the table, sat in morose silence; Arnold concentrated greedily on his food and left; the old chief engineer hurled abuse at the plate-juggling stewards, then suddenly turned. "Whose cat were ye stranglin' in yer cabin afore we supped?" he asked Stark belligerently.

"That was my Gramophone, chief," Stark said. "And you're a hell of a Scotsman not to appreciate Bonny Mary of Argyll!"

"Aye—well, like most women," McIver said, "she's gey fine if ye dinna hae to listen tae her too often. Eh, captain?"

"To me," Chiolas said curtly, "all what matters is this damn head wind and sea. We lose speed, and I was hoping ——"

"Hoping what, sir?" Stark cut in. "Hoping to get the job over and finished?"

"Job?" The shipmaster's hard black eyes turned on him.

"Oh, come now, captain—I'm in this too, you know, or Blasey wouldn't have sent me. And it's pretty damn obvious that this old crock is not London bound, she's bottom bound," Stark replied coolly. "For all your spit-and-polish on her, she's still just an old coffin ship given a new dress before she's put under. I've seen cracked plates and empty rivet holes filled with putty and painted over before, you know! And it puzzles me."

"Be the horns o' St. Satan," McIver croaked happily, "I've met some brass-faced blaggards in me time. But this ——"

"Please to shut up and let him finish!" Chiolas snapped.

"So it puzzles me," Stark went on. "Because even if she's overinsured it couldn't be for much. But her cargo, as the invoices would have to show, must have cost as much as she could be insured for, with thumping big premiums on top of that. And if the cargo's sunk too, where's your ruddy profit? So my guess is ——"

"Sometimes," Chiolas interrupted, taut-faced, "is very unwise to guess!"

"My guess," Stark grinned sardonically, "is that inside all those posh cases, packagings, and so on, is nothing but rubbish!" And calmly he resumed his meal.

"I am sick of this nonsense!" Chiolas rasped. "All supposition and no proof."

"And I'm fed up," Stark told him, slamming down his fork, "with being treated like a stupid outsider in this thing! As for proof of what's planned I'll ask the chief here something." He turned to McIver. "This vessel's supposed to be bound for England. So why the hell is it she hasn't got fuel enough in her bunkers to get her out of the Mediterranean?"

"Oh dear, oh dear!" McIver chuckled maliciously. "This impident whigmaleery'll be the death o' me yet." He wiped his eyes. "Well, captain, whut's yer answer tae that?"

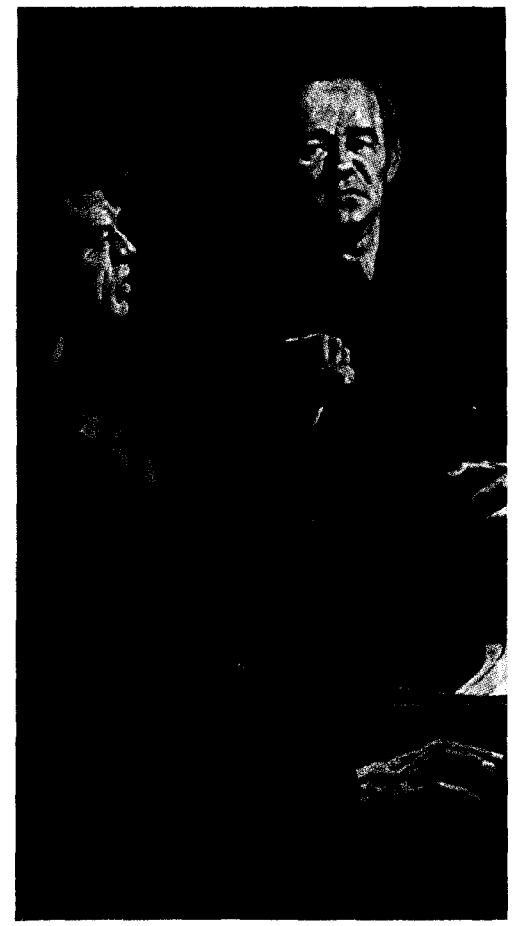
Chiolas stood up, balancing against a roll of the ship, his burning, saturnine gaze fixed on Stark. "That answer I will give to you tomorrow," he said and left the saloon.

By the end of Stark's midnight-to-four-A.M. watch, with Cyprus's Cape Gata light flashing far off to starboard, the windy sky showed patches of stars. And by midday, when the officers gathered on the bridge to shoot the noon meridian, the sun was bright, and the wind fair.

Then as Stark was entering the chart room Captain Chiolas approached. "I owe my regret, Mr. Stark," he apologized. "I have code radiogram answer from Mr. Blasey. He tells that you must be given full confidences about voyage, in both object and method to attain it. That I will do. He also instruct me," the shipmaster continued smoothly, "that if you give least kind of troubles about obeyment of orders or anything else, I must enter nearest port and hand you to British Consul on a charge of London policeman murder. I did not know, Mr. Stark," Chiolas ended corrosively, "that you have such talent."

Stark's sole reaction was a cold stare, and the shipmaster, disappointed, stalked away. But as Stark entered the chart room his face was grim. He was part of it all now. In it, up to here. He would also be

If the second mate prevented the captain from scuttling the ship, death might be his reward.



"Let me see that chart," Stark snarled.

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Coffin Ship

walking a razor edge from day to day, and a slip could cost him his life. Suddenly he felt a surging impatience for action, a burning wish to see the dirty business ahead get under way so that he could know how to plan his checkmate.

Action began more quickly than he expected; for as the afternoon progressed he became aware, in Chiolas's nervous pacing of the bridge, that he was under increasing tension. Then at four o'clock Arnold, instead of Ramsey, relieved him, telling Stark that the chief officer was in the master's cabin, and that he was to report there at once.

When he entered, Captain Chiolas and Ramsey were absorbedly discussing a chart of Kasos Strait, the passage between the Greek island of Kasos and Cape Sidheros, the northeastern tip of Crete, now about 200 miles ahead.

"That the spot?" Stark asked as he joined them.

"If ye've the guts for it," Ramsey growled, resenting the intrusion. "Look, captain, right about here is ——"

"Let me see that chart, you stinking old goat!" Stark rasped, shoving the astonished mate aside. "And don't glare at me or I'll knock your tusks out!" Having thus established his equality in the planning, the discussion continued.

"Here, then," Chiolas decided finally, and pointed to Blasey's previously penciled cross on a spot a few miles to seaward of the entrance. "Blasey was right. Is close enough to the coast for our boats, and has eight hundred fathom of deep to sink in. Best time is darkest part of your watch, Mr. Stark. When do you think?"

"At four bells, midwatch," Stark answered promptly. "That sets the time, sir?" The captain nodded. "And the place, where it's marked, twelve miles southeast from Cape Khélatros light?" Chiolas nodded again. "With a lot of hours to kill meanwhile," Stark added.

"Chief engineer will give us delay," Chiolas replied. "But where is he? I tell him to—ah, is here!" McIver entered, wiping his grimy hands.

"Bluidy blasted generators!" he snarled. "All they ever generate is unholy invocations frae sinful engineers! Ye all set, captain? Och, never mind the chart! It's all one tae me where ye get shut of her! How long a delay d'ye want?"

Quickly it was settled that by simulated engine-room breakdowns the surplus hours, in case of later investigation, legitimately could be accounted for.

"And when we get into position?" Stark asked practically.

"Then we open seacocks, main circulatin'-pump injection valve an' mebbe the ballast-tank sea valves," said McIver. "But I always leave time margin enough tae shut off the valves an' pump her oot quick, if snoopers appears. An' now, captain, whut aboot a nip afore supper?"

Reluctantly Captain Chiolas brought out a bottle; but Stark, excusing himself, went below to his cabin; and at intervals during the hour before supper the tinny music of his Gramophone mingled with the wash of brine alongside the *Kyrenia*, already under reduced speed.

Through that night and all the following day little progress was made. As midnight approached and the vessel drew nearer to Kasos Island's southern tip, Stark joined Chiolas and Arnold on the bridge as shadowy figures moved on top of the midship house in a last-minute check of the supplies and lowering equipment of the boats.

Two hours after midnight, with night glasses trained on the darkness of sea and sky ahead, Stark caught the expected tiny pinpoint flash of Cape Khélatros light. He spoke quietly to Captain Chiolas who, glancing at his luminous watch, talked down the engine-room voice tube to McIver. The *Kyrenia*'s navigation lights went out; and in utter darkness she slid through the water, the slow thump of her propeller like the beat of a failing heart.

In the blackness of the bridge Stark slipped quickly to the ladder, then below to his cabin; and behind the locked door, with every sense tautly alert, fumbled a record onto his Gramophone.

With the volume tuned down until the ghostly music was barely audible his fingertips sought and found a tiny radio key within the case. He remained so, motionless, for almost five minutes. Then he switched off, closed the case and, after locking the door behind him, returned with hurried stealth to the bridge.

As the tons of sea water flooded into the *Kyrenia*, Captain Chiolas stared down over the side as if silently gauging the minutes of life his ship had left. Stark stood motionless behind him in an attitude, it might seem, of tight, suspenseful listening, his face turned toward the invisible coast of Crete.

Then Chiolas abruptly straightened, gave Arnold a curt command; and the latter, running aft to the break of the bridge, passed the word, "Prepare to abandon!" through cupped hands to the mate on the midship house. As the crew began to swing out the boats Chiolas again opened the voice tube to McIver. Then, with a suddenly caught breath, he stopped, swung his head tensely, listening to a distant hum in the sky ahead.

On the midship house all movement ceased as a large aircraft, lights blinking on its wingtips roared overhead, circled back and dropped a brilliant parachute flare. Then it disappeared again into the darkness over Crete.

Instantly the shipmaster's frightened voice alerted McIver to close all sea valves and start the pumps. The crew dropped like terrified rodents from the midship house and scurried along the deck in the lurid, calcium illumination of the flare. And ten minutes later, with running lights switched on and the normal watch routine restored, the *Kyrenia*, with thick streams of sea water pouring out of her discharge pipes, again was plodding on her westward course.

"They were looking for us!" Chiolas groaned to Stark, who had resumed his watch. "But how could they know ——"

"Simple enough, sir," Stark told him equably. "One of those ships that sighted us killing time yesterday probably reported that we might be in distress, so the plane was sent out on a routine check, that's all. And don't be surprised," he added with a grin, "if they send a vessel to intercept us and confirm while we're passing through Kasos Strait."

Stark's prophecy was accurate; for at daybreak, with Cape Sidheros off the port beam, a Greek destroyer out of Iraklion hailed them to ask if they required help. Captain Chiolas replied that his dynamo, generator and other mechanical woes had now been remedied, and the destroyer raced back toward Crete.

"Nosy garlic-stuffin' gasbags!" Ramsey blasted furiously. "They'll send a ruddy nursemaid out next to push us to London in a ruddy pram!" He turned to the still-jumpy, haggard-eyed shipmaster. "Now what happens?" he demanded.

"It's still a long way to the Rock," Stark said. "With three hundred and fifty miles of North African coast right on our course! Lonely beaches, deep water inshore ——"

"Good!" Captain Chiolas approved. "Tonight we plan again."

The meeting was held after supper and a tentative spot fixed for an attempt on the night after they would pass Cape Blanc. And the shipmaster, narcoticized by fresh hope, regained some of his tranquility.

But three days later, with the African coast abeam and the *Kyrenia* about to cross the Gulf of Tunis, his nerves again were shattered by an angry radiogram from Blasey, now at Gibraltar, reporting the development of a disturbing interest in them in London and demanding immediate and effective action.

At once the harassed shipmaster sent for Stark and Ramsey and announced that as soon as it was dark enough after Cape Blanc was passed the attempt would be made that night. But in the early darkness a few hours later, Arnold, who was on watch, pointed to the lights of a small steamer, a mile astern.

"She fell in behind us past Tunis," he said, "and stayed there since. She's probably bound for Algiers; and she'll be riding our wake all the way."

The *Kyrenia*'s frantic master decided to risk later gossip by making an abrupt change of course out to sea. Then, when their dogged little appendage had continued on, they would return to the originally chosen place on the coast.

But as Chiolas was speaking, McIver appeared. "Aye—well, ye'd better not go far oot, captain," McIver said dourly, "for ye micht hae to be towed back."

"What's this, you Scotch scut?" Ramsey interjected angrily. "Another o' your gruesome japes?"

"It's no jape." McIver addressed the master. "I've jist came frae below—an' we've scarce got fuel enough tae take us as far as Algiers. So ye'd best wireless Blasey," he ended with malicious relish, "an' make it clear tae him there'll be no founderin' now this side o' London!"

When McIver had finished, Captain Chiolas, his face the color of wet putty, went abruptly to his cabin. He did not appear again until after dark, as the *Kyrenia* anchored at Algiers.

Next afternoon, with the vessel alongside the tips, and coal roaring down the chutes into the bunkers, a car stopped outside the coal-wharf gates; and presently Blasey was waddling up the *Kyrenia*'s gangplank, from the top of which Stark had watched him arrive. And when Blasey saw him, he stopped.

"Useless bloody scrimshanker, you are, Stark!" he wheezed angrily. "Thought you'd put some guts into that worm Chiolas and make him get on wi' the job."

"Guts, Blasey?" Stark said ironically. "You're just as scared as he is. Maybe more, with what's probably going on in London, and the ship still on top."

"How the hell do you know what's happening in London?"

"It doesn't need much figuring, does it? Let's say that what happened to Harris in Beirut has raised a stink that even reached your underwriters. Or"—he grinned—"they got a whiff of this deal. Either way, they've smelled a swindle and are scrambling like mad to reinsure, even though they have to pay a damn sight bigger premium than they got from you. That's why you're scared, Blasey, why you flew from Gib. To lash the donkey into ——"

"I'll lash him all right!"

"—into finishing the *Kyrenia*. Because if she reaches London, the underwriters'll build such a fire under you that ——"

"She's not reaching London, Stark," Blasey said heavily and started toward the bridge ladder. "The Bay o' Biscay still lies ahead." He paused and turned. "But London's ahead for you!"

Three days later the *Kyrenia* left the white-and-gold sun glitter of Algiers astern and stood west again for Gibraltar and Portugal's Cape St. Vincent, then the long run north. Below Finisterre Captain Chiolas deviated closer inshore, away from the regular, well-traveled sea lane, and by his increasingly restless pacing of the bridge and constant watching of a falling barometer, made clear that he intended to gamble a final attempt.

But next morning the sky was blotted out by fast-moving storm clouds, Cape Finisterre was passed unseen in heavy rain, and at midnight, when the *Kyrenia* started across Biscay, the gale struck.

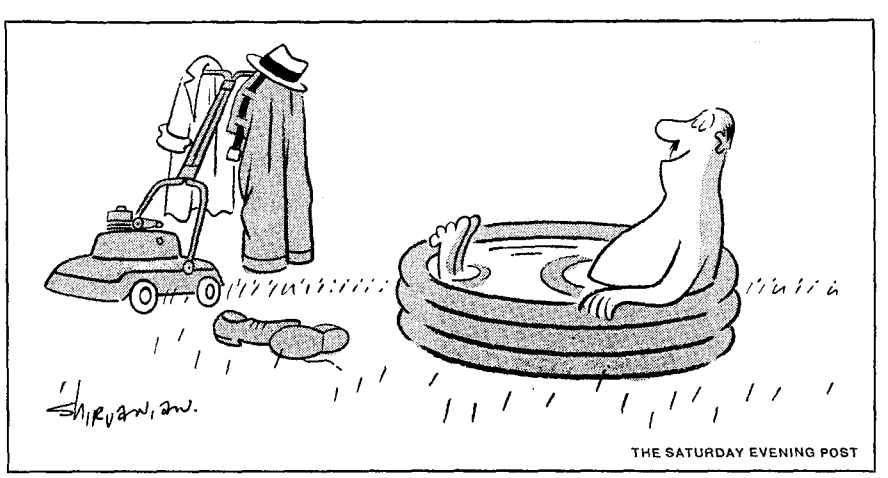
A sixty-hour nightmare followed, of cold, sodden misery, while the steamer slogged through giant combers that washed out galley, midship house and fo'c'sles, and by leaving only the splintered remnants of boats on their bent and twisted davits, strewed the *Kyrenia*'s wildly tumbling wake with the debris of Blasey's final chance.

Then, as the gale blew itself out and the battered *Kyrenia* rolled and squattered past the lights of the Breton coast, Stark came off his afternoon watch to find McIver waiting for him outside his cabin. "Could I come in for a bit clack wi' ye, Stark?" he asked. "I'm sort o' worried."

Stark nodded and unlocked the door. Instantly the Scotsman's sharp, suspicious eyes went to the key. "Whut for d'ye lock it?" he asked curiously.

Grinning, Stark swung the door open and ushered him in. "Somebody might steal my cockroaches," he said.

"Steal that dommed music box, more like!" McIver replied, eyeing the Gramophone secured with a pillow and blanket



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on the settee. "Tho'—gie ye credit—it's not been yowlin' sae much lately."

Then, unexpectedly and quite unabashed, he raised the lid and peeked beneath it while the muscles under Stark's jacket turned to tense steel bands.

"I was hopin' it was broke," McIver said with a grin as he lowered the lid.

"If it annoys you that much, Mac," Stark smiled through stiff lips, "I'll play it more often."

"Ye do," McIver chuckled, "an' I'll dunt ye ower the crown wi' it." Bending, he started to lift it; and again Stark froze. But a roll of the ship saved him, for McIver, caught off-balance, reached for the bulkhead, then plopped on the settee. "Ah, weel," he said resignedly.

"You say you were—worried?" Stark asked, feeling the sweat cold on his brow.

"Aye. Our dreary puff of a skipper's had another message frae Blasey warnin' us that since we didna droon oursel's in the bay back yonder, we daren't risk enterin' the Port o' London. We're to anchor in the lower Thames estuary. Chiolas says there's a good reason for it—an' it's easy guessin' whut!"

"The cargo, of course. Blasey owns ship and cargo, doesn't he?"

"Aye. Tho' it's all in the name o' yon Papadeus back in Cyprus."

"Ever see any of the real cargo?"

"Wait—ye'll die retchin'!" McIver said grimly. "Me an' Ramsey got doon in Number Four hold late one nicht an' broached it—an' mon alive, ye never seen such trash. Olive-oil casks filled wi' nowt but sea water. Cases marked top-quality figs, dates, sultanas an' the like was on'y filth whut pigs wouldna eat. An' so on. An' if Blasey paid more'n three hundred pound for the lot he was cheated blind."

"And probably insured for a thousand times that. Well, he thinks big."

"An' his heid'll swell tae match his belly, tryin' tae figger a way oot o' this mess. For when his consignees gets stable sweepin's instead o' the quality goods they'll ha' paid him for on the bills o' ladin', we'll all do a few years in the nick."

Stark nodded. "Probably. But the voyage isn't over until we do go alongside for discharge."

"An' that's why we're anchorin' doonstream. An' ye know, Stark," McIver said, with a throaty chuckle, "even though we micht land behind bars for it too, it's got its funny side. For here's Blasey an' Chiolas, like a couple o' rats in a conditionin' box. They can't go back, an' they daren't go ahead wi'oot burnin' their snouts on a charged wire. Sae no wunner they're desp'rit!"

"And all Blasey's spent on this so far is money thrown away. Unless," Stark concluded thoughtfully, "he can gain time enough to work himself clear."

"Don't be silly, mon," McIver said impatiently. "There's no possible way."

"Oh, yes there is," Stark contradicted softly. "There's a way, all right."

"Tae get clear altogether, ye mean?" McIver cried incredulously.

"And possibly break even."

McIver's shrewd old eyes sparkled with greedy excitement. "Whut way, Stark?" he asked eagerly. "Mon, he'd pay every penny he owns tae find that oot! Wull ye no' tell me? I'm yer pal!"

"I think, Mac," Stark answered, "that since it's Blasey who'll have to pay for it, I'll let him ask me that himself."

The gale's aftermath over the English Channel—gloomy skies and a penetrating drizzle—had matched perfectly the mood of Captain Chiolas on the bridge of the *Kyrenia*, as she thrashed wearily in from the sea; for with every sea mile that foamed astern he had been brought closer to exposure and disaster. Now it was near at hand; Blasey would soon be on board; and when, in early evening, the steamer had passed Foreness Point and dropped anchor in the lower estuary of the Thames, the despondent shipmaster retired to his cabin rather than face, on deck, the arrival of his dreaded employer.

A few minutes later a tap came to his door. He jumped; then, recollecting that Blasey never knocked, he opened the door and was both relieved and puzzled to see that it was only the second mate. He was puzzled even more when Stark calmly announced that he would like to stay and have a chat with Mr. Blasey, whom he had just seen arriving in a shore boat.

Stark barely had time to explain that his chat might lead to a happy solution of their difficulties before the door banged open and Blasey himself, wet and enormous in a tentlike raincoat, stepped inside. Instantly his hostile eyes raked them both; but in silence he shook moisture from his hat, removed his raincoat and threw them on a chair.

Then he turned to Chiolas. "What's Stark doing in here?" he demanded.

"Mr. Blasey—I beg to you, wait, please!" Chiolas fended quickly. "This second mate—very efficient—has idea."

"For what—dodging the hangman?" Blasey wheezed contemptuously, then faced Stark. "I had a use for you once, but you couldn't measure up. So we're finished. Except one thing—if you open your jaw about this voyage you're shopped! They're still looking ——"

"Let 'em look!" Stark shot back. "Because you're not going to shop me, Blasey. Not when I could tell you how you might pull yourself out of this trap you're in. So you'd better listen, you fat, stupid dolt!"

Blasey stared, then eased into a chair, huge body composed, eyes very much alive and wary behind their half-closed lids. "Go on—let's have it," he rumbled.

"First, your position's hopeless now. The underwriters suspect you're up to something and they'll stay on your back as long as the insurance is in force. That's your immediate threat. So get rid of it. Have Chiolas take the ship into the Port of London tomorrow and officially end the voyage. That voids the insurance and their interest with it. So ——"

Blasey interrupted with a belch. "You're being damned tiresome, Stark," he said. "With the voyage ended we'll have to discharge that much quicker. The underwriters'll have a man there when we do—and the first consignment that's opened is all they'll need for a charge of attempted fraud."

"But suppose," Stark suggested gently, "you don't have to discharge at all."

"Wait a minute!" Blasey was on his feet now. "What do you mean by 'don't have to discharge at all'?"

"I'm coming to it, but that part you'll pay for. Anyway, the *Kyrenia* drops down here and anchors again. You can think up a dozen good reasons for delaying discharge for a week or ten days, which is all the time you should need."

"Need for what?" Blasey shouted now, purple-faced. "What is this brilliant idea you keep skimming around?"

"It could," Stark said very quietly, "get you scot free. It could mean that you'd never need to unseal or open your hatches; never even have to come alongside at all. And there'd be no claim against you of any kind."

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Coffin Ship

Blasey said, "Are you out of your ruddy mind, Stark? Why, in that position the ship could steam out of this blasted river and sail to hell if we chose!"

Stark nodded. "With your cargo—for what it's worth—intact."

"All right." Blasey planted himself in front of Stark. "You've let us smell the pudding," he said hoarsely; "now you're going to tell us how we can eat it."

"Of course," Stark replied calmly. "It'll cost you, though. I'm not giving it away."

"How much?"

"You can figure what it's worth to you later. And now, about the idea. Your worst danger, Blasey—worse even than the underwriters—is your consignees. Because when they present their bills of lading they can demand their goods. So, using the extra time you've got to manage, while anchored here, you simply buy back your bills of lading ——"

"Oh, good God!" Blasey gasped, seeing it at once.

"Paying each of 'em a bonus of five percent, say, which they'll grab at, since it means a nice profit without even having to handle or sell the goods. Then the cargo's yours to dispose of as you like."

"I'm a stupid fool not to have thought of it!" Blasey said deeply, then paused. When he continued, his voice was almost a groan. "But when I think of the thousands of pounds I've had to throw away on this thing already; and now having to pay Lord knows how much more for a cargo of worthless rubbish ——"

"It's that or a fifteen-thousand-pound penalty and ten years," Stark said.

"Yes, yes! You're right," Blasey said quickly. Well"—he picked up his hat and coat—"I'll pop back to London now and get on with it first thing tomorrow. Chiolas, take her up in the morning and get rid of that damned underwriter threat, then come back and anchor ——"

"And while we wait, sir," cried Captain Chiolas happily, "I too have idea! We take in stores and be ready to sail again for Smyrna or Istanbul ——"

"Ready to do the whole ruddy thing over again with different underwriters and better luck," Blasey supplemented briskly. "Splendid, Chiolas! It might give me a chance to come even again. Stark—thanks!" Fervently Blasey pumped his hand. "I'll see that you come out all right on this, too! Good night."

Stark walked out on deck and watched Blasey's boat disappear in the rain and mist. Then he stood, breathing the cold, marsh-tinged salt air and watching the distant lights of London reflected on the low-flying clouds. Shivering a bit, he went slowly down to his cabin.

Some days later Blasey again boarded the anchored *Kyrenia* and, exuding jollity and triumph, waddled complacently into the master's cabin. Stark, who had been entertaining himself with his Gramophone, was sent for; and when he entered, Blasey, watched by the smiling Chiolas, rushed forward and shook hands.

"It worked!" he bellowed exultantly. "I got 'em, Stark! Took every pound of the funds I had tucked away in Zurich—but I bought 'em all back!"

"All of them?" Stark asked, smiling. "You're a lucky man."

"Well, all but one small one," Blasey told him, beaming. "Consignee chap was in Cardiff and had our bill of lading with him. His clerk got him on the phone, and he's delighted to make the deal."

"When do you get that one?" Captain Chiolas asked eagerly.

"This morning, any time now. The bloke got back last night, his office told me, and since he had to come down to Sheerness anyway, he offered to fetch it and I could pay him then. Chiolas, you ready to sail for Genoa tomorrow?"

"Soon as arrives the second mate Ackland will send." The shipmaster made a covert, smiling gesture toward Stark.

"Yes, yes," said Blasey affably. "I nearly forgot. Stark, you're much too useful to waste on board here, so I'm giving you a berth with me in London. Least I can do after ——" He stopped, at a knock on the door. "Ah, here's our bill-of-lading wallah now! Let him in, will you, Stark?"

SEE HAZEL ON NBC THURSDAY NIGHT

"Stay out of sight!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Stark opened the door, and four quietly dressed men entered. The smallest one, in the lead, looked inquiringly around. "Which is Mr. Stark, please?"

Stark said "I am," and the small man handed him a document. "Your bill of lading, sir," he said.

"Thank you," Stark said and glanced at it while Blasey and Captain Chiolas stared, perplexed, at Stark.

Blasey looked at the small man. "You sure that's Stark's?" he said. "I was expecting ——"

"It's mine all right," Stark said.

"But how the hell could it be?" Blasey croaked incredulously, while Chiolas darted frightened black eyes around the group. "Stark, what kind of blasted double-crossing, hanky-panky is this?"

"Hanky-panky?" Stark said and glanced at the bill of lading. "What's 'hanky-panky' about fifty kegs of olive oil, two hundred cases of prime-quality sultanas? But no matter. This bill of lading certifies they're on board, and they're mine. I want 'em. Now!"

"Perhaps I should explain," said the small man to Blasey. "Mr. Stark is actually acting for me. I'm Cochran, head of the Commonwealth Marine Underwriters Assocation. This gentleman is Mr. Bancroft of the Board of Trade. Here we have Detective Sergeant Fairburn of the London river police, and ——"

"So that's it!" Blasey shouted, glaring with wild fury at Stark. "Turned copper's nark to save your own hide, eh?" He turned to the others. "Well, that filthy, double-crossing hound"—he pointed a rage-quivering finger at Stark—"is a bloody cop-killing crook name o' Stark, ex-shipmaster with a canceled ticket, who's up to his dirty neck in ——"

"I'm afraid not, Mr. Blasey," said the fourth of the visitors. "You see, I'm Detective Inspector Lambert of Scotland Yard. And there was no 'cop-killing' in the case you mentioned. It was foggy and nobody actually saw a shot policeman because there wasn't one."

"But Ackland says he heard the shot and the police whistles! Then Stark ran in ——" But Blasey suddenly knew.

"He heard a blank shot, Mr. Blasey. When Mr. Stark appeared, his imagination furnished the rest . . . with my men supplying the whistles and the quite unnecessary search. The whole thing had to look genuine, because we've been trying to get a man into Scavenger House for—how long, Mr. Bancroft?"

"About three years," the Board of Trade man said. "Ever since this ring sank the *Centaur* off Jamaica. Stark had to become one of them, of course."

"What about his canceled ticket, then?" Blasey cried. "That was in the papers!"

Bancroft nodded. "Both the courts and the press have been very cooperative in helping us rig this thing. You see, Blasey, there's been loss of life in some of these sinkings. And now Harris, in ——"

"Never mind that!" Blasey gasped. "If the bleeder isn't Stark, who in hell is he?"

"You'll learn that in court, Blasey. But I do have a quite active and legitimate master's certificate," Stark told him pleasantly. "And my real job now is special investigations for the Admiralty and shipping interests generally in cases like this. So ——"

He broke off as a constable of the river police appeared in the doorway and looked at Detective Sergeant Fairburn.

"Police launch is at the gangway, sergeant," he reported.

"Thank you, be right down." Fairburn looked at the others. "Well, I suppose that's about it."

Captain Chiolas accompanied them without protest; but it took a lively melee to persuade Blasey. With the ship under official detention and a police detail in charge, Stark lingered in Chiolas's cabin with Bancroft and Inspector Lambert.

"How did you like that special electronic communicator the Admiralty lent us?" Lambert asked Stark.

"Marvelous! The way your code beeps synchronized with my records was absolutely weird! How was your receiving?"

"Good enough to alert every coast checkpoint we set up, after your first message when you'd left Beirut. We had fine cooperation from everyone."

"I know." Stark grinned. "That Greek plane and destroyer out of Crete . . . the ship that followed us from Tunisia. I did have one bad moment, though." He told of the incident in his cabin when McIver started to lift his Gramophone. "Being an engineer, and the damned thing so heavy with all that equipment built into it, he'd have caught on at once." He looked at Lambert. "McIver helped me a bit, too, though he didn't realize it. D'you suppose he could be a witness for the Crown? He'd get off lighter."

Lambert nodded. "I'll see to it. Incidentally, Cravic was picked up by Interpol in Athens. And Papadeus is hiding out in the Cyprus hills." He grinned. "Perhaps we'll leave him there, now that we've got Blasey."

"Good thing you saw that the consignees got their money back," Bancroft told Stark, smiling. "If Lambert had arrested the ship when she reached the Thames, those bills of lading would have been dead loss to them, with Blasey's money in Swiss banks. But that's why you signaled us to hold off, of course. Now then"—he got up—"who's coming ashore? The boat's below."

They stood on the lower bridge deck, watching the busy shipping moving in the Thames estuary; liners, tramps, smart passenger-cargo vessels, tankers—an inspiring picture of the world's ocean commerce, each with her nation's flag whipping in the breeze. And watching, Stark remembered something.

"I've just one regret," he told the others. "Something I meant to remind Blasey of this morning, then forgot. When I gave him the idea of buying back those bills of lading, I said I wanted something out of it and that he'd have to pay. Well"—his gaze rested again on the bright, wind-rippled estuary and the moving ships—"I've got what I wanted. And Blasey's going to pay." THE END

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The tyranny of large numbers

This is a close-up of the Bell Telephone network – just one among countless such arrays which, tied together, make up this nation-wide network. It happens to be one section of a new system for carrying many conversations over a single pair of wires. Each system contains thousands of interconnected components which must work perfectly – and work perfectly together. For the failure of any one component would nullify the function of all the others to which it is connected.

This is what Bell System engineers mean when they talk about "the tyranny of large numbers." How to assure the reliability of the astronomical number of interconnected components that modern communications technology requires?

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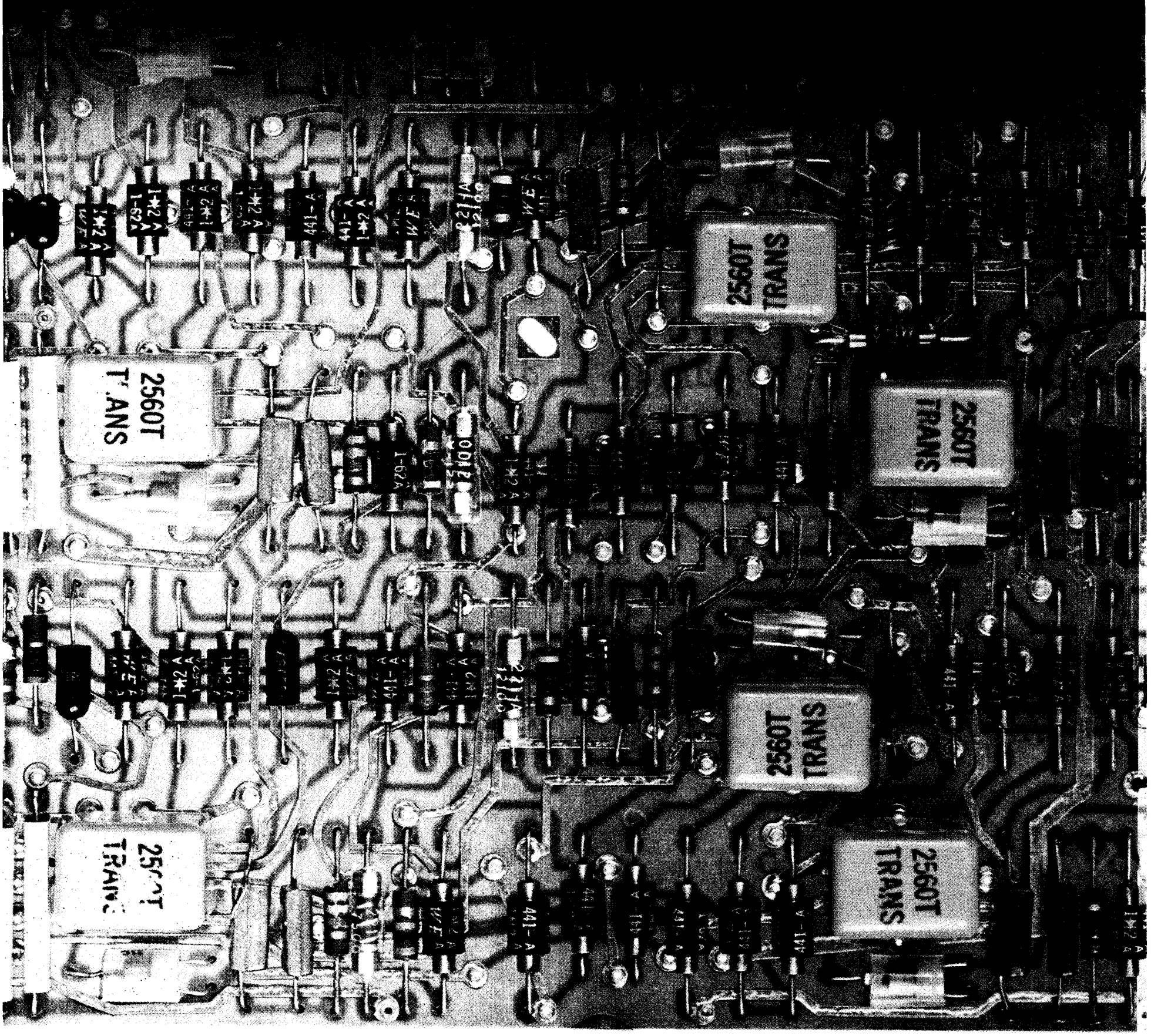

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Manufacturing and Supply Unit of the Bell System

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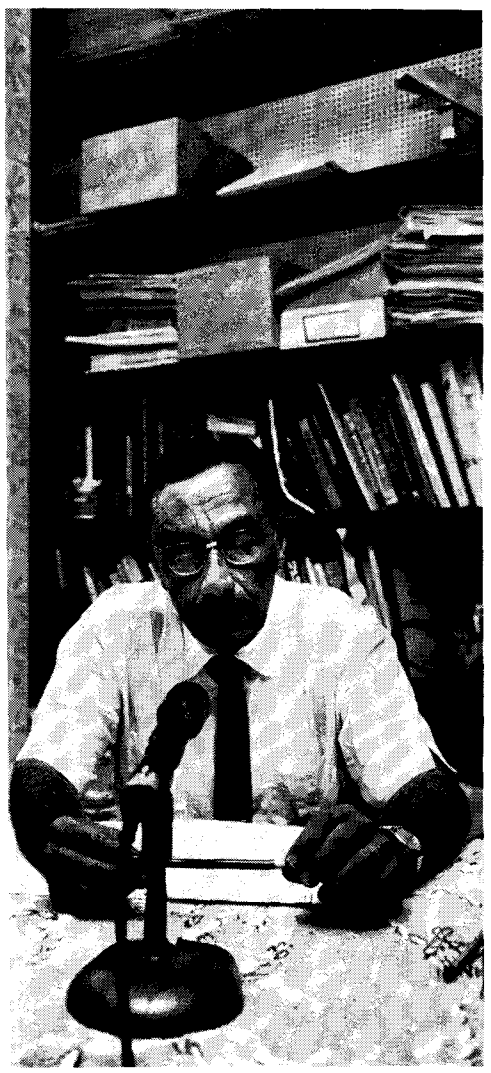
By JOHN KOBLER

Radio's Pill Pusher

Carlton Fredericks, self-styled "foremost nutritionist," has amassed a fortune endorsing vitamins and wonder foods.



The health theorist tapes one of his fifteen weekly radio shows in his home studio. Fredericks's mission in life, according to a press agent, is "to keep 180,000,000 Americans from committing gastronomic suicide."

Photographs by Larry Fried

"America's Foremost Nutritionist" is the distinction claimed by Dr. Carlton Fredericks, a glib, sleek radio showman of fifty-one, who saturates the airwaves with a medley of heterodox health theories, gibes at established scientific bodies, lame jokes and hard-sell patter in behalf of his sponsors' wares. According to Fredericks's pet theme, modern food-processing methods so impair natural nutrients that many people need vitamin and mineral supplements. Until recently he maintained cozy relations with a New York mail-order vitamin concern, Foods Plus, Inc., whose products the Food and Drug Administration have several times declared to be misbranded.

Of Fredericks's three five-day-a-week radio shows, entitled *Living Should Be Fun*, one or all are carried by some sixty stations at a net profit to him of $50,000 a year. Foods Plus has paid him annual consultant's fees as high as $20,000. A dollar paperback he published in 1951, *Eat, Live and Be Merry*, has sold more than 75,000 copies. He estimates his radio audience at about a million, droves of whom, he contends, might be victims of dire dietary deficiencies had they not heeded his instructions.

Fredericks Scorns Detractors

Authoritative agencies, however, like the Food and Drug Administration, the American Medical Association and the National Better Business Bureau feel that the doctor (of philosophy, not medicine) overvalues himself. Recently *New York Medicine*, the house organ of the New York County Medical Society, observed: "Carlton Fredericks is no more proficient in nutrition than many ordinary laymen." Professor Frederick J. Stare, who heads the Department of Nutrition at Harvard's School of Public Health, considers the broadcasts nonsense.

Such detractors Fredericks scorns as tools of either the food industry or A.M.A. politics, bent upon obstructing his life mission. That mission, in the dramatic phrase of one of his press agents, is "to keep 180,000,000 Americans from committing gastronomic suicide."

Few doctors would deny the value of vitamin supplements. They are commonly prescribed during infancy, pregnancy and convalescence, when the body's nutritional demands become unusually taxing. They contribute to the management of diseases which disrupt normal metabolism. The strain of overwork, the damage wrought by lopsided diets, the loss of nutrients in a stringent reducing regime—these, too, call for supplements.

But what the FDA assails as the big lie is the relentless refrain of the health hucksters that processing robs the American food supply of vital ingredients, and thus Americans are a sick people. "No one food is essential," says Professor Stare. "Some sixty nutrients are. By eating a varied diet you will get them."

No country, most medical authorities agree, produces greater quantities of nutritive foods. Many staples—bread, flour, milk—contain vitamins and minerals added under Government standards. Once-prevalent diet-deficiency diseases like rickets and pellagra have virtually vanished from the American scene. Furthermore, the FDA warns, "People who have serious medical problems are being misled by false claims to rely on products which do not actually help them. Such persons may fail to get proper medical attention until it is too late."

Labors at Frantic Pace

In promulgating his views Fredericks labors at a frantic pace. Early every evening, following a sparse, calorie-counted meal, he rises from a marble dining table in his ten-room Miami Beach villa, tarries awhile with his comely young wife and their four small children, then, padding across a dazzling expanse of white, deep-pile, wall-to-wall carpeting, ducks into an acoustically paneled study full of audio equipment. Sitting before a tape recorder he ad-libs material for his broadcasts, often until morning.

"Greetings, my friends," the master begins each program in accents silky and exquisitely articulated, that betray scarcely a vestige of his native Flatbush. The ensuing performance is unique.

"An allergist (to sample some typical tapes) gave a girl vitamin E. Six months later she had to get a bigger bra. Several such cases are known. So an experiment was organized. Vitamin E seems to move fat from one place to another where needed. If you want to join the experiment, have your physician contact me." To a fascinated reporter Fredericks explained he could not disclose the allergist's identity until the final results of the experiment had been published.

"In my files there is the story of a little boy who hurt his head and for many years suffered from epileptic attacks. He stopped having them when he was given doses of inositol (a vitamin), vitamin E and the vitamin B complex." Verifying this remarkable recovery is difficult, too, the attending physician having since died.

Other wonders which vitamin dosage may accomplish—so Fredericks has implied—include the alleviation of paranoia, sexual inadequacies, encephalitis, diabetes, warts, wrinkles, bags under the eyes and snoring.

As a humorist Fredericks is strictly from squaresville. "I'm wary of cereals which receive excessive processing, I'm wary of—you know, I'm wary weary. . . . But I don't want to get off into that vein, as the varicosity said (*chuckle, chuckle*). . . . There's a woman who got rid of 215 pounds of excess, flabby fat (*snicker*). She divorced him."

Three times during every show the doctor interrupts himself to read "our shopping list for today." Here the superpolished voice grows grave and portentous. Among the products he has frequently touted is Mountain Valley Water, "used by many physicians as an aid in the treatment of arthritis, but the Fredericks family drinks it for general health"; Blackberry Julep, "which has long had a reputation as a mild, natural antispasmodic"; Cosmetic Cake—"it will bring about a complexion miracle or your money back."

Though his fans abound, woes beset "America's Foremost Nutritionist." Last November the FDA confiscated copies of *Eat, Live and Be Merry*, along with $1000 worth of vitamin preparations from the Century Food Co. of Varna, Illinois. While the FDA exercises no jurisdiction over literature qua literature, it can take action if the material is used to misrepresent food, drugs or cosmetics. Such, the Government agency charged, was the act committed when the book was furnished to Century's door-to-door salesmen. The FDA further charged, administering the unkindest cut, that the blurb describing the author as foremost was false and misleading. "A happy Christmas present," exulted *New York Medicine*. "Fredericks has been a thorn in the side of physicians for years."

FCC Begins Investigation

The FCC, meantime, had begun an investigation of Fredericks's program. In December all stations carrying it received inquiries from the FCC. Were they, the commission wanted to know, conforming to the "fairness" policy which required them to balance opposing views on controversial issues? Also, considering Fredericks's close connections with a vitamin company, had the stations looked into the possibility of hidden sponsorship? Thirteen stations, choosing not to await the outcome, suspended the program.

In January the FDA struck again. This time it seized the 1962 Foods Plus catalog and forty-three products allegedly misbranded therein. According to the complaint, Consultant Fredericks, whose glossy profile adorned the catalog, recommended the forty-three products over the air for various afflictions, among them

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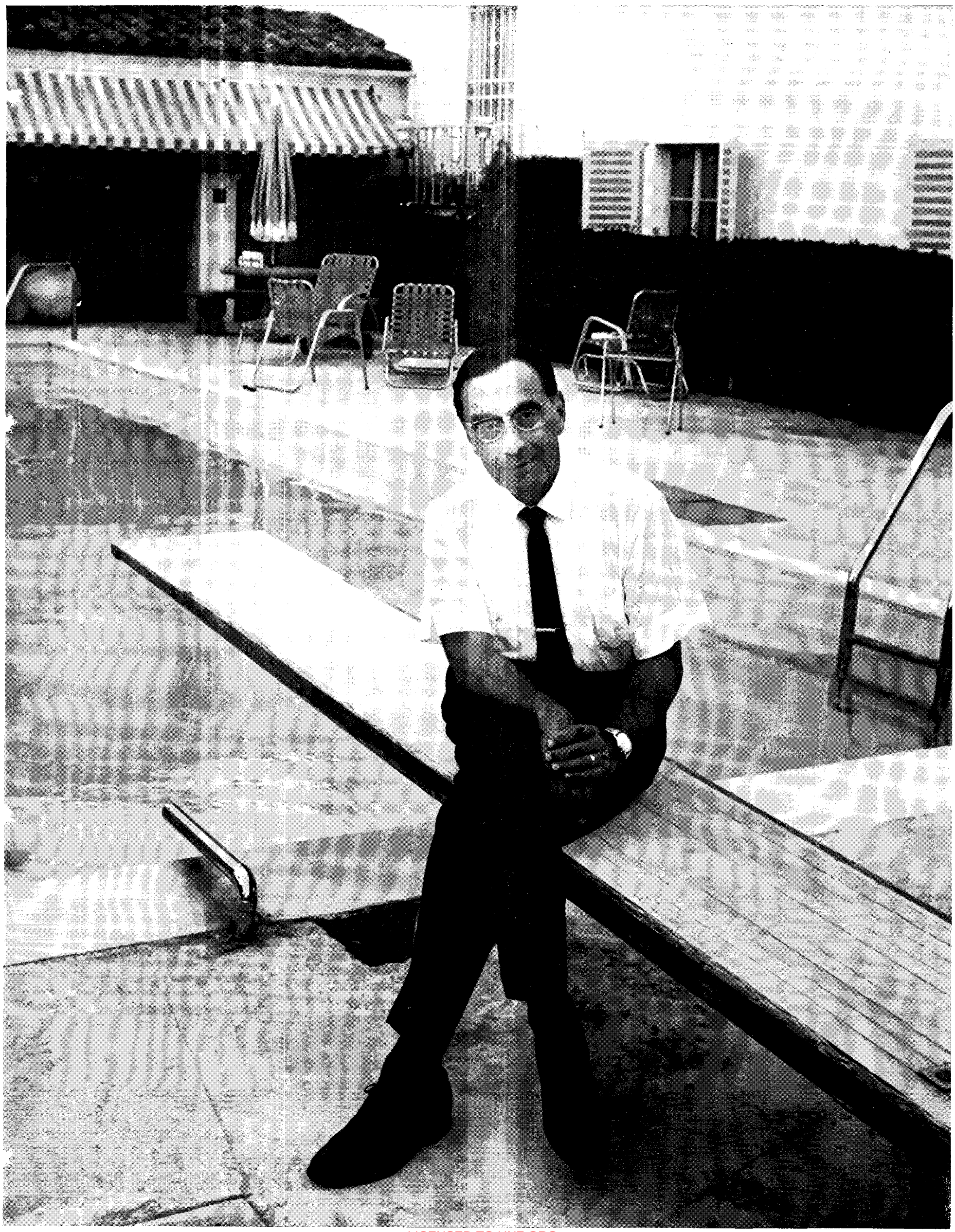

Fredericks, whose health advice to his million listeners has earned him ample rewards, lounges at poolside in his luxurious Miami Beach home.

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"A public servant, and I consider myself one, must expect abuse."

club feet, frigidity, tooth decay. False too, said the FDA, were Foods Plus claims that its preparations excel others because Fredericks formulated them. The company entered a denial and the case is still pending.

To the doctor's further discomfiture, the National Congress on Medical Quackery, meeting in Washington last October under the joint sponsorship of the FDA and the A.M.A., repudiated practically every theory he cherishes. "The most widespread and expensive type of quackery in the United States today," FDA Commissioner George P. Larrick called the promotion of food supplements, estimating the yearly take at half a billion dollars.

Fredericks plumes himself on his listing in the ninth edition of *American Men in Science*, a directory published at Arizona State University. Replying to a letter from the National Better Business Bureau challenging Fredericks's qualifications, the editor explained: "It is unfortunate that occasionally a person gets nominated who should not be included. However, in the event he is not deserving, we soon know about it after publication. Such is the case with Carlton Fredericks. Needless to say, he will not be included in the tenth edition." (He still appears in several other Who's Whos.)

The Kansas City Athletics ball team has also let Fredericks down. In 1959 his press agent wangled considerable newspaper space for him when he announced that the A's had retained him as a diet director. The doctor, the flack proclaimed, hoped to speed up the players' reflex action, improve their eyesight and extend their athletic life. That season, munching four vitamin pills a day, the A's finished next to last in the league. In 1960 and 1961 they wound up last.

Encounter in the Courtroom

But Fredericks has survived harsher blows. In May, 1944, during the early stages of his radio career, two women called at his office, introducing themselves as Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Frankel. "I've tried to follow your suggestions," said Mrs. Lewis, "but it hasn't helped." She was prey, she explained, to stomachache and nausea. Fredericks, as she later recounted the episode, wrote down her medical history, conferred by telephone with somebody he said was a physician and diagnosed the trouble as "gall-bladder allergy and too much insulin." He prescribed a diet and some unidentified capsules. In the following weeks he variously prescribed for Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Frankel, who complained of constipation, dizzy spells and rapid heartbeat, and a Mrs. Keller (loss of appetite, flatulence, hot flashes), enemas, vitamins and capsules combining hormones and Benzedrine. The visits ended in June.

When Fredericks next heard of the three women it was in magistrate's court where a policeman took him to be arraigned for unlawfully practicing medicine. The women were, he then learned, investigators for the New York State Education Department's Division of Professional Conduct which had been receiving complaints against the broadcaster. "The whole thing," Fredericks maintains, "was a trap planned by the local medical society." Nevertheless, when brought to trial, he pleaded guilty. He drew a three-months' jail sentence, which the judge suspended, and a fine of $500. "I didn't defend myself because my lawyer told me the publicity would ruin me." Unruined, he went on to win fame and fortune as the paladin of the vitamin capsule.

Although Fredericks refers airily to his "research" and his "medical colleagues," he has had no formal education in nutrition nor in any related discipline, except for two semesters of elementary chemistry at the University of Alabama. This lack, a focal point of attack by accredited scientists, daunts him not a whit. Having scored an IQ of 170 as a school boy and made Phi Beta Kappa at Alabama, he argues: "When you turn an IQ in the genius category loose in libraries, he's bound to become knowledgeable."

Master of Statistics

Not even the doctor's severest critics deny the keenness of his brain nor the scope of his self-taught textbook knowledge. Possessed of a prodigious memory, he commands all the technical jargon and can cite by heart, masses of obscure data from scientific journals. What the opposition deplores is his manipulation of such data. He will reel off statistics, definitions, experimental findings, all correct by themselves, but so juxtaposed as to lead the listener to draw an erroneous inference. One of his favorite devices is the animal analogy, suggesting that what benefits a laboratory guinea pig may benefit man. To illustrate:

In a paper published sixteen years ago two researchers described what happened to cattle which they fed a diet deficient in vitamin E. All of the animals exhibited some cardiac abnormalities, and those which were kept permanently on the diet died of heart ailments. Exhuming the paper last year, Fredericks ominously noted, "Now that's rather important to realize when the Sword of Damocles which hangs over the head of the American man is heart and blood-vessel disorders." The outcome of the cattle experiment, he continued, and others like it, led the researchers to ponder the possible relevance to human cardiac patients. "They felt that should a human being ever encounter vitamin E deficiency, he might well experience heart diseases."

But no proof exists that vitamin E can cure heart trouble in humans. Moreover, if it can, people need not rush to the drugstore. The foods in any grocer's bins contain plenty of vitamin E.

The doctor's account of how he became dedicated to nutrition has the charm of legend. He was born Harold Carlton Caplan (he adopted the more euphonious combination at the outset of his radio career) to a Brooklyn pharmacist who had an interest in a small chemical manufacturing company near Binghamton, New York, and when he graduated from the University of Alabama, his father sent him to work there. It fell to Harold to test a new germicide on guinea pigs. "I infected them with staphylococcus germs," he recalls, "then applied the germicide. One cageful failed to recover. Yet all were supposedly exposed to identical conditions. I looked for some variable and I finally traced it to a boy helper whose job was feeding the guinea pigs. The last cage stood by the door. The boy had a sweetheart and, in his eagerness to meet her at the end of the day, he skimped his duties at that cage. Poor diet seemed to be the variable. The incident focused my attention on nutrition."

During the next ten years he worked for a number of pharmaceutical firms, writing advertising copy, promoting the products in person and training other salesmen. The U. S. Vitamin Corporation valued him so highly as a chemist and nutritionist that in 1943 its president obtained a draft deferment for him. By then Fredericks had made his radio debut. His opening blast on New York's WMCA: Animals are better nourished than people. Later, on the Blue Network, earning $10,000 a year in addition to his U. S. Vitamin salary of $5200, he advised the public as to the most nutritious foods available under wartime rationing, a service which moved the Women's National Radio Council to acclaim the program "essential listening." The patent-leather sheen of the Fredericks personality and his tony, vaguely British speech evidently please more people than they irritate, because he has been continually broadcasting since 1941.

Prestige of a Title

Not long after his conviction for illegal medical practice, Fredericks decided to study for a Ph.D. degree at New York University. "I not only wanted more scientific training, but I needed the prestige of an academic title," he is frank to admit. He took no courses involving nutrition. Why not? "A professor, who must be nameless, told me the level I operated at was far above any such courses N.Y.U. could offer." His doctoral thesis analyzed the eating habits of a sampling of his own listeners. Between the submission of the outline for the thesis and its acceptance by the doctoral committee, five years elapsed, a delay Fredericks ascribes to the vindictive hand of the FDA.

The doctor's wife is his second. He divorced the first in 1945. He then married his secretary, Betty Schachter, a svelt, dark-haired girl almost twenty years his junior. Two years ago they moved to Miami Beach, where Fredericks acquired the neo-Spanish Villa Sarema for $60,000. When his recording stints and entanglements with Government agencies allow the time, he likes to soak up sun by his private swimming pool or sit musing on his patio, facing the garish splendors of Collins Avenue. His own and his large family's robust health he attributes to a scientifically balanced diet supplemented by vitamins and minerals ($12 worth a month). He also insists that every product he plugs, the Frederickses use, accepting no free supplies from the sponsor. Accordingly, they sleep on a special model of the Eclipse Mattress ("developed in response to my urgent plea, the culmination of years of research"), eat Kanana Banana Flakes ("dries the bananas so gently even Vitamin C is preserved"), drink Real Fig Fig Juice, and submit to mechanical massage by the Niagara Vibrator.

At first blush the credentials and kudos which embellish Fredericks's self-promotional literature are impressive. Under close inspection, however, some of the bloom fades. For example:

"*Among his honors are citations from the Department of Oral Surgery of the Queens General Hospital . . . the Jewish Sanitarium and Hospital for Chronic Diseases.*" The hospital authorities deny that such citations were ever issued.

"—— *has contributed his services to the faculties of Brooklyn College of Pharmacy, Columbia College of Pharmacy, Howard University Medical School, Presbyterian Medical Center, Bronx Hospital.* None of those institutions can recall what the services were. However, Fredericks claims the services were rendered about twenty years ago and the records have probably been discarded.

"——*was attached to the faculty of New York University where he has taught the chemistry of food and nutrition.*" While still a student Fredericks was paid $260 for teaching the second term of a full-year course titled "Applied Nutrition for Health Supervisors."

"*Experimental Research . . . Papers and Monographs*" (a list of jaw-cracking titles follows). His entire "research staff" consists of a New York doctor and a trained nurse who search the scientific journals for material adaptable to his broadcasts. He maintains no laboratory. Of the papers and monographs only one has appeared in a scientific journal. The others he mimeographed himself for distribution to doctors who expressed curiosity about his theories.

"*Many of Dr. Fredericks's radio scripts have been collected and transcribed into Braille by the Library of Congress and the American Red Cross.*" The Red Cross discontinued its Braille service twenty years ago. The Library of Congress has never collected any works by Fredericks except in the sense that it keeps a copy of every copyrighted book published in the United States. The library did acquire, in 1949, a Braille edition of *Living Should Be Fun*, based on the radio program. It was transcribed and donated by two volunteer Red Cross workers after the Red Cross itself no longer sponsored such transcriptions.

Some Genuine Credentials

On the other hand, Fredericks remains a member of the American Academy of Applied Nutrition, the New York Academy of Sciences and the American Chemical Society. Upon his office walls hang bona fide citations from the American Veterans Committee, the Brooklyn Philanthropic League, a settlement house project; the New York-New Jersey Apicultural (beekeeping) Board and the Tenth District Dental Society of New York. At City College, New York, he has given brief, noncredit courses on "Proper Principles of Nutrition." His most substantial and longest-held (1956—60) academic post was an associate professorship at New Jersey's Fairleigh Dickinson University. The courses he taught there were compulsory for freshmen. The university's president, Peter Sammartino, is a "natural food" devotee. A distinguished graduate professor of nutrition, whose classes came to number several of Fredericks's former students, recalls: "I was stunned by some of their misinformation. It's almost impossible to pinpoint, the faddist ideas and the facts are so intermingled."

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Nothing has proved more embarrassing to Fredericks than his long and lucrative affiliation with Foods Plus. One Jack Bernard founded the company in 1946. The year before Fredericks had incorporated what he called the Institute of Nutrition Research, with himself as president and Bernard as secretary. He later changed the name to Nutrition Surveys after a Federal Trade Commission official pointed out that "institute" usually connotes educational activity, whereas the corporation functioned chiefly as a merchandiser of vitamins and a mailing center for Fredericks's literature. Then, as now, Foods Plus and Nutrition Surveys occupied offices at the same address, 62 West 45th St. The former paid the latter royalties for "consulting and other services," totaling in one year more than $100,000, and it paid Fredericks a fee of $20,000 a year. Foods Plus's retained earnings have risen during the last four years from about $650,000 to more than $750,000.

Bernard also presided over the fortunes of R. L. Grant Co., distributors of Royal Bee Formula Capsules ("can bring the 'Joy of Life' back into aging bodies"). When the Post Office filed charges of fraud, Bernard, without denying or admitting guilt, stopped peddling the stuff through the mails.

Never, Fredericks proudly deposes, has he accepted sponsorship from Foods Plus or any other vitamin manufacturer. During his broadcasts, however, he would urge his listeners to write in for free pamphlets which he published under the imprimatur of Nutrition Surveys. Those who did promptly landed on the Foods Plus mailing list and thereafter received its catalogs, whose first page proclaimed: "Foods Plus is the only vitamin company privileged to carry Carlton Fredericks's name and receive his endorsement."

Nutritional Don Quixote

Such a tie-in suggested a conflict of interest, if not a hidden sponsorship. In 1960 Fredericks prudently withdrew from Nutrition Surveys, which a sister of Bernard's attorney then took over. He continued, however, to pass along his mailing lists to Foods Plus and to receive a fee of $10,400 a year. Also, the syndicate that sells his program, CF Productions Inc., assured its prospective customers: "You get firm commitments from a national advertiser to buy time immediately on your station!" The advertiser frequently turned out to be Foods Plus and the voice plugging its products on spots usually adjacent to *Living Should Be Fun* was the syrup-smooth voice of Carlton Fredericks.

Last February, with both the FCC and the FDA breathing down his neck harder than ever, Fredericks finally severed all relations with Foods Plus.

But the doctor remains undaunted, a nutritional Don Quixote tilting at the windmills of medical orthodoxy, his lance tipped with vitamin B complex. As allies in his struggle he has retained the eminent Washington attorney and former FCC chairman, Paul Porter, and a new Madison Avenue press agent. "A public servant, and I consider myself one," he says with a martyr's air, "must expect abuse. But let them not go too far. I have been asked to testify before the House, and if I do, heads will roll!" THE END

At mealtime the Frederickses practice what the controversial broadcaster preaches. Fredericks insists that his family use every product he plugs in his broadcasts and pamphlets; the nutritionist attributes their robust health to a scientifically balanced diet supplemented with vitamins and minerals.

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EDITORIALS

Our Refugees From Castroland

Americans have watched with growing frustration in recent weeks as the tide of refugees sweeping down from Communist China has been turned back at Hong Kong. The pathetic pictures of these unfortunate people pressing against the barbed wire at the border weigh heavily on the consciences of decent men. It is a tragic dilemma that, for all our good intentions, we can aid only a tiny trickle of those who suffer.

Here at home, however, we are presented with a much better opportunity to help the victims of Communism's inhumanity to man. The plight of the refugees from Castro's Cuba may be less dramatic than that of the Chinese, but it is a compelling problem for America.

Every week about 1800 Cuban refugees arrive in Miami. Most of them come by plane, but around fifty make a hazardous journey by boat. In April, for example, a group of refugees set out in the predawn darkness on a twenty-foot boat. They expected to navigate the ninety miles in a day, but the boat lost its propeller, and they drifted in the open sea for six days without food or water. When a charter boat finally spotted them and towed them into Islamorada in the Florida Keys, a small boy was dead, and the nine survivors were suffering from malnutrition and exposure.

Cuban refugees are sponsored by friends and relatives who send them twenty-five dollars to pay the fare. The refugees must take the dollars to the bank and convert them to pesos, which is one reason why dollar-hungry Castro lets them go. They are permitted to bring out of Cuba only a few personal possessions.

On arrival in Miami the refugees are carefully screened by the Public Health Service, Immigration and Customs and are taken to temporary housing by friends, relatives or voluntary organizations (Catholic, Protestant and Jewish and the International Rescue Committee). Then they check in at the Cuban Refugee Center, a two-story, white concrete building on First Avenue in Miami, where they are registered and classified for jobs. The United States Government grants them assistance to a maximum of $100 a month for a family (sixty dollars for a single person) and gives them food from surplus stocks until they find jobs.

For most of them this is a forlorn hope. The refugees are proud people who do not want to live off the Government. Some of the highly skilled Cubans have found positions in universities and other institutions that are worthy of their talents, but, even so, doctors, architects and engineers have taken jobs as busboys, parking-lot attendants and bootblacks. Miami is a tourist center, and its economy is unable to accommodate the heavy flow of refugees. Of the 75,000 in the Miami area, about 27,000 (the figure represents employable individuals, but with dependents it would come to 54,000) are unemployed.

Last year at President Kennedy's direction, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare began a coordinated effort to help the refugees and to facilitate their resettlement in other parts of the United States. So far nearly 26,000 have been resettled in 620 cities in all the other states, Alaska excepted. Church and service organizations and private individuals who sponsor the refugees obligate themselves to provide housing and support until the refugees find new jobs. The Government pays transportation to the resettlement area and grants the refugees up to $100 a family as a transitional allotment, so that they will not be penniless when they arrive.

At first many of the refugees understandably were reluctant to leave Miami, because they were afraid that they might miss an opportunity to return to Cuba. But the Government has recently pledged to return them to Miami and pay their fares when it is possible for them to return to Cuba. As a result, and through the passage of time, the reluctance to resettle away from Miami has diminished.

Despite the efforts of the Government and other agencies, the situation in Miami grows more acute every day. Of the 1800 refugees arriving every week, only 600 are being resettled. In a very real sense this is a national rather than a local problem. It is the first time that refugees from Communism have escaped directly into the United States. We bear a special responsibility to help the Cuban people. We are going to spend billions of dollars in the Alliance for Progress. The way we treat the Cuban refugees may be as important as anything that we do in Latin America.

Every citizen can play a part in this effort, through his church, his service organization or by writing directly to The Cuban Refugee Center, Miami, Florida, for further information. As Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Abraham Ribicoff told the annual Mayors Conference in Miami, here is an opportunity "to help your country and to aid the cause of freedom everywhere."

Dear Liz, Dear Marlon:

The Mutiny of Marlon Brando (see page 18) and the everlasting marital miseries of Elizabeth Taylor suggest that these two super star-crossed stars deserve nothing so much as each other. After all, the madness in Marlon's method is to act as though there were no other men to consider on location. And, to complement him, Liz behaves as if, on location, the only thing to consider is other men. Between them—his petulance and her peccadilloes—they have set what one hopes and presumes will be the all-time record for the cost of making two still-unreleased motion pictures: a combined $60,000,000 that indeed must strain the more mundane psyches at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and 20th Century-Fox.

For their separate but equally extravagant performances we think this cast of two would make perfect castaways. Why not send them both to bountiful Tahiti, equip them with one movie camera apiece, an unlimited supply of film and an eternity in which to produce definitive and epic motion pictures of each other? No distractions, managerial or marital, for either.

Liz, who has already lived to an overripe old age of 30, could seek a method for preserving her beauty in the tropics. Marlon would have years to polish his bongo drumming, synchronizing his own mumbled incantations to every beat. Maybe the two films could be merged and sent back here thirty years from now when we might be more sympathetic to these examples of National Vulgar.

The only hitch we can see is that Tahiti, once burnt by Brando and the *Bounty*, might be unwilling to accept such important emigrees. In that case we recommend sparsely inhabited but nearby Bora-Bora, an island whose very name onomatopoetically suggests our reaction to both stars.

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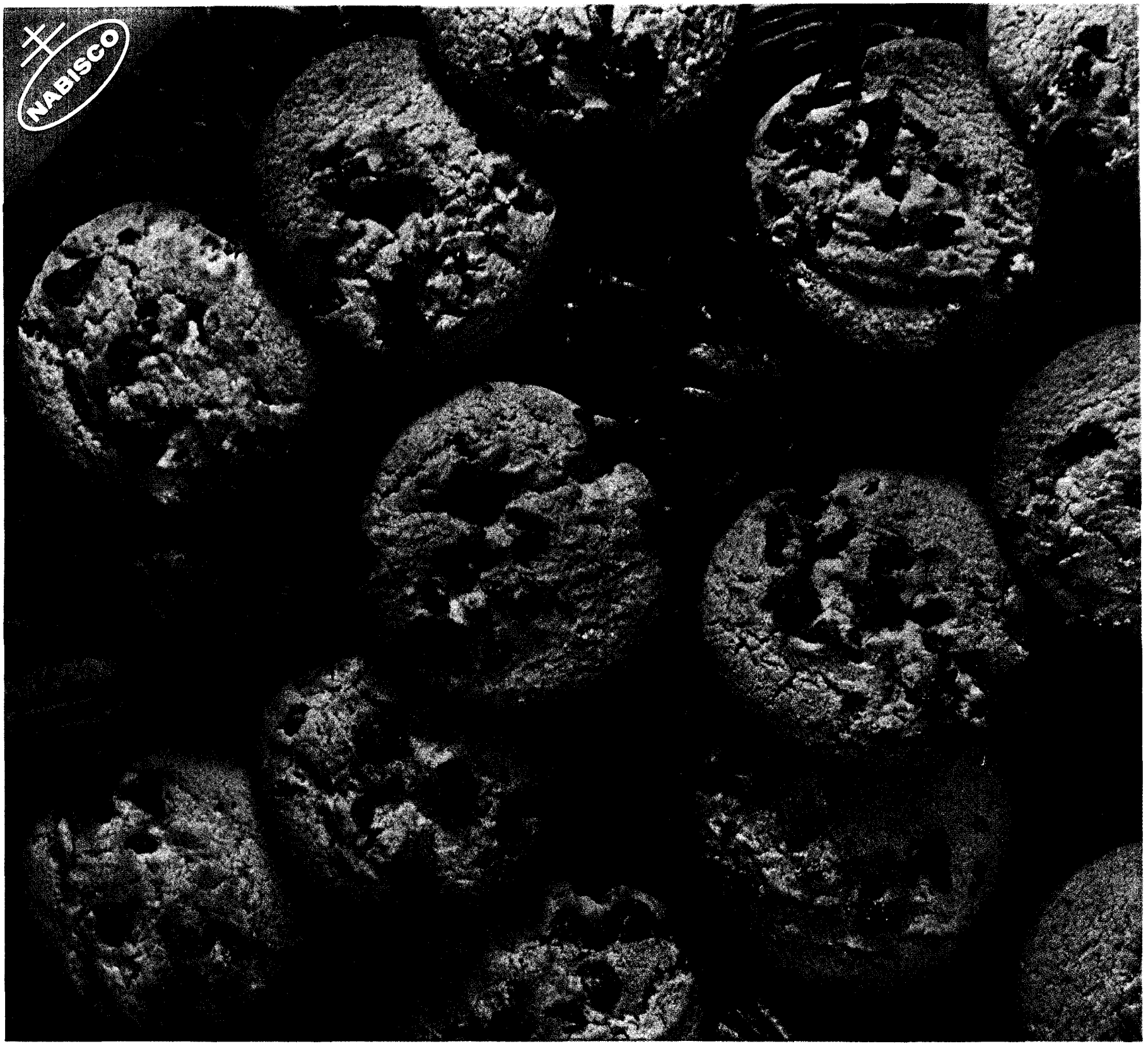

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